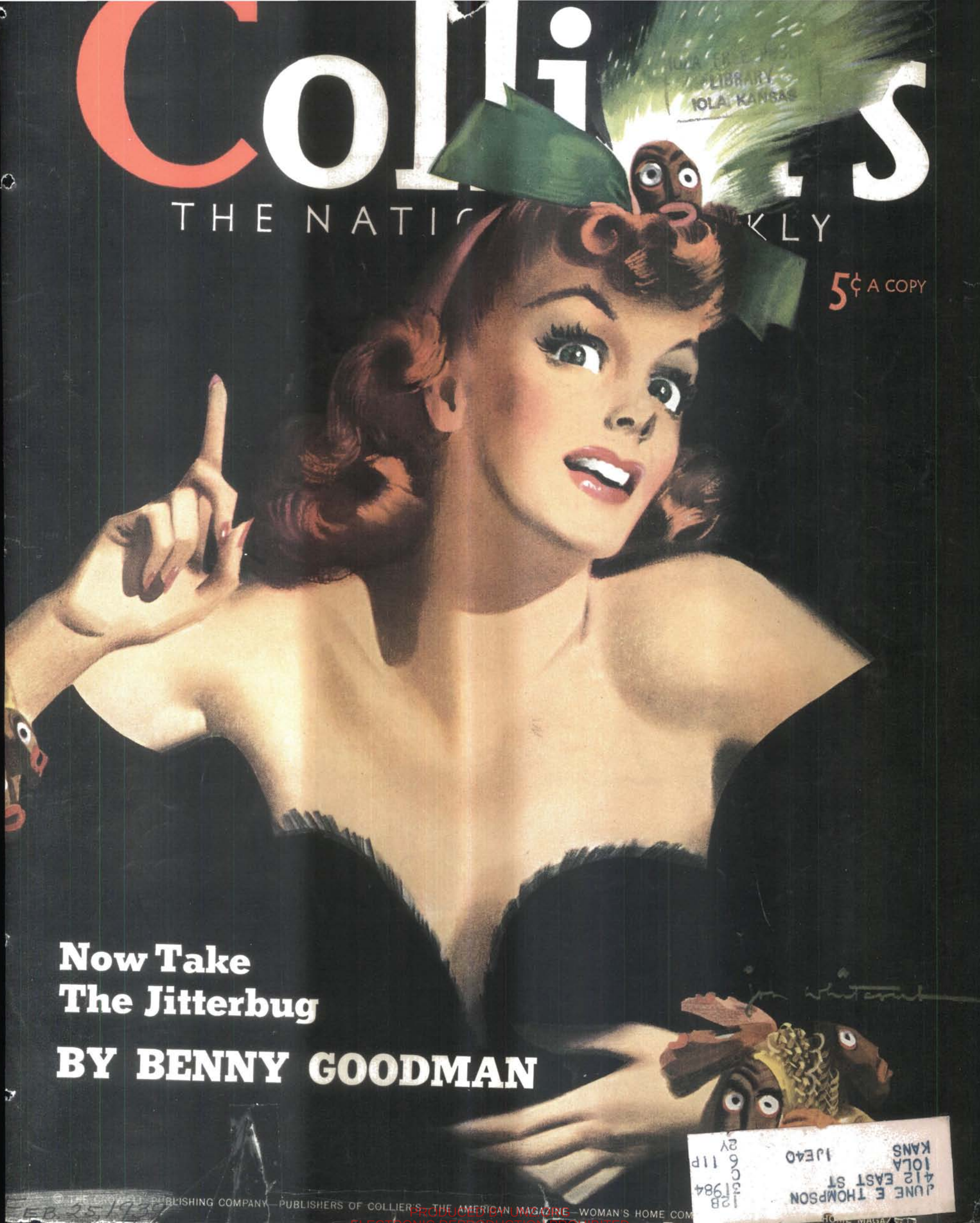
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ A COPY

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS



Now Take The Jitterbug

BY BENNY GOODMAN

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
66749
12B 1984
IJE40
11P
2y

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COM
HOME MAGA
FEB 25 1938
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

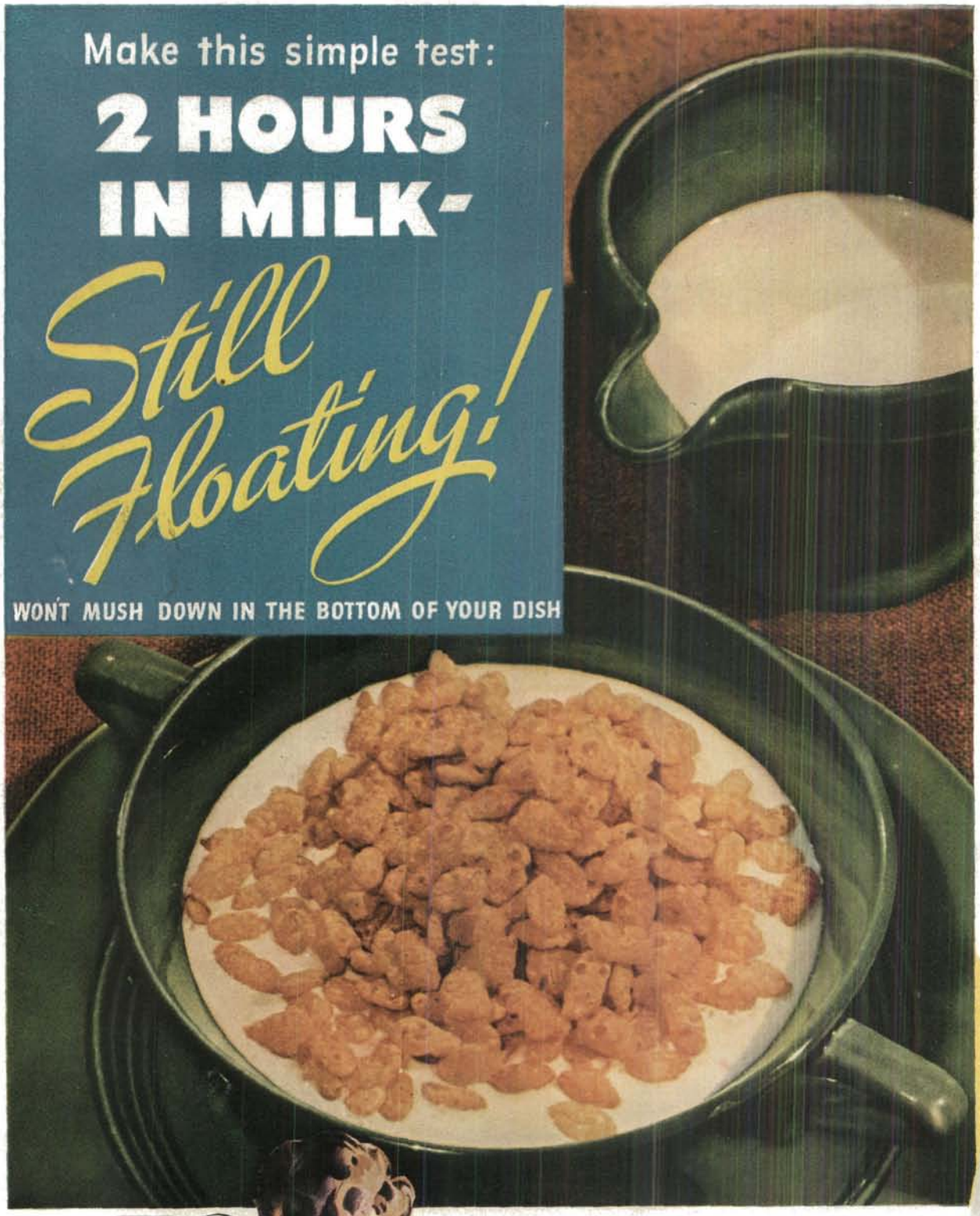
CRISP—to the last spoonful!

Make this simple test:

2 HOURS IN MILK—

Still Floating!

WON'T MUSH DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR DISH



NOT FLAKED

NOT SHREDDED

THEY'RE "OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS

Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other breakfast cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813

Totally different from mushy cereals! A real taste treat!

Now it's *fun* for youngsters to eat their cereal—and take plenty of the milk they need, too—without coaxing!

For here is cereal children cheer for. Not mushy, not flat-tasting. A cereal so crisp, so crunchy, so rich in flavor, the sleepiest appetites *wake up* instantly.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are not flaked, not shredded. They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's patented process, and toasted to a golden brown crispness. The result is a cereal different in every way—different in form, in taste, in texture. It holds its crispness and flavor to the last delicious spoonful.

Made to Kellogg's famous standard of quality. Only American-grown, premium "Blue Rose" rice is used. Rice Krispies are sold at grocers' everywhere. Their tempting crispness protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER Inner-Wrap, the only cereal carton completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. Buy now—thrill the family at breakfast!

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

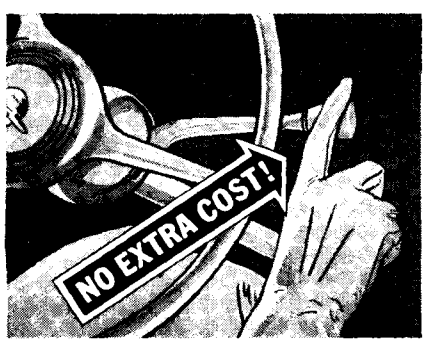
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—More Car For Low Price

OF LEADING LOW-PRICED CARS— PLYMOUTH IS 6 IN. LONGER THAN ONE—5 IN. LONGER THAN THE OTHER!

NO OTHER LOW-PRICED CAR OFFERS THESE GREAT FEATURES

1. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting.
2. New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.
3. Amola Steel Coil Springs.
4. New True-Steady Steering.
5. Revolutionary New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.
6. Streamlined Safety Headlamps—better lighting.
7. All Plymouth models have the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving full power and great economy in one car.
8. Time-Proven, Double-Action Hydraulic Brakes.
9. Roomy, Safety-Steel Body.
10. Patented Floating Power Engine Mountings.



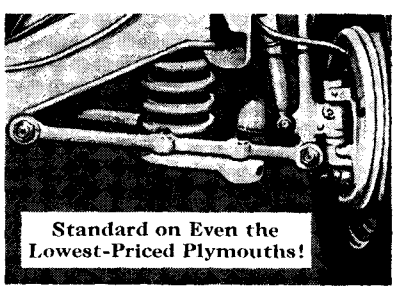
STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. New shifting ease.

THE BEAUTIFUL 1939 PLYMOUTHS—both the "Roadking" and the "De Luxe" models—have completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

ON EVERY VITAL POINT...a "brass tack" comparison of facts proves Plymouth the *best buy* among low-priced cars!

Plymouth has the extra size...and its luxuriously smooth new ride is astounding people everywhere. Too, Plymouth offers full-powered performance *plus* economy!

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.



THE FINEST springing design in the industry—new Amola Steel coil springs—gives Plymouth its marvelous ride. Try it...you'll be delighted!

COUPES START AT $645

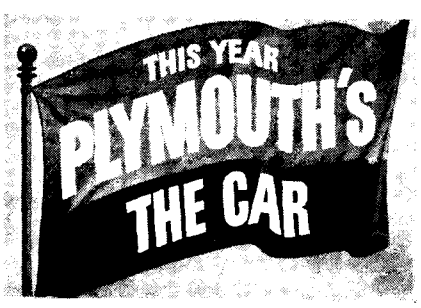
SEDANS START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM L. CHENERY *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

MR. GEORGE MILLER moved across the Mexican border because he had had a little trouble in the States. It was wife trouble: there were too many of them. Mr. Miller bought a saloon and set about finding a way of making it popular. What he hit on was the five-piece combo of Mr. Stix Harris. What he forgot was to consult the tastes of El Renaldo.

In addition to being the public's favorite bullfighter, El Renaldo was the champion rumba dancer of Mexico. What he said, on any subject, went. El Renaldo said they would have nothing but rumbas. In "Mexican Omelette," Richard English shows you how Mr. Harris got his revenge in a magnificent burst of jive in the middle of the bull ring.

THERE was no question about the purpose of our Neutrality Act. It was designed to keep us out of war, especially other fellows' wars. But you may have noticed that there is something very odd about the way we apply it. It was immediately enforced in the case of Ethiopia; it has not been mentioned in connection with China; but it has been strictly applied—thanks to a special extension—to Spain. Who makes these decisions? The President? Drew Pearson traces the absorbing story of "Who Chooses Our Wars?"

THERE was nothing fancy about the huskies that used to haul Alaskan mails. They were work dogs, bred for muscle and a fighting heart. It was no fault of theirs that planes could move faster. They went down fighting, and Maluk, one of the last, gave his life for the new service. "Trail's End" is by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain.

IF YOU have seen the stiff-spined spinster in "The Beachcomber" or Anne of Cleves in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" you probably have no idea of Elsa Lanchester, who in her own private life is Mrs. Charles Laughton. Katharine Roberts introduces you to her and proves conclusively that she is more than a "Great Man's Wife."

EBBIE GORDON was thirty and just about through in big-time hockey when his chance came. It meant security, it meant an assured future. And only one thing stood in the way—loyalty. "The Ninety-Ninth Stitch," by B. B. Fowler, is the brilliant story of a player who had to keep punching.

RUD RENNIE, Frank Taylor, Laurence G. Blochman, Freling Foster, George F. Worts and others contribute fiction and articles.

Collier's

February 25, 1939

This Week

SHORT STORIES

HARRY SYLVESTER
Beautifully and Bravely. A girl brings death to the bull ring. Page 14

ERNEST HAYCOX
Blizzard. Two against the storm. Page 17

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Buck Warren's Son. The man who had to live up to his father. Page 18

LASELLE GILMAN
Cargo to Wanping. Explosives and romance. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Young Wife, by Colette. Page 58

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
The Green Angel. The second of ten parts. Stage set for murder. Page 20

LAURENCE G. BLOCHMAN
The Resounding Skies. The sixth of ten parts. Drama in the tropics. Page 47

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Portrait of a Murderer. The story of Hershel Grynszpan—at firsthand. Page 9

BENNY GOODMAN as told to TED SHANE
Now Take the Jitterbug. Frantic fans. Page 11

EDWIN MULLER
It's Not for Fun. Armies on skis. Page 16

GORDON COBBLEDICK
Break Up the Yankees! Too good and too many. Page 19

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Fact-finding department. Page 6

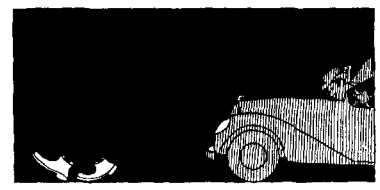
EDITORIAL
We Needn't Be Spoon-Fed. Page 66

COVER JON WHITCOMB

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

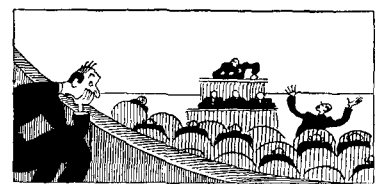
WE'VE just been visited by Colonel Alonzo Downe of Washington, D. C. He urged us to change our customary procedure when in Washington. "Up to now," said the colonel, "you people come to Washington to see what's going on. Anybody can do that. The real trick is to find out how it's going on and what keeps the darned thing going. Half the people in Washington, including some members of Congress, are lobbying for something. The other half are looking for somebody to pay them for lobbying for something. I myself have three or four small but important causes to put over. . . . One of them will not strike you as serious although it has the backing of twelve automobile clubs and as many other humanitarian organizations, to say nothing of the advocacy of a large number of colored people. It is a bill to compel all colored pedestrians to wear white shoes after nightfall. Do you know, my dear sir, that in 1938, one thousand four hundred and twelve colored pedestrians were—"



BUT the colonel was interrupted by a policeman who entered our Washington offices soliciting dime contributions to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc. We spoke rather firmly to the cop. "Don't you know," we said, "that it's illegal to solicit funds in this office building?" Said he: "My friend, go tell my boss—the guy I'm working for. His name is Roosevelt. You'll find his office over on Pennsylvania Avenue. Thanks."

LATER we were introduced to a downy young journalist who lost absolutely no time putting us in our place. And we deserved it. Who are we, after all, to raise our scanty brows at him when we should be humbly grateful that there is such an unerring and comprehensive intellect to feed us reliable intelligence from the Capital? But we'd merely asked him how in the world he managed to know so much. Whereupon we got what we'd asked for. "There are only ten really first-class minds in Washington," he said with more than a touch of hauteur, "and we lunch together every Thursday."

HOWEVER, perhaps we're merely jealous. We'll admit that we'd like to attend one of those luncheons in any minor capacity we might be able to fill. We once worked in a restaurant. And we wouldn't be there in the spirit in which one of the better-known bureaucrat brains attends the daily sessions of the United States Senate either. We watched this renowned gentleman as he listened from his gallery seat intently but quite evidently in pain. We asked one of the guards about him. "Oh, he's here every day," said the guard. "He spends all his time like that feeling sorry for the country."



A FRIEND of ours was dining alone. At the next table sat Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, boss of the F. B. I. Our friend's waiter said that he had served Mr. Hoover many times and thought that he was a fine gentleman and a very high-toned eater. "He's what we call a game man," explained the waiter in a burst of confidence. "I mean he likes things shot by somebody."

AND Mr. G. B. MacNowen of Columbus, Ohio, doesn't care who knows that there's a member of his family whose ambitions to achieve a Townsend pension of two hundred dollars a month are not supported by the whole MacNowen family. "I'm mentioning no names," says Mr. MacNowen, "but this citizen can be a tougher riot on the allowance we're already giving him than a night-club playboy who's just come into the family fortune. If they give this violent old humorist two hundred bucks a month or even a hundred, the MacNowen family will arise as an individual and sue the government. Why, every time he gets as much as five bucks together he hops a freight and disappears for two weeks. I'm just warning the country I love, that's all."

"I BEEN a constant reader of your magazine now for three weeks," writes Mr. S. Nashgrain of Pueblo, Colorado, "but have not got the hang of it yet. When did it begin?"

AND from Miss Minna P. Truebell of Tallahassee, Florida, we hear sweetly: "Think, please. Did you hear from me in 1938? And if so did I hear from you? Think, please. Let us be friends."

OH, all right. **W. D.**

Vol. 103, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1939, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, *Chairman of the Board*; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada: $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't trifle with chronic INDIGESTION

Be Examined!

INDIGESTION is not a disease in itself—but it may be a symptom of serious disease. It is one of nature's danger signals.

To ignore chronic indigestion, or to treat it with self-prescribed medicines, is always unwise. But it is especially risky in middle life.

Recently several thousand dyspeptic sufferers were studied at a large American clinic and the underlying causes of their indigestion analyzed. Particularly among patients over forty, a serious condition such as gastric or intestinal ulcer, gall bladder disease, cancer, or heart disease was frequently found to be the cause of their "stomach trouble".

Among younger people, too, recurrent indigestion may be due to disease. But more often it results from neglect of simple rules of health. Common causes are improper selection of food, hasty eating, over or undereating, lack of exercise, defective teeth, fatigue and, in particular, excessive worry or emotional stress.

The thing to keep in mind is that chronic indigestion, at *any* age, is always a symptom of something wrong. Whether or not the "something wrong" is serious, only your doctor can determine. If your digestive disturbances are caused by disease, habitual self-dosing with pills or cathartics may delay a cure or actually imperil your chance of recovering.

To determine the underlying causes, your physician will require a careful physical examination and a thorough analysis of your symptoms—perhaps even X-ray photographs and other laboratory studies.

Whether the cause is an organic disease, or a "functional" disorder which a change in living habits will correct, your physician may be of most help if you visit him in time.

Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at
THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO *and* THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

Copyright, 1939, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM HEATED ROOM TO ICY STREET

WATCH YOUR THROAT ...look out for a COLD!

—gargle with Listerine

THE prompt use of Listerine Antiseptic after exposure to sudden temperature changes, drafts, wet or cold feet, may often head off a cold or simple sore throat. At such times, this wonderful antiseptic seems to give Nature the helping hand it needs in fighting germs.

Amazing Germ Reduction

First Listerine Antiseptic cleanses the oral cavity, then reaches far down into the throat and kills millions of germs associated with colds and simple sore throat . . . the "secondary invaders" as doctors call them. They are the bacteria that accelerate congestion and inflammation.

Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed germ reductions ranging as high as 96.7%. Even one hour after gargling, germ reductions up to 80% were noted.

Such germ reduction helps you to understand the remarkable success Listerine Antiseptic has had in controlling colds.

Controlling Colds

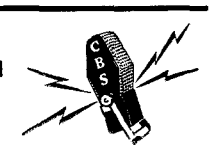
Tests made during seven years of carefully supervised research proved that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and got rid of their colds faster than non-gargle rs.

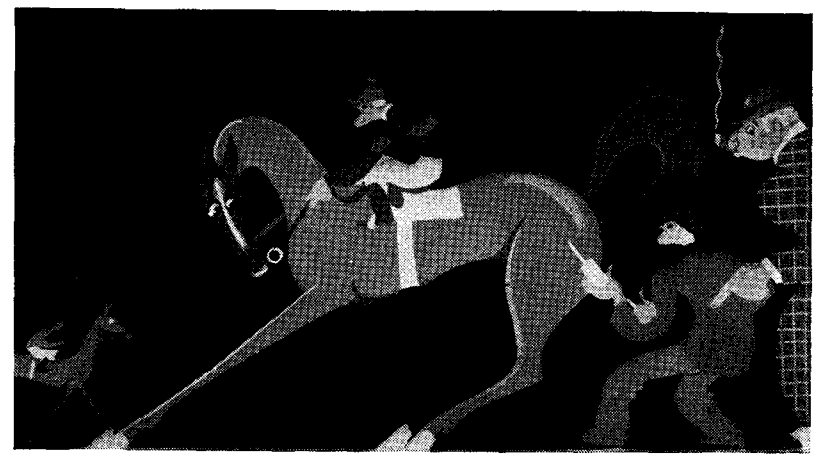
Surely, in view of these facts, the helpful, delightful, and fastidious habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night is worth cultivating.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC

Listen for the Train Whistle! GRAND CENTRAL STATION
Columbia Network . . . Every Friday Evening
See your newspaper for time





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In an experiment made to determine how much the speed of a race horse could be increased by the use of a narcotic, the animal ran a half mile in 48 seconds, or four seconds less than it could without being drugged. Thus the horse beat his normal speed by more than 26 lengths.—*By E. H. Gray, Pasadena, California.*

A curious and famous song, seldom heard in recent years, is "The Monotone," composed by Peter Cornelius (1824-1874). Throughout the entire song of forty-two bars, only one note—G—is used.—*By C. K. Freedman, Newark, New Jersey.*

Georges Clemenceau (1841-1929), France's famous war premier, is one of the few individuals whose memory has been honored by the burning of an eternal light in a foreign country. This light, with a plaque, is on a motion-picture theater at Seventh Avenue and Twelfth Street in New York City, the spot where "The Tiger" taught and practiced medicine in 1870.—*By Arthur W. Kidner, Maplewood, New Jersey.*

During the past 57 years, all cotton men passing the roadside grave of Alfred McGee, near Columbus, Georgia, have stopped and shouted the price of cotton to him. Mr. McGee was a cotton broker who requested in his will that he be buried near the road he had traveled so often and be kept informed of the price of this staple.—*By Sybil Hardaway, Pickwick Dam, Tennessee.*

The greatest jumping mammal is the Jumping Mouse, *Zapus hudsonius*, of North America. This little rodent, having exceptionally powerful hind legs, is able to leap forty times its own length.

A unique place in advertising is held by a business announcement that was published every day in the same words in the same newspaper in Brockton, Massachusetts, from April 3, 1881, the day the company started, to December 31, 1938, the day the company went out of business.—*By Edward H. Barker, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts.*

One of America's newest coastal defense weapons, a 16-inch gun that fires a one-ton projectile a distance of thirty miles, is equipped with a recoil mechanism that is powerful enough to stop, in five feet, a twenty-ton railroad car traveling at sixty miles an hour.—*By Samuel E. Pretz, Allentown, Pennsylvania.*

Since 1676 a clause in the lease of Eastwich Farm, in Hampshire County, England, has required each successive occupant to keep in repair a gallows that stands on the land and has never been used since the execution for which it was erected more than two and a half centuries ago. Furthermore, it must be rebuilt when necessary, and the present one is the third on the site.

Of the various "finishes" put on food products, the shine on pretzels is obtained by the oddest process. Before being baked, they are dipped in a weak, harmless solution of sodium hydroxide, commonly known as caustic soda or lye.—*By Herbert H. Slocombe, New Haven, Connecticut.*

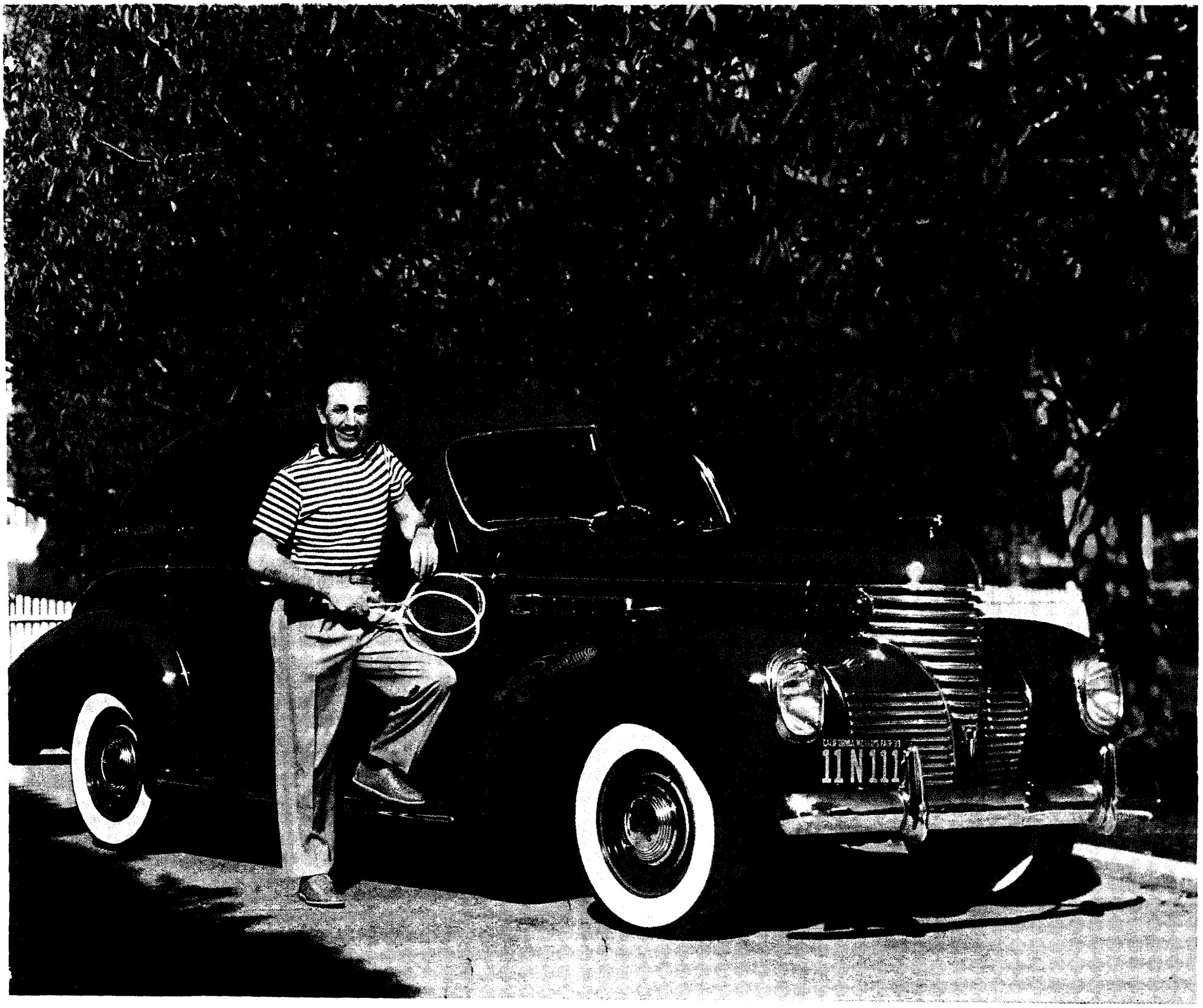
The world's record for the largest edition of a standard-size newspaper is held by the 504-page issue of the Miami Daily News, which was published July 26, 1925, and weighed 7½ pounds a copy. —*By William A. Carroll, Emmitsburg, Maryland.*

Some of the stone farmhouses in the Basque country in the Pyrenees have one or more rooms heated by an ingeniously packed "mattress" of heavy straw, which covers an entire wall. It is lit in the autumn and burns steadily until the spring.—*By Suzanne Forwood, Fullerton, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walt Disney, You've Got Another Hit



THIS IS CERTAINLY one of the "Best Pictures" ever made, says De Soto-owner Walt Disney. And who are we to argue with a man who never misses?

With his artist's eye for line and color, Mr. Disney likes his De Soto for symmetry, color symphonies between upholstery and enamel, and sheer, poetic smartness.

The only way you can tell you're not at home on the sofa is by the landscape which keeps rushing by, and the fresh air which keeps filtering softly in.

The big wide seats provide room enough for six well-fed adults, and we don't mean dwarfs.

Mr. Disney is a practical man, and he wanted the convenience of De Soto's new Handy-Shift, which stems from the steering post, directly beneath his talented fingers.

Also, no trunk bulge mars De Soto's youthful figure; yet, under that smooth streamlining is a huge luggage compartment, 23 cubic feet, no less.

There'll be no need for help from the back seat either, for ingenious caution lights on the speedometer warn even the most preoccupied driver by turning from green to amber at 30, then flushing an indignant red at 50 and up.

De Soto is easy on the nerves; easy on the eye; easy on the budget. It offers luxury without extravagance; high style at a low price; beauty inside and out... all as easy to take as a new 1939 De Soto is *easy to handle*. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

WATCH FOR "PINOCCHIO," WALT DISNEY'S SECOND FULL-LENGTH FEATURE IN TECHNICOLOR.

DE SOTO

America's Smartest Low-Priced Car

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strange Fever Called Tulipomania

IN THE 17TH CENTURY, a strange speculative fever swept Holland.

Everybody, high and low, began trading in tulip bulbs. Prices reached fabulous levels. A single bulb brought 13,000 florins: (about $7,000 in our money today.) Another was traded for an entire house. But suddenly this tulipomania ended, and luckless speculators lost everything they had.

How fantastic it seems to risk a fortune on tulip bulbs. Yet many a man engages in an even poorer speculation every time he steps into his car.

For if he drives without the protection of sound and adequate automobile insurance, he risks losing his home, his savings, his car, virtually everything he owns. And if he cannot pay a damage claim, he loses his good name, as well.

Men of means know that driving without automobile insurance is a mighty poor speculation. They don't do it. And no matter how little you think you have to lose, your peace of mind and security are still worth more than the cost of a good policy.

An automobile liability policy in The Travelers includes the services of thousands of agents and hundreds of claim experts, strategically located throughout the United States and Canada. They are ready to take care of you promptly whenever or wherever an accident happens.

These same Travelers agents can counsel you on the right kind and amount of protection. And you need honest advice in anything as important as insurance.

. . .

Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. All forms of insurance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's The National Weekly for February 25, 1939

IOLA FREE
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Portrait of a Murderer

By Quentin Reynolds

In the Fresnes Prison, near Paris, sits a frightened Jewish boy. He killed a man. His shot released a fresh torrent of disaster on his suffering people and his fate is of interest to Jew and Gentile the world over.

Collier's sent Quentin Reynolds to talk to him and his lawyer—then to Poland to see the boy's parents. Here is the story of a life foredoomed to tragedy

EUROPEAN

A thoroughly frightened and bewildered youth contemplates the disastrous aftermath of his act: Hershel Grynszpan, the 17-year-old Polish Jew who killed Reich embassy secretary vom Rath in Paris

THIS, then, is a portrait of a murderer, the picture of a boy who promises to become one of the most renowned murderers of our time. He fired a shot, and although that shot only killed one man, the repercussion of it killed hundreds of others, and caused immediate misery to half a million people. If he were a professional or a political murderer, or if he had murdered for gain, his story would not be worth the telling. But he is none of these. He is a seventeen-year-old boy, and today he is sitting in a dank cell in the Fresnes Prison, six miles outside Paris, wondering in a bewildered sort of way why he is there and what made him fire that shot. He doesn't know and I don't think his parents know. I don't even think that his lawyers know what impelled him to pull the trigger and kill a man he had never seen before.

The boy will go on trial very shortly, and there is very little chance of his escaping the guillotine. If that almost certain eventuality comes to pass, he will die a bewildered, rather frightened seventeen-year-old boy. Until he fired the shot that killed Ernst vom Rath, the boy had never known homicidal anger, had never held a gun in his hand, nor had he ever been involved even in juvenile delinquency. Perhaps when we have heard the story of Hershel Feibel Grynszpan, we will know more than he knows about himself; we will know why he became a murderer. The story begins twenty eight years ago. . . .

It was in 1910 that David Grynszpan brought his bride to Hanover in Germany. He was short, but he was wiry, and his eyes saw vistas wider than those of his native Poland. Germany was a rich country, it was a land of opportunity. Poles often came back with their pockets full of marks and with tales of wide streets filled with laughing people. There was work for everyone in Germany. None starved, and you weren't looked down upon because you were a foreigner.

That is why David Grynszpan brought his bride to Hanover. David made friends easily; he was handsome, his hair was jet black, and he had a ready smile. He became a tailor. First he worked for someone else, and he'd sing as he sweated happily pushing the hot iron. Some day he would own a shop of his own. Some day he would own clothes like the clothes he pressed and mended.

Children came and within eight years, there were three of them. Two others had been stillborn. Now David Grynszpan's dream came true. He had saved enough to start a shop of his own, a small shop, of course, but it was his and he had to hire two men to work for him. Soon his sons would be old enough to help. Life was good to David Grynszpan; even the war could not kill his spirit. Oh, it was bad and it was hard enough to watch the faces of his children grow pinched because there wasn't enough to eat, and it was hard to see their tiny bodies shrink. But it was no one's fault. There was hardly enough food for the soldiers, and by now David felt himself to be a true German—he would not begrudge his adopted country food that was needed by the fighting men.

The war ended, David's little world returned to something like normal. Chaos reigned in Germany, but of this David knew little. He mended clothes and made clothes, and he managed to make both ends meet. Two more children came to David and his wife; a daughter Sophie and finally a son Hershel. Hershel was born on March 28, 1921, and he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was an eight-day wonder in Hanover. He was the smallest baby anyone had ever seen, and yet he had the largest eyes. As he grew, it was easy to see that of all the children he would resemble David most. "He looks like David before David grew a beard," the neighbors laughed, and he did indeed.

Young Hershel grew as any child grows in Hanover. Sorrow made periodical visits to the Grynszpans' home, a forerunner, perhaps, of the great sorrow to come later. But sorrow at first didn't touch young Hershel. None of the Grynszpan children was strong. In all, eight were born and five died before reaching maturity. Hershel never knew anything but laughter and warmth and good care until he was about eight. Then he saw an older brother killed. They were playing in the street and then suddenly there was a scream and a small broken body lying on the pavement; young Hershel ran home screaming, altogether bewildered and terrified. After that, he seldom laughed, he seldom played with the other lads of the neighborhood. He took refuge, strangely enough, with his sister Sophie, the little mother of the family.

Guards at the Fresnes Prison say that sometimes the boy screams out in terror during his sleep and that when they wake him to that half-world between life and death, between sleeping and awakening, he sobs piteously for Sophie.

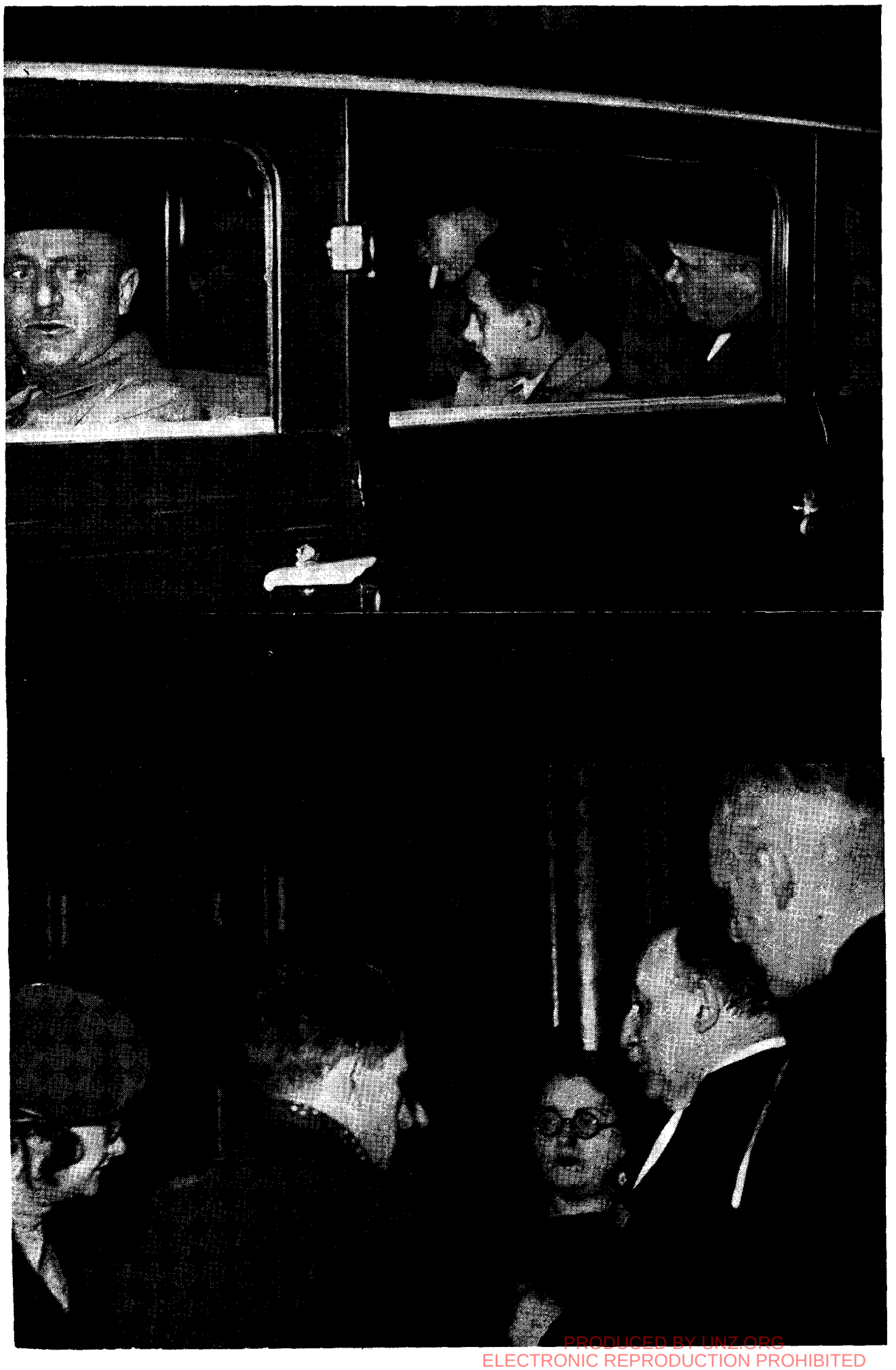
In 1931, strange sights were seen in peaceful Hanover. Men in brown shirts and heavy boots marched through the streets singing of a new prophet whose name was Adolf Hitler. A thrill of expectancy was felt in Hanover. Nothing had been right since the war. Prices were high, unemployment was the rule rather than the exception, and food was scarce. Perhaps this new prophet would help.

And then it was 1933, and the new prophet was installed in the Chancellery in faraway Berlin. It was now for the first time that Hershel Grynszpan realized that he was not like other children. He was a Jew, a Polish Jew. David sat alone in his shop—none dared to trade with him. He was a Polish Jew. Hadn't Hitler declared that the Polish Jews had lost the war for Germany and that they had caused the chaos which followed?

A man named Julius Streicher in Nuremburg cried out, "Every Polish Jew in Germany must be exterminated as we exterminate rats in our cellars. The Jews are an accursed people, and it is our sacred duty to destroy them."

Hershel was twelve then, he was a bright boy and he had done well in the municipal schools. David Grynszpan was more farsighted than his neighbors in Hanover. David sensed that life in Germany was over for him and his family. For himself he didn't care; they had taken his shop away and he knew that he could never regain an economic footing in Hanover. But Hershel? He was twelve. Somehow or other he must have his chance. David sent him to the Yeshiva, a rabbinical school at Frankfurt, where he was to study agriculture. Somehow, someway Hershel must equip himself to find his destiny in another land—perhaps Palestine. David had little left but his faith. He had known some small happiness, but mostly his life had been sorrow. Five of his children had died and each death had aged him.

From all sides came the roaring of the Nazi orators. Every Jew in Germany was suspected of having concealed wealth. For some reason Polish Jews were the chief suspects. Even when David had two men working for him in his tailor shop, he had never heard more than thirty marks jingle in his pockets. But the sound and fury of the orators filled the air, and under its impact David withdrew into himself, knowing that his life was ended, but hoping that somehow Hershel and his sister Sophie could survive. Sophie miraculously had not lost her job—she was a stenographer.



A New World—of Fear

Hershel studied for a year. He was bright, quick to learn, but where could he ever use this new-found knowledge? Palestine? He was too young as yet, and there were thousands clamoring to leave for what they hoped would be the Promised Land. When Hershel was fifteen he was small but wiry like his father. He was very dark and his eyes were bigger than ever. He was beginning to be a personality now instead of a child. He'd ask his father, "Why are we different? I was born in Germany," and his father would turn anguished eyes away. Hershel wanted to work, wanted to take some of the burden off Sophie's shoulders. He tramped the cobbled streets of Hanover, but wherever he turned, he heard the contemptuous "We do not want Jews." He went out into the fertile farming country beyond Hanover. Now this was something he knew—farming—but farmers, less articulate (or perhaps more kind because they lived close to the land), just shook their heads. Parents of boys with whom Hershel had played disappeared. One night he would be in the kitchen of a family eating a bit of cheese or wurst, and when he would return the next day, the house would be closed, and the occupants gone into the long silence. Hershel learned about concentration camps, and he learned of sudden forays at night and sometimes he heard screams of terror.

The terror communicated itself to him. He lived in a world of fear. If he saw uniformed storm troopers marching down the street, he would duck down an alley or basement. He was small and quick. But he couldn't run away from the fear that gripped his brain. That terror lived with him always.

When he was fifteen his body was small and shrunken. His eyes were enormous pools of dull misery. His father and mother had their faith, a faith older and infinitely more powerful than the Third Reich, and it was so strong that it wrapped itself around them and made them impervious to the hatred and the fury that was surging about Hanover. But Hershel was too young to accept the inevitable. He could not shrug his shoulders and accept what was happening with calm resignation. He decided to leave Germany. He would go to Paris. His father's brother, Abraham, lived in Paris; Hershel felt that he would be all right. He would work hard and soon, very soon, he would have enough money to bring his parents and his sister Sophie out of Germany.

No one knows yet how David Grynszpan managed to get a passport for young Hershel. David is now in Poland, in a little place swollen with 600 refugees, called Zboszyn, and David won't tell. Hershel's Uncle Abraham won't tell and his Aunt Chana doesn't know. It doesn't matter, but finally David got his son a passport, a Belgian passport. Strangely, after Hershel's arrest in Paris, the police reported that he had come to France with a Polish passport. It is of no moment, but it is an *(Continued on page 64)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ake the Jitterbug

CHAS. PETE[illegible]

[illegible] the Empire Room as Benny Goodman rides the heat waves with his clarinet

By Benny Goodman as told to Ted Shane

Did you catch that slick passage from the trio, and that tricky ending? Of course not! Joe Rugcutter and his noisy cohorts saw to that. Swing fanatics are poison to the boys who play it. The King of Swing tells why

BACK in 1934 while we were playing for a convention ball in Kansas City, Ziggy Elman reached for his trumpet, turned it toward heaven and swung into a head arrangement of a chorus of Whispering. A head arrangement, should you be interested, means merely that Ziggy took the deathless, if played-to-death, melody of Whispering and embroidered it with a fanciful filigree of musical decoration, every note of which came into his head the instant before he blew it. Thus, by gifted improvisation, Ziggy put life and heat into the song, gave it wings. In musical slang, he put rock into it.

And as he played, a gent among the dancers below us went slightly off his conk. His eyes rolled, his limbs began to spin like a windmill in a hurricane —his attention, riveted to the rhythm, transformed him into a whirling dervish. Releasing his dance partner, he went into a little neo-African footwork, causing her no little embarrassment.

I paid little attention to him at first. We get used to watching fattish gents get similar seizures. Obviously repressed halfbacks, they usually give an exhibition of open-field pivoting and running that would do nicely cracking the line on a football field but cause no end of black and blue looks from the dancers with whom they make sharp and sudden contact. I fully expected the mad windmill would come to a stop as soon as the steam ran out of him—or someone took him out of the play. No such thing happened.

Instead, during the subsequent numbers, there was the man again, as ironman as a sixty-minute fullback, reacting violently to the hotter moments of the playing. The management held a conference with me. There were suggestions that possibly the fellow had become slightly tanked or considerably unhinged and that for his and the general public good he be quietly removed to either the nearest alcoholic ward or strait jacket. When approached and interviewed, the fellow shed strange information. Not only had he refrained from the joys of the bottle during the evening but he was in full command of his faculties. It was just that the music did things to him. A compromise was effected and the fellow graciously consented to refrain from dancing thereafter—as long as he could take up station right smack in the shadow of Ziggy Elman's horn. Ziggy later swore there was no collusion involved, that it wasn't a relative and a gag to have his salary raised. And the fellow proved it by dispensing his applause impartially for practically every bit of virtuosity the band displayed, in solo or combined. Only he put on an emotional display of adoration that would have shamed a Father Divine fish fry.

It immediately struck me most unpleasantly that there was something rotten in the arrangements. That my music was verging on the morbid or that a kind of Mad Ophelia note had crept in. Someone once insisted Shakespeare's goofy heroine had invented jazz. I got cold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chills. Looking around, however it steadied me a lot to see that everybody else seemed to be reacting quite normally to the music. I would have dismissed the matter, except the next night the worshiper turned up again, this time alone, and spent the whole night standing before the bandstand, giving us all he had, growing more and more plastered by the music as the evening wore on.

Ladies and gentlemen, on that fateful occasion, the first jitterbug had been born. Of a trumpet and an original rhythm.

He wasn't called just that at the time and I don't know what genius named him, but his number began to increase, a little on the guinea-pig style. After a time it was possible to segregate him and insert him under the miscroscope. Usually young, happy and collegiate, he was soon joined by her, and had one major characteristic. Whenever the band turned on the swing, the jitterbug seemed to tear loose from his or her control and go into a seventh heaven of active rapture. Ben Bernie sagely observed that a jitterbug was a person vaccinated with a riveting machine.

For a time it was both amusing and flattering to watch the jitterbugs multiply in proportion as their self-control left them whenever Ziggy Elman blew a long spine-tingling hot note right through a person, or when Gene Krupa, at that time the band's stick man, rolled off a series of machine-gun notes on his drums. The bugs, literally glued to the music, would shake like St. Vitus with the itch. Their eyes popped, their heads pecked, their feet tapped out the time, arms jerked to the rhythm. They joined in background choruses, ran temperatures up and down in unison with the heat and coolness of the music. When the band wasn't playing, they'd fill in with plain everyday fan worship, gather autographs, make requests for numbers, show their tremendous musical knowledge by asking what kind of trombone oil Vernon Brown used and what exercises I did to strengthen the little finger on my left hand—the weak one.

A New Lease on Life

Yes, it was flattering and a big help to swing. Because instead of dancing, the true adoring jitterbug would be content just to stand up against the bandstand and listen, let him who would bump around, bump around. Which meant that my arrangers, Fletcher Henderson and Jimmy Mundy, could get out of the routine and rut of standard jazz arrangements designed for dance consumption only—a brain-racking job—and go to town with some genuine musical virtuosity. It meant that the musicians themselves could do a little town-going themselves, get off some original solo and jam exhibitions that would turn the black coats of the Stokowski Philadelphians green with envy. In other words, jitterbugs helped us drag jazz out of the old saloon mechanical piano and give it new life and dignity. What I'm trying to say is that the jitterbug godfathered swing, which is to jazz what flying is to horse-car pulling.

So far so good. Unfortunately jitterbugs began to take on certain mannerisms not exactly listed in the code of true musical appreciation. Little things, but headachy. For instance, during a spasm of rapture, many of them just couldn't restrain themselves from reaching over and grabbing the trombone when it shot toward them. The horn got them so. Others would risk an eye by goggling their worshipful heads about two inches from the business end of my waggling clarinet. Still others would risk a sock by taking an unpremeditated lick at Lionel Hampton's big drum when the quartet was playing. You could hardly blame Gene Krupa's sticks from slipping one night and conking a sycophant.

Then between numbers there arose the problem of how to guard the Goodman bread and butter—the clarinet. If one fond adorer picked it up, peered down its length to see where swing came from to wind up by actually blowing it to produce some—exactly a thousand did of an evening. After a while I had to dismember the instrument and tuck it in my inside pocket, or I'd have no clarinet. For what truer expression of worship could a jitterbug display than to take it home and worship it as a fetish? It got so we had to nail everything down. It was impossible to nail down the big horns and it was pretty tough to make off with the concert grand tucked under your girl's fur coat, so the idolaters had to content themselves with whatever sax reeds one left around carelessly, whatever corner of a trumpet case could be pried off, whatever music stand could be collapsed and snuck into the pants leg when nobody was looking. No one went so far as to bring a saw and saw off a few feet of the big slapping bass but poor Krupa never could do anything about his drumsticks. He lost dozens of them.

Not Good, but Loud

However, there are serious souvenir hunters in every field and souvenirs came before jitterbugs. What proved hardest to take was the habit the bugs formed of applauding most everything at the wrong time. Mostly things that my musicians, hardworking swing Kreislers and Rachmaninoffs all, had gone to tremendous pains and effort to work up for their admirers' delectation—and the cause of good swing. Many a great effect, born of endless hours of work, found itself drowned—by good intentions. Not only this, but like the wild-eyed fight fan who yells his head off when one palooka slaps another with a terrific harmless thud but misses the short hard business jabs, the jitterbug often applauded the musically meaningless, yet failed to recognize the quiet big moments.

These petty matters, I'm sorry to report, began to be a little tough to take and, I repeat, hurt swing. While I would be the last to deny that jitterbugs had every right of the Constitution to go into their ecstasy when a horn blew through them and set their hair dancing on end, I certainly hold there's a limit to the expression of true feeling. A baseball jitterbug, or fan, while he may yell his head off when Hank Greenberg clouts one out of the park, never leaps out of his seat in the stands to accompany Hank around the bases, shouting hymns of praise all the way, going into a rhapsodic dance when they reach home plate, finally winding up by swiping Hank's bat. Hank might possibly like it, but I doubt it. The police, I'm sure, wouldn't.

But there were no police in dance halls those days and our managers, sponsors, lawyers, ballyhooers and well-wishers overrode our private wails and beefings. They argued the headache belonged to us. We had bred the jitterbug and it would be ungrateful to wield the bug-juice gun. So we—the Unhappy Band Leaders and Musicians of the Hot Spots—swallowed the bug juice ourselves as a sedative. We learned to play against hell and high water. We played loud when we should have played soft and played louder where we normally would have played loud. That is, we played loud. To drown out the emotional racket around and make ourselves heard we rocked the rafters with the brasses, blew our brains out with the trumpets, raised the roof with great big blasts on the granddad horns. Krupa banged the hide out of his drums, got

REDELL

arms like the village blacksmith from the exercise. Harry James' lips got like leather, he burned out his cornet bearings a few times a night, my clarinet shrilled and complained like a nagging wife with a scratchy tonsil. We hammered home musical tacks with a riveting machine, musical subtlety, just coming to life, went out the window and the era of Sandblast Swing came in.

Out of this was born the Hoodlum, or pop-bottle-throwing type of jitterbug. Compared to this human insect, that gent back in Kansas City was a sedate old Bach worshiper.

This gentleman, thanks to his antics, immediately got himself national prominence. He shouted, stomped, sang loudly on or off key, tried to lead the orchestra and hit the emotional heights of sycophancy as never had been done since Babe Ruth's fans lay at the feet of the great man and heaped diamonds of praise on him. Looking as if he'd been struck by a cyclone of emotion and impaled on the point of a great rave, this keen appreciator made a wonderful picture in a magazine.

What could we do but lull our musical Frankensteins into a quiet mood with lullabies arranged for a symphony orchestra of forty pneumatic drills and two boiler factories?

Naturally I looked up a psychiatry friend. He advised me to go into the sugar business and lump it. He argued: "If you blow off a steam whistle in a chap's ear, you can't blame him for tearing loose from his emotional moorings. Play soft. That will be $100 please!"

This wasn't exactly consoling or helpful. I didn't want to go into the sugar business because I happened to be nuts about the band business. Play soft! This I countered by stopping payment on the check. I wanted to play soft but the noisies wouldn't let me. Why pay for such advice?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benny Goodman and his band swinging it for an enthusiastic dance crowd in the Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room. Martha Tilton at the microphone and Benny, of course, on the clarinet

So we boys blasted our way in and out of the band places and the jitterbug went into the exhibitionistic stage of his growth. Like Eva Le Gallienne fainting in the audience during John Barrymore's Hamlet, drawing the Barrymore remark: "Hm! Co-starring with me!" the jitterbug became a part of the act—unbilled, services donated freely.

Just a Test of Nerve

When we played the Paramount in New York, while it was a terrific lift to watch the boys and girls actually up and dance in the aisles, what to do with them when they vaulted the footlights and got in among us and our hair became a problem in swing defense. Fun to them and the reporters but not a matter my friend Toscanini would have cared much about. Naturally these excessives had to be led backstage and tenderly deposited in the alley behind. Ungrateful of us? What could we do? Besides they'd immediately return and buy their way back into the theater again, spend morning, noon and night there.

There was no denying these kids so we got the band-leader jitters. Where they got a lift from our playing, we got a letdown. It became a test of nerve to get out there and swing. So it came to pass, after fighting our music and adorers all day and night, we'd creep into our dressing rooms, music clubrooms and apartments and play ourselves back into shape again, the way we wanted to have played it originally. It was a way out of acute musical manic-depression. It kept us from throwing ourselves into our horns and ending it all.

The Carnegie Hall concert we gave came along about this time and went well despite the highbrows who saw things in the music we never intended putting in it—and the hoodlum jitterbugs. A noisy minority, they blasted out the horns, yelled and stomped a dozen smooth passages of the trio into oblivion, wrecked a few numbers with trick ends completely. When we repeated the concert up in Boston a few weeks later, the thing turned into such a nightmare of mass hysteria I lost my temper, turned, faced the audience of 3,000 and shouted: "For heaven's sake, shut up!"

What Swing Means to Musicians

Some, who weren't making too much noise, laughed. Others applauded; the critics thought me odd; my press agents termed it a huge success; my musicians were ready to fight; some of my band-leading pals wired congratulations; there were cries of "Ingrate!" I got an offer to station police with shushing rights in the halls.

Well, I don't like police around places of entertainment and I'm sorry and glad I burned up like that. But something was wrong somewhere and something had to snap. So it snapped. Far be it that I cut the throat that yells for us or bite off the hand that applauds us, but my bread and butter was involved, not to mention swing. I shushed that night the way Tommy Dorsey might shush his kids if they go into a jam session during evening prayers. Yes, it hurt me more than it hurt them.

(Continued on page 60)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautifully and Bravely

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

They played with death in the afternoon and one of them lost. It meant next to nothing to the girl in the stands

IN THE cool dimness under the stands Luis Garcia had a sense of waiting for something more immediate than the fight.

"You want something, Chief?" said Chucho Saenz, his peon.

"No."

"Water or orange juice?"

"No."

"You looked like you might want something."

"I don't want anything," Garcia said. He kept looking at the wall. "Leave me alone," he said.

"Sure, Chief."

If he wasn't afraid, why did he feel and act like this? It was an old question, although he was only twenty-four. He was always able to answer satisfactorily—he did brave things and others said they were brave—but the question always came back to him, particularly when he was under the stands just before a fight. He wondered why he came so early anyhow. Why didn't he stay in his hotel and sleep or talk to some of the girls who were always writing him notes or phoning him?

Loud voices, laughing, came suddenly into the room and the tension began to break in Garcia. This was the first thing he had been waiting for—the coming of José Gomez, *El Indio*. Garcia got up and turned around, knowing what he would see—*El Indio* coming across the room, the expensive fighting suit too small, the little hat with two pompons on his head, his hand stretched out and the open, twisted grin on his flat, Indian face—then seeing that figure coming across the room.

"Hello, Looey," the Indian said. "I been following you in the papers. You've been going good."

"*Qué tal*, José?" Garcia said. "You're doing all right yourself." They embraced briefly and shook hands.

"For me, not so bad," the Indian said. "I almost got it in Saltillo, but that was the only time, and that's pretty good, for me, with the season more than half over."

"They're big ones today," Garcia said.

"The more meat for the poor," the Indian said. "Ha ha. I got that one in Madrid."

"I knew that one when I was a kid," Garcia said.

"But you were born in Madrid and could read and write," the Indian said, his humility only partly real, "while I am nothing but a poor Indian who has been to Madrid but twice."

"There's nothing poor about you," Garcia said. "I bet you make more money than I do."

"Listen to him," the Indian said to his men. "Listen to him." The Indian's *cuadrilla* smiled respectfully at Garcia. "Say," Gomez went on, "you like bulls?"

"Sure, I like the bulls," Garcia said.

"So do cows," Gomez said and laughed inordinately.

"You didn't get that one in Madrid," Garcia said. "It's not good enough."

"There you go," the Indian said, "there you go. You are so much a greater *torero* than I that you must always criticize me, even in what I say."

"I wish I had your guts," Garcia said, his voice dropping.

"And I your knowledge of bulls," the Indian said. His bow was almost entirely serious.

The tenseness had gone. Garcia was both grateful to the Indian for breaking it and resentful that he had had to wait for the Indian's crude humor to do it.

"It is almost time, Chief," Chucho Saenz said.

THE two *cuadrillas* moved now with more purpose and less talk. Outside, in the corridor, they heard the whinny of the nags the picadors were sitting. Luis Garcia and José Gomez left the room together. There was a chapel underneath this, the big ring in Mexico City. They knelt together at the altar rail. The Indian bowed his head and closed his eyes but rose before Garcia and stood awkwardly waiting for the other man, who knelt erect, his head raised, his eyes open, looking calmly at the altar.

"Well, did you see God?" Garcia said, rising.

"No," the Indian said, as though it were due to a personal defect that he had not. "I have never seen God. Did you see Him?" He had sensed the vague mockery in Garcia's voice.

"No."

"Do you know what He looks like?"

"No."

"But you are so intelligent and so well educated and I am only a poor Indian. Don't you know what He looks like?"

"I do not know what He looks like. You tell me what He looks like."

"I think He is a tall man," the Indian said.

In the tunnel the *cuadrillas* were waiting and at the end of the tunnel the entrance into the ring was white with sun. Garcia and the Indian wrapped the formal capes around their shoulders and left arms. This moment was a good one, Garcia thought, always it was a good one. The band was playing and they were marching, glancing sidewise at each other to get in line, and the *cuadrillas* behind them. Then the sunlight was washing suddenly over them like warm water and the noise of the crowd like the noise of surf.

The *cuadrillas* scattered and Garcia and the Indian made the rounds of the bull ring separately. Garcia got the greater applause but he didn't realize that; it seemed to him that the Indian got more. He had begun to feel on edge again. He was not afraid, Garcia told himself once more. It was simply that he could see in his mind what might happen. This knowledge was not fear, his mind knew, but some other part of him kept telling him a good *torero* should not think of those things. He remembered in these times the priest in the school in Madrid asking which was the greatest of the virtues and himself answering that fortitude was. "But *no*," the priest had said; "prudence is the first and greatest of the virtues because it includes all the rest."

In the great circle of smiling, cheering faces that passed before him as he walked around the arena, bowing and saluting, he saw one he did not know personally but which was long familiar. The woman's face smiled frankly at him and he was at once disturbed and pleased. She sat in a box, surrounded by people, and her clothes were a little different from those of the other women. He hesitated unconsciously and she bent over the rail to speak to him. He remembered her suddenly as Felice Del Vayo, the Mexican girl who had become a movie actress in the United States.

"I have heard of you," she said. "I wish you luck."

Garcia bowed. "And I of you. Many thanks." The cameras clicking all around them annoyed him obscurely. He remembered vaguely that she had had at least two husbands and he remembered other stories. And because her face disturbed him, he was deeply troubled. He kept moving around the ring, bowing to faces he could not see. He had not seen the look of annoyance pass over Felice Del Vayo's face when he had left her so suddenly.

THE Indian was standing near the *barrera*, shaking out the folds of a fighting cape. "Ah," he said, "the beautiful smile upon the brave. Last week she was exceptionally nice to me in Monterrey, but today she sees no one but you."

"No one but me and the photographers."

"There you are, there you are, always so cynical."

"And wasn't that her latest husband with her in the box?"

"Well, not exactly," the Indian said with exaggerated uncertainty. "Not exactly. But you should not let minor details get in your way. Dedicate a bull to her. She will be very nice to you after the fight."

"My bulls today are to be dedicated to an old friend of my mother's; to Ramon Noriega, who went to school with me in Spain; and to Pedro Pelaez, who was fighting bulls when you and I could not walk."

"Ah, you are so noble," the Indian said. "You embarrass me. I am overwhelmed at having such a noble friend."

"There's something else to embarrass

"To you, dear lady, I dedicate this bull." He raised his hat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garcia swore softly. He vaulted the barrera, seizing a cloak as he ran. The bull was butting wildly

you," Garcia said. The crowd was roaring and the first bull was halfway across the ring. Without waiting to see what the animal's idiosyncrasies were by letting him first charge the capes of the *banderilleros,* the Indian ran out to meet him, dropped to his knees and took the first furious charge of the bull that way, the cape billowing over his head as the bull went by, and the crowd already standing.

"Madman," Garcia said.

"That is the best way to be killed," Chucho Saenz said. "He runs out to pass the bull without knowing whether it favors the right or left horn or whether it will charge in a straight line."

"He is very brave, you remember."

"The bravery of the ignorant," Saenz said. "He is brave because he does not know, because he has no imagination."

"The crowd likes it."

"The ignorant ones, but not the *aficionados.* Because Gomez cannot fight so well as you he must vulgarly display his courage and his ignorance along with it. To be as brave as Gomez it is also necessary to be ignorant."

GARCIA saw that the Indian had compromised himself near the *barrera.* The bull was watching him sullenly, waiting for him to move, and the Indian would not vault the *barrera* or summon his *banderilleros* to distract the bull with their capes. Garcia trotted toward the bull. "*Toro, toro,*" he said. The bull charged him and he passed it, letting the cape whirl up and wrap itself like a belt around his own waist.

"You are jealous of me," the Indian said. "You would impress the good-looking Felice."

"This is no time to fool, Indian," Garcia said. "That is a big bull and a fast one." He called the other "Indian" to annoy and sober him and saw his lips go in.

When the Indian broke the *banderillas* off short to place them the more daringly, *poder a poder,* Garcia felt he would have to do it himself. "He must do that," Saenz said. "He cannot pass the bull so closely and beautifully as you with the cape and muleta, so he must make the vulgar display."

LATER some of the crowd booed when they saw Garcia hesitate, then not break the sticks off short. But he placed the long ones well, his body erect and close to the horns, his arms high.

After killing the fifth bull, his last for the day, the Indian felt better and jested with Garcia about the sixth. "Forget about Pedro Pelaez," he said. "He is only an old man. The Señorita Del Vayo is young and beautiful."

(Continued on page 37)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIDE WORLD

Chasseurs Alpins—French mountain fighters—scout "enemy" territory high on the rugged border between Italy and France

It's Not for Fun

By Edwin Muller

Along the mountain border between France and Italy, soldiers spend the entire winter fighting. They are battling snow and ice, perilous cornices and avalanches. They're as skilled as any experts, and what's sport to you is serious business to them

THE bare hillside is covered three feet deep under dry powder snow. No boulder or bush breaks through the smooth surface. Here the slope is gentle, but higher it steepens until you have to tilt your head back to see the crest of the ridge far above. Somewhere behind that crest is the great ice dome of Mont Blanc and the cluster of peaks that hold up his shoulders. It's so cold that the least breath of wind burns your face like a hot iron.

Far up there on the crest a tiny figure appears, silhouetted black against the sky. Then another, and more. There must be twenty of them. They poise for a moment, then start down like hawks dropping out of the sky. At once the surface behind them is broken into a maze of tracks, crossing and recrossing. As they come closer you see that they are crouched low, their bodies thrown forward. A rifle barrel juts above each man's head, its butt thrust into the pack on his back.

Then the frozen stillness is cut through by a shrill whistle. There are twenty exploding geysers of snow as each man swings to a quick stop turn—every turn alike. In a moment they are all kneeling, sunk so deep in the soft powder that only their heads and shoulders appear above the surface. In front of each man his ski sticks are crossed, thrust down into the snow. His rifle rests on the crotch.

A sharp command: "*Tir à volonté. Feu!*"

A Forbidding and Forbidden Land

The silence of the mountains is shattered by the sudden roar. The sound goes rolling back and forth between the steep side walls of the valley.

Before the echo dies there is another whistle. With one smooth movement the men swing their skis back under them. A powerful thrust of the sticks and they are under way. Soon the last man has disappeared in the woods below.

Those are the Chasseurs Alpins.

The frontiers of France and Italy march together for more than three hundred miles—from the chain of Mont Blanc to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Almost every mile of the border is in high mountain country, much of it under snow all the year around, all of it covered for six months or more. The line zigzags from north to south following the crests of the high ridges. It's as beautiful country as you'll find in Europe, but don't elect to follow the line on a walking trip. Almost anywhere you'll be apt to find barbed wire strung across the old paths, be stopped by a truculent sergeant and a rifle thrust in front of you.

"Fortified military area. Forbidden to pass."

On either side of the line is a complicated system of forts, pill-boxes, strategic roads—more of them every year. Both sides swarm with soldiers. On the Italian side the long, drooping cock-feathers of the Bersaglieri. On the French side the jaunty berets of the Chasseurs Alpins.

There are no better fighting men in the French army than the Chasseurs. They are fighting all the time—against the storm and cold and danger of the high Alps. They are a tough and wiry lot, all bone and gristle and leathery hide.

Each battalion of the Chasseurs has its section of ski troops who are trained for scouting, for liaison work and for the mobile fighting in which small patrols will engage in Alpine warfare. The best of the Chasseur skiers come down from their remote outposts to undergo a special course of intensive training in the Military School at Chamonix, the little village close under the Mont Blanc chain.

It's a glittering paradise in winter. From the floor of the valley the long pine slopes tilt up, the trees weighted down with snow. Above them are the bare pastures with nothing to break the white surface. Higher still are the Needles, jagged spires a mile high and too steep for snow to lie, then more white piled up and up and, highest of all, the shining dome of Mont Blanc.

No Place for a Gambler

In Chamonix the Chasseurs get a glimpse of another kind of skiing than their own. It is one of the winter sports centers of the world. On a winter evening the village street and its cafés are full of high life. You'll see debutantes from Park Avenue costumed from Fifth Avenue, ditto from Paris in the latest creations from the Faubourg St. Honoré, a man from the Dartmouth Outing Club discussing slalom technique with a man on vacation from Oxford. And here and there, if the hour isn't late, the marine blue and the big floppy beret of the Chasseur.

There's a difference between skiing for fun and skiing for the army. Not that the amateurs aren't daring too—some of them. You can watch a boy from Boston take the Piste Balmat, one of the sportier downhill runs. It's a dangerous course—long, steep, studded with jagged boulders and solid pine trunks to wrap yourself around if you miss a turn. The Boston boy takes it as if he'd been shot out of a gun—running some of the steepest pitches straight, shaving the pine trees, out of control part of the time, gambling all the way on a broken record or a broken leg.

Very exciting. But not good skiing from the Chasseur's point of view. Gambling is not for him—unless it's necessary.

I heard a tale from a man who served with the Chasseurs during the World War. He was *(Continued on page 56)*

A medical detachment follows the mountain fighting forces to seek out "wounded" soldiers during war games in the French Alps

WIDE WORLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLIZZARD

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Two wayfarers who found in each other refuge from the storm

THERE was no sun and no wind, but it was the kind of morning that bit into a man's bones, with a steel-colored haze lying in the south and an extreme silence covering the land. When Bill Post knocked the ice from the water bucket and washpan this sound rattled all around the Circle Dot yard; the air, he thought, was pretty thin. It was a comfort to enter the kitchen's warm smell of coffee and flapjack batter and frying bacon and sit against the table lamp's yellow light. Yet even inside the house that pervading thinness and silence was noticeable.

"Storm coming up," he said.

There were four here—Post, the cook, and two winter riders. Post said to his riders: "Still a small jag of beef in the timber. Better go up and get it out of there before snow hits."

The telephone sounded two long and two short rings for Bryce Blackerbee's ranch at Towson Crossing. This was pretty early for the phone; usually the operator in Custer didn't go on until eight. A little while later the three long bells for Dentler's store, at the edge of the badlands, grated through the house.

It kept up like this: Somebody called the Arrowhead ranch; then it was Belding's. The signals were all familiar to him and he would have listened in had he been curious, as was customary for people to do; but he knew the meaning of most of these calls. The promise of bad weather had gotten everybody busy, for a heavy storm would send down the lines by night and snow in the whole country. In a little while he heard his own ring; Bois McLean's voice alternately scratched and blasted and whispered its way across twenty-five miles of desert.

"Bill, you smell snow?"

"Sure," said Post. "I'm just startin' out to ride the drift fence."

"All right. Tom Nelson's covering it from my side. Didn't see you at the dance last night. Hell of a swell time. I guess everybody's home now. Should be, anyway, with this breeze coming along. You seen Ray Kennedy? He's supposed to be on his way here."

There were listeners on the line and now Pack Duster, at Topance Lake, broke in: "He passed here half an hour ago, Bois, packin' a headache big enough for a horse."

"And probably still thirsty," said Bois McLean. "I'll call Blackerbee's and head him off. Nobody's got any business crossin' the desert today."

Bill Post hung up at once, hearing the phone ring for Diamond-and-a-Half; everybody was trying to get everybody else and the operator at Custer wouldn't have much luck leaving the switchboard for breakfast. Post put on a long pair of wool socks, stored another pair in his pocket in case of wet feet and struggled into his sheepskin. Against possible weather he took his full-length blue army overcoat, chucked his hands into fleece gauntlets and crossed the yard to saddle a horse. Southward the loose steel coloring was more distinct and the air here was as thin as he had ever felt it to be. He cinched up the saddle and warmed the metal bit in his gloves a moment before slipping on the bridle.

"A little stick of candy, my friend," he murmured to the horse. "Come on now, sweetheart, open up those liver lips, or I'll bat down your ears."

The horse had a knot in its back and as soon as Post hit the saddle it proceeded to unravel the knot, head down and pitching over the frozen ground with a heavy grunt at each jump, the exhalations of its breathing lying like steam in the air. It was a way of getting warm for horse and rider. Post let it finish out the pitching and left the yard at a run. But he soon pulled around and returned to the house, going in to get his gun. He hadn't worn it for months and it was more or less a matter of instinct that made him take it now.

FORTY miles eastward the Kettle Hills stood in low outline; behind Post, in the west, were the ragged heights of the Silver Lode. Between these two mountain chains lay the trough of the desert and up this trough the storm now made its way. A quarter-hour from the house, trotting straight over the flats, Post realized the storm would hit him broadside before he finished riding the drift fence. There was a change in the air; it was a variation of temperature that registered on his skin; it was a slow haze dropping out of the sky. This was morning, but southward the sky slowly filled with a blurring shadow.

The drift fence was a small dark line in the north, running straight over the desert to keep cattle from traveling toward the northern end of the desert. In time of blizzard it was a trap. Cattle, drifting with the wind, reached it and piled against it and died there. Out in the middle reaches of the desert hulked the low shadow of Hub Weston's deserted log hut and lean-to. Bill Post aimed at it and at the scatter of beef south of it. Far over on the Kettle Hills side he thought he saw a rider's shape, but could not be sure; elsewhere—and he scanned the desert carefully to be certain of this—there were no travelers.

When he came up to the cattle he saw they were uneasy; they were winding around, heads southward, and they

(Continued on page 32)

For a moment the wind broke, giving him a view of a horse and rider. He yelled and fired the gun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carol took the play right out of my hands. She said, "Is George in yonder, Sheriff?"

Buck Warren's Son

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

They were his friends. He knew they'd never sign his death sentence. So he signed it himself

SOONER or later, if you were stopping over in Karnak, someone would point out young George and say, "Yonder goes Buck Warren's son. Can you imagine that?"

Well, if you were at all familiar with Karnak, you'd take a good long look and shake your head and say that you could not imagine that. And then you'd most likely say, "I reckon it's a good thing Buck Warren is dead. He'd sho' be unhappy thinkin' he begat something like that."

Folks talk thataway, 'specially in a sleepy little Southern town where there ain't a whole lot of things to talk about anyway. They say whatever pops into their heads, and they say it in the cruelest way, without ever stopping to think that they maybe ain't being fair.

The trouble is that when you hear the name Warren in Karnak you always think of Buck. Sort of like thunder and lightning. He was that kind of a man, Buck was: the most handsome feller that was ever born and raised in Karnak County—and the most powerful. Handsome, too, with clear gray eyes and hair that was gray at the sides. His family was pretty good—no aristocracy or anything like that—but still something to be proud of. And he never had any enemies. It wasn't exactly healthy to be Buck Warren's enemy.

He owned Big Cypress plantation, made good money farming it, played around with politics, which he pretty well controlled, and had his finger in almost every pie in Karnak. Nobody knew for sure just how rich he was, and nobody cared a lot. But he had enough, with plenty left over. I reckon he had everything a man could ask of life, except the right son. Not that there was anything wrong with young George. It was just that you couldn't think of him as being of Buck Warren's stock.

But then you'd think that way only if you were making snap judgment. Me, I claim a boy has got a perfect right to be like his mother, which is what George was. Of course, nobody ever figured out why Buck married Ellen Mabry in the first place: she was so tiny and pretty and gentle, but he did marry her, and they do say he was crazy about her, and the place where she is buried out Pineville way has got the biggest and most expensive stone on it of any grave in the county. And after that stone was put up, why, Buck never married again, though Lord knows there was plenty of handsome girls in the county that would have given their right eye to get him. But, no, sir, Buck just went his way: controlling everything that was worth controlling, and watching his one child—this George—sprout up to be like his mother.

I reckon I know young George better than anybody else in Karnak. And I know this much about him: That if he had been the son of anybody except Buck Warren, folks would have liked him a lot, and never would have said anything about him that wasn't nice. But somehow you expect the child of a skyrocket to be a skyrocket, too . . . and there sure wasn't nothing like that about George. The best you could say about him was that he was pleasant and harmless and friendly.

AFTER Buck died, George went right on living at Big Cypress and doing a pretty good job running things, but by and large, nobody paid him a lot of mind. He wasn't the kind you'd notice: slim and younger looking than his twenty-two years, with soft brown hair and blue eyes as gentle as his mother used to have, and a real quiet way of speaking. He could ride all right, and

(Continued on page 41)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Break Up the Yankees!

By
Gordon Cobbledick
SPORTS WRITER, CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

This world series monopoly is getting pretty monotonous to fans outside of New York. They'd like to see something done. Meanwhile, the Yankees propose to keep right on winning

In center, Joe McCarthy, Yankee manager, with Joe DiMaggio (left), on whom the Yanks gambled $25,000 even though he had a bad knee, and Myril Hoag, who was traded for Oral Hildebrand to strengthen the pitching staff

THE New York Yankees won the American League championship last year by nine and a half games. The pennant was clinched officially in late September but for all practical purposes the pennant race ended when the Yanks defeated the Indians in a three-game series in Cleveland in August. The result of the pennant race, in short, was a foregone conclusion at least six weeks before the season ended.

In 1937 the Yankees won the championship by nineteen and a half games and officially clinched the pennant early in September. As a matter of fact, however, there was not the slightest doubt after the Fourth of July that the Yanks were going to win. They made a parade of the race after that date.

The Yankees have won three consecutive pennants in the American League and three consecutive world championships—something that no team in the history of baseball has done before. They have destroyed all semblance of balance in their own league and have turned the World Series into a one-team exhibition in which the only betting concerns the question of whether the National League entry may be able to salvage one victory from the disaster.

Not only have they overwhelmed the American League but the Yankees are now dominating the minor leagues. The Little World Series last year was fought out between Newark of the International League and Kansas City of the American Association—both owned by the Yankees. Binghamton, another Yankee farm team, won the pennant in the New York-Penn League.

Well, what does it all add up to? It adds up to this: Unless something is done to curb the mounting power of the New York Yankees, interest in baseball will be deadened and the sport will be threatened!

There is no doubt of this. The other managements know it and some have hinted it publicly. At least two American League managers have publicly conceded the 1939 pennant to New York. The manager of one club that is supposed to be a contender against the Yanks has said privately that if New York doesn't clinch the pennant this year by August 1st, there should be a grand jury investigation. This was said in jest but fundamentally it represented the settled conviction of baseball men about the domination of the pastime by the Yankee machine.

This situation came about because Colonel Ruppert of the New York club happened to be an immensely wealthy man who was at the same time a true baseball fan. He couldn't stand a loser and was not afraid to pay for a winner when he and Colonel Huston took over the Yankees originally. The old Highlanders in New York were a woeful organization and Colonel Ruppert turned the trend almost immediately *(Continued on page 62)*

Lou Gehrig (left) and Bill Dickey, the heart of Murderers' Row for the New York Yankees, perennial pennant winners and world champions

Tommy Henrich was developed at Cleveland's expense, only to be ruled a free agent by Judge Landis and snapped up by the Yankees

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

PREPARING to purchase a ticket in a New York City railroad station, William Boone notes that the girl just ahead of him in the ticket line is unusually attractive. He observes that her toilet case (resting beside her, on the floor) is marked "S. R. A."

A man picks up the toilet case, runs away with it. Boone runs after him. The man drops the case. Boone—who has reasons for wishing to avoid the police—lets the thief escape. He retrieves the case, takes it to the girl.

The girl is pale. Thinking that she may faint, Boone invites her to have a drink with him. Then, together, they enter a restaurant, order two "stingers." Realizing that he will never see the girl again, Boone tells her that he is on the way to a mysterious adventure. "I am," he says, "about to try to outfox the smartest fox I've ever known."

The girl does not reveal her identity. She is Suzette Aberdeen; and she is on her way to the elaborate country estate of Rodney Barnett. She does not love Barnett, but, urged by her mother (who sees in the rich Rodney Barnett a chance to solve the financial problems of the Aberdeens), she has promised to marry him.

Not trusting Boone, Suzette manages to slip away from him. Whereupon, he boards a train and goes to the country home of—*Rodney Barnett!* He and his host, it appears, have not seen each other for eighteen years; and it is obvious that they dislike each other. . . . Shortly after Boone arrives, Barnett telephones the police, has a talk with some official. The official promises to send an inspector over at once. . . .

Boone has a valet: one Harmon. Having preceded his master to the country house and made use of his ears and eyes, Harmon is worried. He does not know why Boone has decided to visit Rodney Barnett but he is aware that Boone is in peril. When he tries to warn Boone, Boone only laughs at him.

A beautiful swimming pool is one of the features of the establishment. Boone puts on his bathing suit, goes to the pool. At the far end someone—a girl—dives in. Boone enters the water, swims toward the girl. He meets her. She starts to smile. Then: "You!" she gasps. "Why! What are *you* doing here?"

II

WILLIAM BOONE was startled and amazed, but the swift expressions of amazement and alarm and fear in the girl's face betrayed that she was more deeply shaken than he was, and that she was not at all delighted to find him again. He realized instantly that their meeting again was nothing but an amazing coincidence, and the next thing he realized was that this meeting frightened her much more than it pleased her, and that she did not believe it was a coincidence. Before he answered her, he wondered just what he had told her over their cocktails.

"I'm a house guest," he said.

"I don't believe it!" she cried.

"You think I followed you," he said. "Don't you? But I didn't."

She didn't believe him. She was treading water and looking at his eyes with eyes darkened with suspicion and distrust.

"Who invited you here?"

"Miss Barnett."

"Do you know Nancy Barnett?"

"Very well, indeed."

With decision, she swam away from him to the edge of the pool. He swam after her and pulled himself out and stood up just as she did. She looked up at him. Even with the unkind influences of suspicion and distrust at work in her face, she was fascinating.

"I'm going to find out," she told him.

"By all means. Ask Nancy. Ask Rodney."

She started to turn away. "Wait a minute," Boone said. He reached down and broke off a zinnia. He inserted the stem under her bathing cap so that the flame-colored blossom was perched just above her left ear. He looked at her critically. "Perfect," he said.

She started to smile, then said with severity, "Who are you?"

"Just a man who fills an otherwise empty space at week-end parties."

"You didn't say that at the station."

"I know," he said, "but you're a lady, and a lady is one who does not take advantage when a gentleman leads with his chin."

She deliberated it, and said, "Perhaps you're a burglar."

"I will explain everything later. Is it a promise?"

"I'll have to think it over. Now please let me go."

"Not yet."

She tried to twist her elbows out of his hands. A man appeared through a hedge, a bulky man as tall as William Boone. He wore a blue serge suit and the heads of bullets were visible in the belt he wore. He said, "Is anything the matter, Miss Aberdeen?"

"No," she said.

"We were just trying a new dance step," William Boone explained. "It's called the Big Orange."

She walked rapidly away from him, up the path toward the terrace, pausing to pick up a bath cape. Reaching the gardens, she started to run. She ran up the path to the terrace and across the terrace to the side stairway.

In the upstairs hall she asked a chambermaid where Miss Barnett's room was, and a moment later she was knocking at Nancy Barnett's door.

A maid opened the door. Nancy Barnett was on a chaise longue with a magazine in her hand and a cocktail shaker at her side. She was a pretty blond girl of eighteen with cornflower blue eyes. When she saw Suzette she threw the magazine across the room, jumped up and cried: "Darling! You angel! At last!"

SHE ran across the room and threw her arms around Suzette. She cried breathlessly: "When did you come? What are you doing in that bathing suit? You're soaking wet! Marie, trot down and bring us a fresh cocktail shaker. I'm not plastered, darling. I'm not even tight. I'm not even high. I'm just worried stiff. I told them to send you up the instant you came. I simply had to disgorge the latest developments. How are you, darling? You look divine. Tell me everything."

Nancy Barnett had a large flexible mouth with thin lips which she handled attractively. She held Suzette's hands and grinned at her with the delight of an uninhibited child.

"First," Suzette said, panting a little, "tell me who the madman is I just met in the pool."

"Madman? Have we a madman? How definitely divine!"

"He's a great hulking catlike thing with brown hair and blue eyes."

Nancy Barnett's eyes were very bright, very sensitive to changes in her mood.

"It sounds like Bill Boone. Is he like a lazy lion?"

"You mean William Boone? The muralist?"

"Yes. Did he do anything absolutely screwy?"

"Yes. He grabbed this zinnia and put it there."

NANCY began to laugh. "That's Bill Boone. He's going to do my portrait. Oh, he is completely nuts in a very charming way. You'll adore him. He's the most completely and demoralizingly attractive man there is."

Suzette said, "Are you in love with him?"

"Not exactly. A fringe of me is. You know, a tattered fringe. He didn't pay attention to another person on the ship. I never had such a whirl. Don't you think he's attractive?"

Suzette said, "Oh, very." She did not know why she was so shocked to learn that that incredible man was William Boone, the muralist.

Nancy said, "Well, he made some sketches of me and then one night he said he must do my portrait. And sometime I must tell you about the perfectly incredible incident of the captain's pajamas and the chief engineer's horned owl. Oh, Bill is swell. Have you seen any of his murals?"

Suzette shook her head.

"Well, he paints just the way you'd expect him to. On the ship he did one canvas of a deck hand who looked just like a koala. He was marvelous. I suppose his best work is that big mural he did in Parliament, and there's one in Rome that's supposed to be utterly heavenly. I think on the strength of it he's been commissioned to restore some of Michelangelo's murals in Rome—it's just about the highest honor a muralist could receive. Oh, Bill is really good." She paused. "But tell me, darling, tell me. Are you really going to marry Rodney tomorrow or is that just a brain wave he's having?"

Nancy's eyes were disconcerting, so blue, so bright. Suzette had the feeling that below them was always a little—at least a little—scorn, a tremendous sophistication for a girl of her years, and a certain hardness that was, unmistakably, the hardness of innocence. Yet when she smiled, when she talked as she had just been talking, all this went away. Her smile was quick and soft and when she smiled her eyes sparkled softly.

"Yes," Suzette said, "I'm marrying him."

"Well, I can't see why. You certainly aren't in love with him. He's nothing but a nasty old roué and there's just one reason for your marrying him. And personally I don't believe you're the kind of person who'd marry for money. It must be something else."

Suzette said gravely, "Oh, I think he's awfully attractive."

"But this—oh, this is too, too degrading, Suzette. All his stenographers! Wait till you know him a little better."

Nancy's maid returned just then with a cocktail shaker on a tray with glasses. She placed the tray on a table and went out again. Nancy poured two cocktails and gave one to Suzette.

Nancy drank her cocktail at a gulp. "I've been drinking these things all afternoon and I'm not any tighter than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you are. They don't do anything. You see, I'm in a spot." She was looking into her empty cocktail glass. Now she looked up at Suzette, and her eyes were defiant. "I'm in love with a lobster fisherman. Go ahead and laugh."

Suzette realized that Nancy's feverish look, her tension, weren't due to the strain of the forthcoming party but to this.

She said gravely, "Well, why not?"

"You mean," Nancy said, "you don't think it's funny?"

"Of course I don't think it's funny."

Nancy looked at her a moment longer, then her expression softened and her eyes became a little moist. "Well, I'm glad you feel that way. It's nice to have someone on my side. You see, Rodney disapproves of him. That's putting it very mildly. I met Jim just after I came back from China. I was flying to Southampton, and I had engine trouble over Oyster Bay, and I landed on the beach and Jim—his name's Jim Clover—came along and fixed the engine and I fell in love with him. He's really marvelous. He's tall and blond and Vikingesque and he has a sense of humor. And when Rodney found out that Jim Clover and I were seeing each other and were serious about it, he put his foot down."

"Why," Suzette said, "don't you walk out and do as you please?"

Nancy's mouth became grim. She said slowly, "Have you any idea how rich Rodney is? Have you any idea how powerful he is? And how clever he is? There was only one way he could keep me from marrying Jim. He told me he'd spend a million if he had to, to make Jim's life a perfect hell. He said he'd ruin him and keep him ruined wherever he went. And he would. He'd do what he did to that man in Seattle."

"What did Rodney do to the man in Seattle?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned that. I'm not supposed to know anything about it."

"I want to know."

She laughed and said, "Remember me, Mr. Boone? I'm the girl you bumped into in the pool." Her eyes sparkled

Nancy said recklessly, "All right, I'll tell you. He was trying to oppose Rodney in some deal, and one day some federal men stopped him on the street and found a lot of counterfeit money in his pocket. He couldn't explain how it got there. He got ten years for it."

Suzette took a deep breath. "Did Rodney do that?"

"Of course he did that! And he

(Continued on page 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A tongue of flame had leaped high above the bow of the vessel, suddenly illuminating the chaotic scene. "They've ignited the oil stores," Ramey said

Cargo to Wanping

By LaSelle Gilman

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

An ammunition-loaded ship plows a midnight course to destruction—and to an even more exciting love story

WITH the coming of evening, the sea grew still and mirrored the green hills softly in its depths. No wind stirred the banyans along the water front, and in the west the sky flamed sudden scarlet, long after the sun had set. Watching it from the vantage point of his perch on the iron rail that guarded the bund, Clancy thought it the sun's farewell until he heard the belated rumble of the explosion in the distance. He sighed.

"There goes the Bridge of Infinite Tranquillity," he said to Celia Anlage, and his lips under the stubble of new beard twisted wryly.

She nodded. "I hope it's that and not my mission they're blowing up," she said.

She sat beside him and stared in silent fascination at the growing glow of flames above the jumbled plain of rooftops beyond the city. Now and then the sound of scattered rifle and machine-gun fire drifted to them in the quiet air, but the fighting was too far away, near the North Gate, for them to hear distinctly.

A unit of very weary-looking and dusty troops went thundering past in a brown army truck and swerved sharply into one of the narrow, tortuous streets leading from the bund to the north wall of Tahchow. But beyond that there was little sign of life, for the populace had long since evacuated into the surrounding hills and the streets were still and deserted. The refugees had fled in such haste that now the cobbles were littered with the boxes and bundles and miscellaneous debris they had dropped as they ran in panic when the unexpected attack was launched. That morning the invaders' planes had bombed the city. Now among the pitiful confusion of the streets, half buried in the rubble of blasted buildings, lay the bodies of the dead. No one had the time to pick them up. Not even the soldiers.

Clancy glanced sideways at Miss Anlage. It never ceased to be a wonder to him when he looked at her; he had known many missionary women in his lengthy and precarious career on the Coast and while he was not one to generalize on matters of such small interest to him, he had always been able to pick a female soul-saver out of a crowd in the treaty ports. It was the look in their eyes, the clothes they wore, the way they wore them, the way they walked and the set of their shoulders. But Celia Anlage had never conformed—except for the look in her gray eyes. He had known her for the three years she had been with the station in Tahchow, and every time he saw her or talked to her—which hadn't been very often—he marveled.

He was worried about her. She was alone now. She sat beside him on the rail, elbows on knees, small determined chin in hand, watching the fires. A little, fragrant breeze loitered across the harbor and gently stirred her very fair hair and shook the silk scarf at her throat. All day she had been trying to help the battered victims of the bombs, yet her white linen suit was still neat and clean, or it looked clean in the gathering dusk. She had worked frantically in the heat and stench for hours, yet now she remained calm and detached. Her young face was grave, and he saw sadness etched in it. She seemed hardly more than a little girl, but he had seen her doing work that day that was not for any woman.

"Tired?" he asked. She nodded soberly. He wished he could put her to sleep on his shoulder—the shoulder that didn't have the bandage on it. He was unutterably tired himself, and hungry. Perhaps he'd better get out and scrounge around for something in the ruins.

"I wish I had a drink," he said absently.

She chuckled, and the quiet mirth astonished him. "I wish you did, too, Brian," she said. "I wish I did myself. I've had only one drink in my life. Of course when father and mother were alive we never had anything in the mission; that would have been outrageous. And when I was back in school in the States we lived a rigorous life—no boys, no smoking, no drinking. You could hardly expect anything else in a boarding school for missionary children sent home for training from the field. But I had one drink of beer once. . . . It was pretty good."

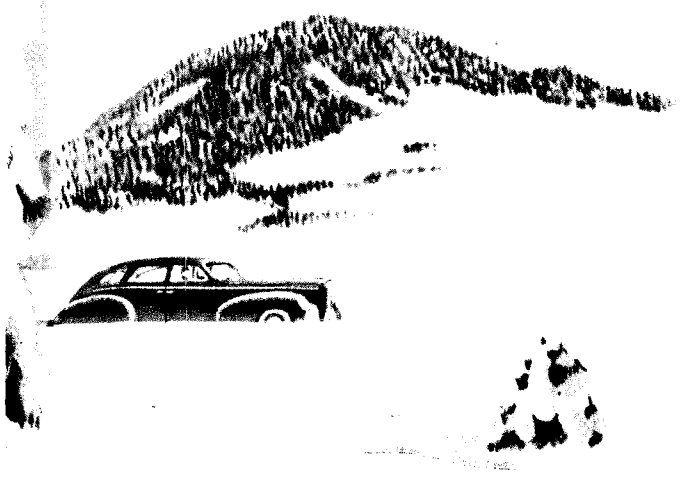
He grinned. "I had some beer, cold, in my bungalow," he said. "They bombed it along with me and the house this morning."

HE WAS trying to be casual, but he was very upset. They were the only white people left in Tahchow, he knew, indeed practically the only civilians left. And even the troops were now preparing to retire before morning; he had heard that they had received the order from headquarters and tonight were only fighting a covering action as the invading land column pressed closer on the city. They were blowing up roads and bridges preparatory to a quick dawn march south. By daylight the battalions of their enemies would be swarming in the wreck of Tahchow. And what then would happen to himself and this girl? He had already counseled her against flight into the hills, and the only alternative was to wait.

He suddenly started up and turned to stare out into the darkening harbor. She had also heard the sound—the familiar rattle and splash of an anchor chain.

"Damme if it isn't a ship," Brian Clancy muttered. He peered, disbelieving, and could discern the faint bulk of a vessel out there, looming silently in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DON'T LET OTHERS *Spoil Your Fun!*

IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY—when you "tune in" the new "Weather-Eye"* . . . Nash Conditioned Air System automatically keeps car filled with fresh June air . . . kept uniform despite changes outside. Keeps the windshield safely clear. Shuts out drafts, dust, dirt.

UP IN HIGH . . . new Nash-LaFayette engine development, gives you terrific power and getaway—15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds, in *high* . . . betters 1938 gas economy by 10%.

IF SOMEONE TRIES to tell you about the new Nash—stop him.

And if you meet a silver bullet of a car flashing up the street—look the other way.

For that's not the way to learn about a Nash. Not even the lively, power-packed lines can give you the feel of it. *You've got to get inside—and drive it . . . yourself . . . on an open road.*

Don't put it off for a sunny day. If a blizzard is blowing up right now—all the better! Climb in—for here's what happens.

. . . although you don't hear it or feel the vibration, your engine is already running.

. . . a nudge on the throttle, and you're down the street.

. . . you *see* trees bend with the gale—but *you're* driving with your finger-tips. You *see* ruts and bumps ahead, but they flow under you unnoticed.

. . . there ought to be road-roar and the scream of wind, at the rate you're going—but inside it's so quiet you can hear a whisper.

. . . you ought to be shivering with the cold—but the air around you is as fresh and warm as the tropics—thanks to that miraculous automatic "Weather-Eye"*, in front of you.

. . . a stop for a red light, but quick as a cat, you whisk away from traffic. Never, in all your car-owning experience, have you felt such pick-up, such hill-leveling power!

Marvel at gear-shifting from your wheel* . . . at brakes that stop at a touch—the magic ease of a Fourth Speed Forward*.

And let your wife rhapsodize about the beauty of the interiors, and the smartness and conveniences of the appointments.

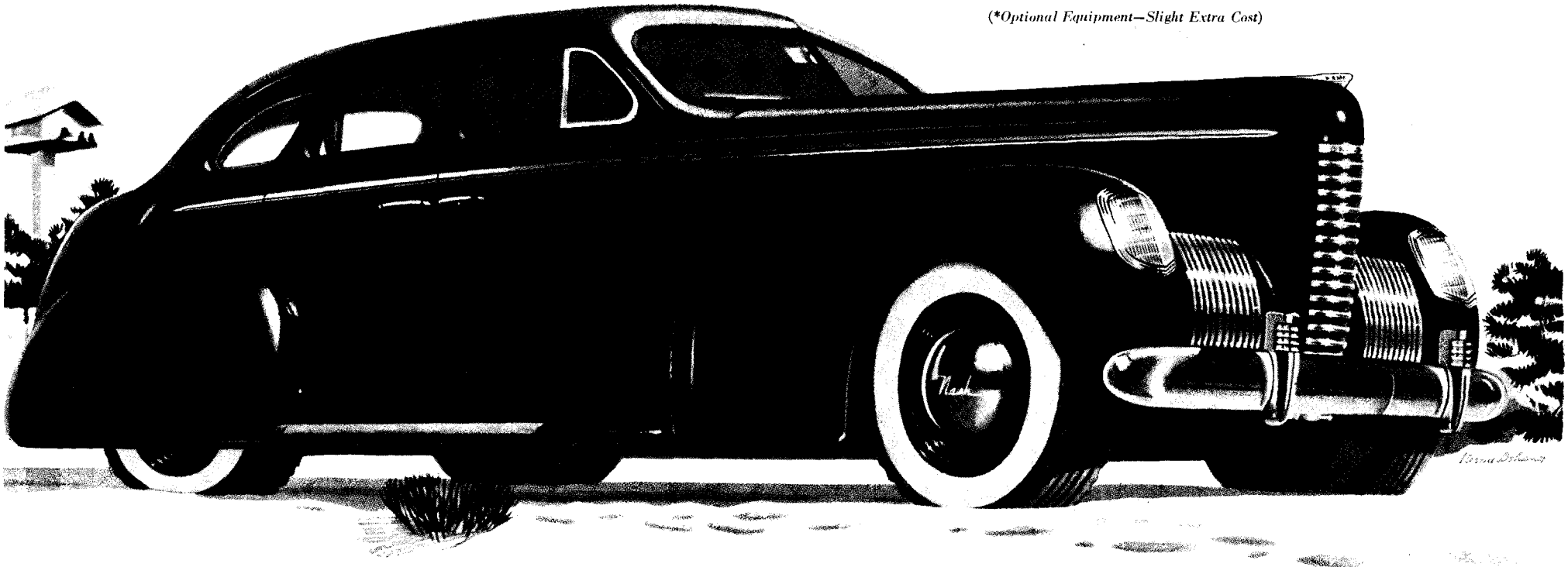
But we predict that when you pass the county line, you'll be thinking of only this:

"*What'll I use for money?*"

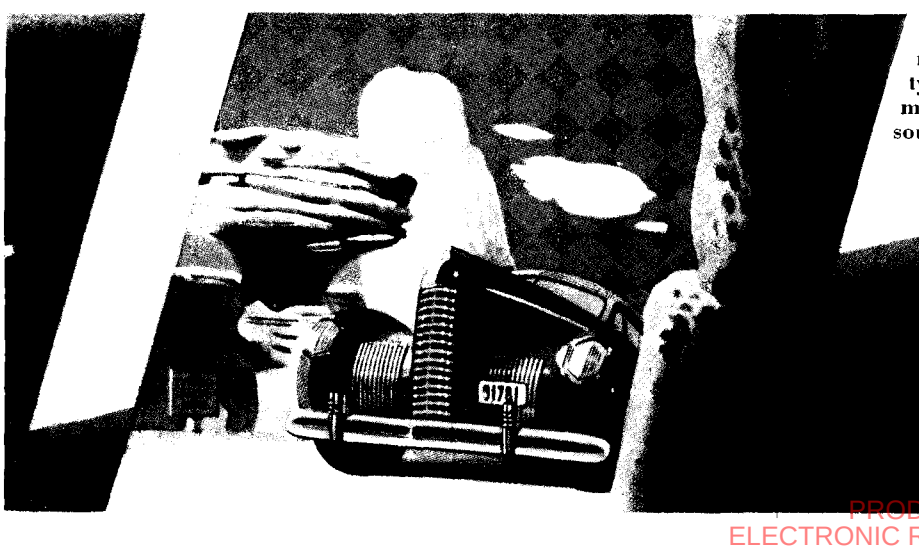
For your peace of mind, new low prices put ten models next to the lowest—with unbeatable economy! 1800 Nash dealers offer service from coast to coast. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

Four Series of Great Cars. 22 Models . . . 10 Priced next to the lowest . . . Delivered at Factory, as low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

(**Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost*)



Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included . . . White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.



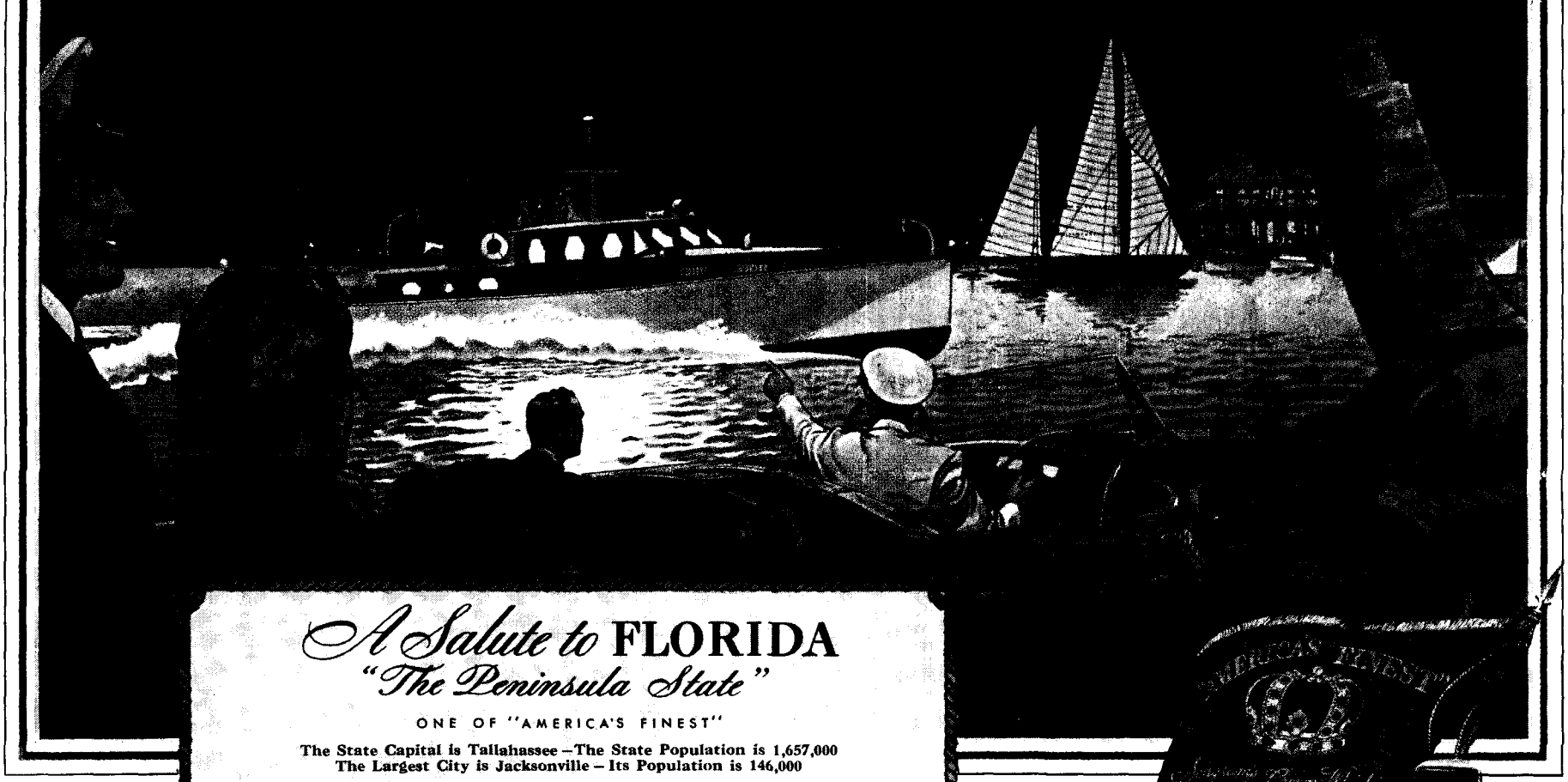
LIKE ENTERING A NEW WORLD . . . all roads made silent and smooth . . . thanks to new-type shock absorbers (40% longer and mounted vertically) . . . and special Nash sound proofing that "muffles" road noise.

It's that New **NASH**

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"AMERICA'S FINEST"



A Salute to FLORIDA
"The Peninsula State"

ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

The State Capital is Tallahassee—The State Population is 1,657,000
The Largest City is Jacksonville—Its Population is 146,000

Do You Know...That Spaniards brought the first palm trees to Florida?
That Cape Sable is 350 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt?
That St. Augustine, the oldest United States city, has changed hands 13 times?
That, catching a different fish each day, it would take you nearly two years to catch all the different types of fish found off the coast of Florida?

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Only Master Blending Could Create
"America's Finest"

Only craftsmanship of the highest order could achieve the rare taste and subtle bouquet of Seagram's 7 and Seagram's 5 Crown Whiskies. From many thousands of possible combinations, Seagram's expert blenders sought and finally found the distinctive Crown aroma and flavor that millions have learned to love. Pour yourself a hearty highball with richer 7 Crown—or mix a mellow Manhattan with milder 5 Crown—and you will realize that "America's Finest" is more than a phrase. It's a fact!

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

Seagram's Crown Whiskies
"America's Finest"

90 PROOF

Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof. Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the gloom. He could see the dim lights in her cabin. Since the departure of the last refugee ship a week before, the harbor had been barren of any craft; even the junks had fled.

"It's a ship," he said. "It's a dirty little coaster, but it's a foreign vessel, because the native boats have been swept from the coast by the blockade." How the devil, he wondered, had this craft been able to run the barrier of the navy patrol outside?

He grabbed Celia Anlage's arm. "Come on," he said. "Problem's solved as to food and bed anyway—and maybe that drink."

She laughed, her voice suddenly shaky with relief, and they started to walk along the water front.

IN THE sampan Clancy located near the stone steps, they moved out into the dark port toward the lights, and when they hailed her a native member of the crew told them to come aboard. Her deck was buried in a litter of gear and unstowed bales and she smelled of oil and fruit and lumber. The Hsin Fang was not a pretty ship, nor, Clancy noted, was her skipper pretty.

He sat before a table in his cabin, huge, perspiring and unkempt. He fixed Clancy with red-rimmed eyes and waved a welcoming hand. He was very drunk.

"Blast me," he said, "if it isn't foreigners. Didn't know any were left here, on my honor. Have a drink. I'm Ramey."

They sat down on his bunk in the dirty cabin; Celia Anlage gingerly accepted the offered glass, wrinkled her small nose at the smell, closed her eyes and swallowed; then she kept her silence, looking thoughtfully at Captain Ramey.

Clancy drank and as he drank he pondered upon the name, and then he had it: Ramey, to be sure. The name had as bad an odor to it as the man's whisky. Gun and drug runner. Once lieutenant, H. B. M. Navy. Busted out years ago. Something to do with a captain's wife and blackmail. The fellow was as notorious as he was mysterious. No one ever saw him, except perhaps for an occasional fleeting glimpse of the large untidy figure in the crowds of the water fronts in coastal ports.

"I'm Clancy, American Tea Company agent—until they blew up the agency today. This is Miss Anlage, of the local American mission. Also bombed out of house and home. We're all that's left here. In case you don't know, the troops are pulling out. The other fellows will be in here tomorrow."

Captain Ramey sat up abruptly. "The devil!" he said. "I've got a cargo for those chaps. Ordered by the army from Canton for the garrison here. Not that it's any secret, now I'm here. Arms and munitions, worth fourteen thousand dollars of the realm."

He became quite sober almost immediately, a feat that won Clancy's guarded admiration. His admiration grew when Ramey added, absently, that he'd been a little worried about it, running the blockade outside that afternoon. "A shot over our bow might've been disastrous, considering their vaunted marksmanship," he grinned.

But he ordered the steward to rustle up food for his guests. They ate curry and rice at his table. While they were at it, a deckman poked his scarred and ugly head in at the door and stated that "one-piece shoreside soljah-masta have come wantchee see masta."

"My consignees, no doubt," Ramey said. "It's not private. Everything too mucked up for that now. You're invited to the conference." He poured himself a fortifier.

The man who was ushered in was tall and thin and very young. He wore a dirty and ill-fitting army uniform. One hand was bandaged. He saluted stiffly with it and bowed. In halting English he announced himself as Lieutenant Hsu Fan-li. Then his sharp black eyes turned to Celia Anlage and they widened slightly in his broad face, and he smiled.

"How you do, Miss Anlage," he said. "You no savvy me, no doubt? You little girl Tahchow Mission before, I think. Then I belong student Dr. Anlage, you respected father. This my native place. My father have got jade shop Lang Ching Road."

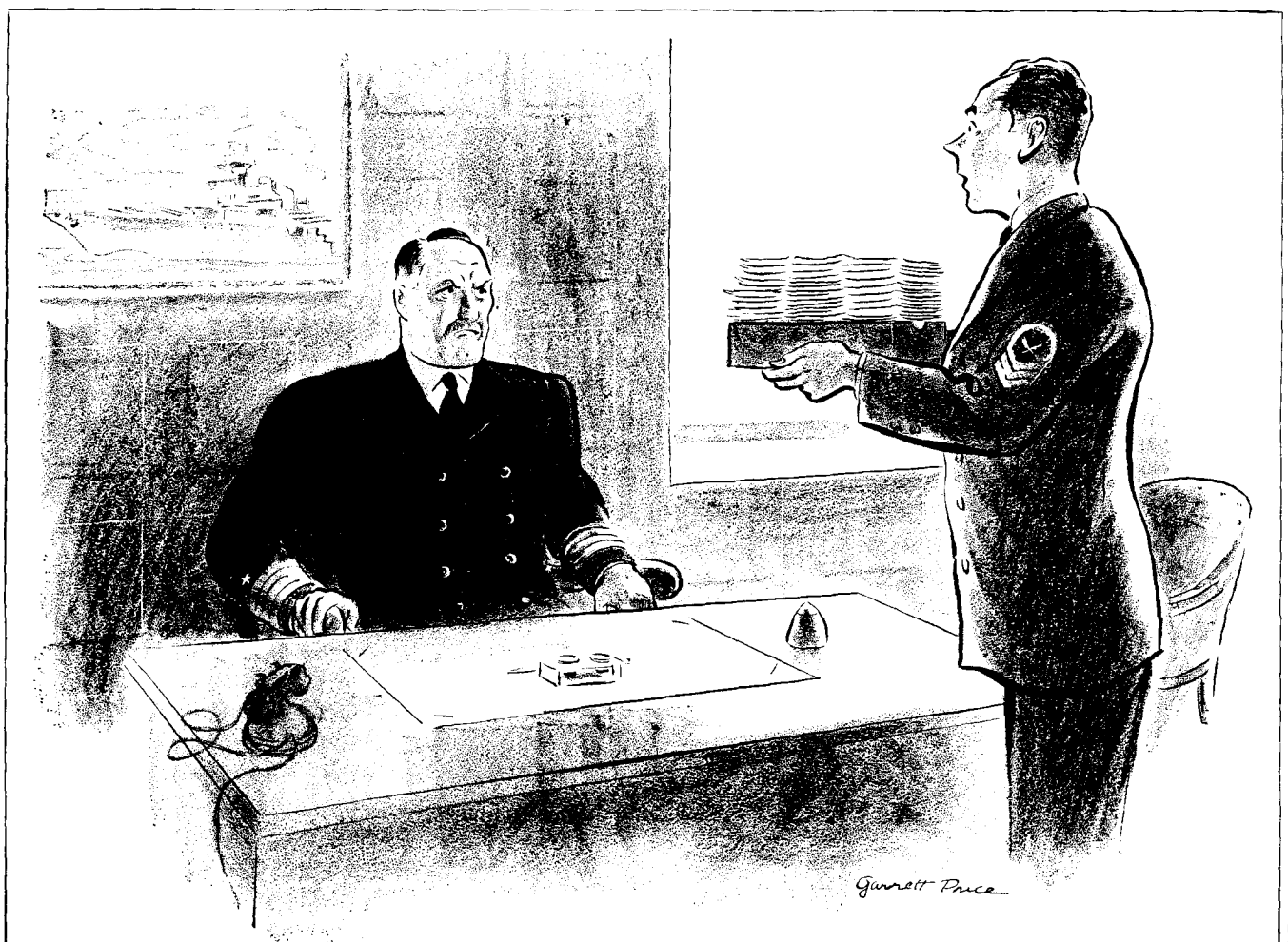
She shook his hand, forgetting the bandage, and he winced. She did not remember him. But she remembered his father's shop. She had seen it today. It was spread, smoking and blackened, in fragments across Lang Ching Road, and in the shambles had been the twisted, unrecognizable remains of a man. She asked him hastily where he had been since leaving the mission school, and he said in a university in the north, and later in the army. It had only been luck, he added, that he was assigned to the brigade garrisoning Tahchow. His tongue had slipped unconsciously into the vernacular; she and Clancy understood him and saw his eyes hardening. Captain Ramey fidgeted; his dealings on the Coast were conducted in pidgin.

Lieutenant Hsu apologized. Ramey wasted no time in exchanging amenities. In his hold was the cargo ordered; where was it to be discharged, and how? And in what currency and by whom paid?

HSU nodded. That was why he had come here, he explained. It was now impossible to unload in Tahchow. The city was being abandoned to the enemy. The garrison was withdrawing down the coast fifty miles to Wanping, which was more strategic and more easily defended. The cargo should be taken to that place, and when it was unloaded there Captain Ramey would be paid in cash. This was by order of the commander of the garrison, who, Hsu said, had sent the lieutenant and a guard of six men to accompany the shipment by sea.

Ramey listened in stony silence.

"Let's see your bona fides, or whatever you've got," he demanded finally. Celia Anlage translated, and the lieutenant produced papers. The skipper

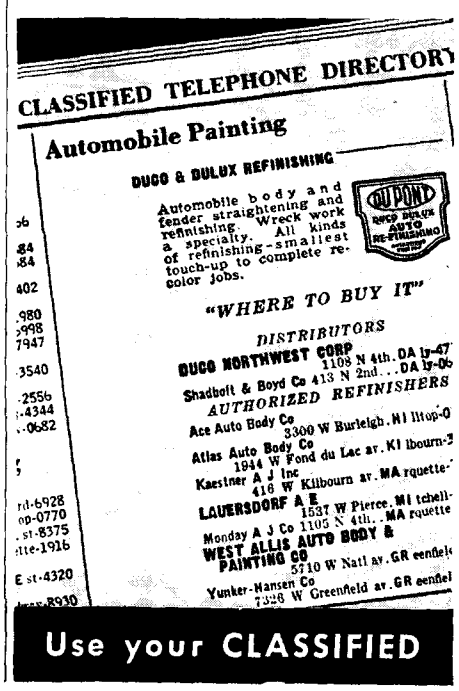


"The spy mail is very heavy this morning, sir—they all request copies of the plans of our latest dreadnought!"

GARRETT PRICE

I've found that dealer already"

To find a convenient dealer or agent in a few seconds is worth shouting about. And you can do it when you use the Classified. Save time. Shop this easy, modern way.


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Automobile Painting

DUCO & DULUX REFINISHING

Automobile body and fender straightening and refinishing. Wreck work a specialty. All kinds of refinishing—smallest touch-up to complete re-color jobs.

DU PONT DUCO DULUX AUTO RE-FINISHING

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

DISTRIBUTORS

DUCO NORTHWEST CORP 1108 N 4th. DA ly-47

Shadbolt & Boyd Co 413 N 2nd...DA ly-06

AUTHORIZED REFINISHERS

Ace Auto Body Co 3300 W Burleigh. MI lltop-0

Atlas Auto Body Co 1944 W Fond du Lac av. KI lbourn-3

Kaestner A J Inc 416 W Kilbourn av. MA rquette-

LAUERSDORF A E 1537 W Pierce. MI tchell-

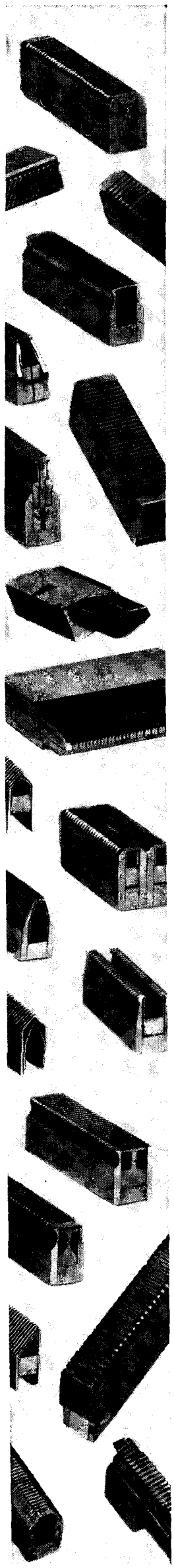
Monday A J Co 1105 N 4th. MA rquette

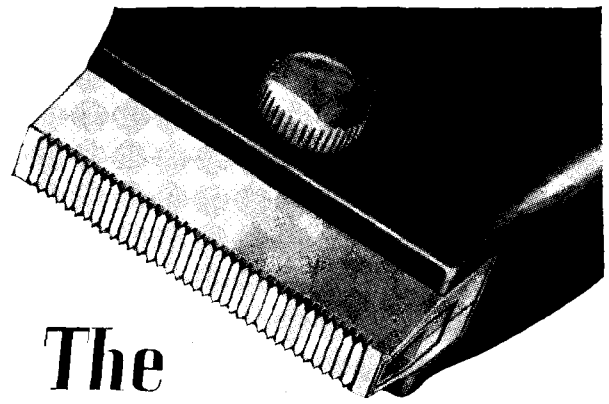
WEST ALLIS AUTO BODY & PAINTING CO 5710 W Natl av. GR eenfield

Yunker-Hansen Co 7326 W Greenfield av. GR eenfiel

Use your CLASSIFIED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





The INVENTOR knew best

When Colonel Schick invented the dry shaver he had spent twenty years studying hair, skin and shaving.

Before he put the Schick shaver on the market, he made numerous cutters of different shapes, designs and constructions, (some of these are shown on the left) and out of all his study and labor he evolved the present Schick cutter.

He *knew* that this cutter would **shave quickly and closely *for thousands of shaves*** and without injury to the skin.

There is nothing in the Schick shaver to grow dull and wear away. With some shavers, it is like using a blade that is never sharpened. Each succeeding shave is worse than the one before it. **A Schick Shaver *improves* with wear** and gives its best shave before it finally wears out. (Some have given more than 3000 shaves.)

Why gamble on a shaver that, at best, is a variation of the original Schick shaver made without the inventor's knowledge of the true principles of dry shavers, the methods and machines to produce them?

Buy a Schick Shaver for surely **the inventor knew best about correct principles,** efficient design and precision workmanship. More than 2,000,000 users throughout the civilized world testify to the shaving qualities, comfort and economy of Schick shavers for some of these users have shaved with them for seven years.

Buy the inventor's shaver—a Schick.

New Improved Standard Schick Shaver, $12.50
(With new power unit. A.C. and D.C.)

New Colonel Schick Shaver . . . $15.00
(High-speed, double power motor. A.C. and D.C.)

De Luxe and gift sets in both models up to $22.50

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Office: 809 Mission St., San Francisco
In Canada: distributed by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

SCHICK SHAVER

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

gazed upon the incomprehensible characters scrawled thereon and passed them to her without a word. When she saw that they were apparently genuine, she nodded.

Ramey grunted. He sat a little longer and pondered. Then he said: "Right. If we can get into this damned place in daylight, we can get out even easier in the dark. We'll sail chop-chop for Wanping."

He sent the steward scuttling with orders to the native chief officer. Lieutenant Hsu went aft to bring aboard his squad, waiting below in a sampan.

Clancy went along, and discovered that although the Hsin Fang had not been in harbor an hour, already it was surrounded by a swarm of small craft crammed with voluble refugees. He was astonished; he had not thought there were that many civilians left in Tahchow. They must have burrowed deep in their houses all day, panic-stricken. Word had got about that, by a miracle, a foreign ship had come in. And here they were, clamoring desperately to be allowed aboard, willing to pay anything they had for passage anywhere, so long as it was a spot far from those they most feared. They were a miserable sea of pleading, upturned faces in the darkness, ragged men, women and children with the small belongings they had rescued.

CAPTAIN RAMEY came up to the rail and peered over. He muttered irritably. Clancy tapped him on the shoulder.

"Look here," he said, "I know the situation's pretty bad. But you've got space enough for some of them. Why not let as many aboard as we can carry to Wanping? It's only human. Theirs is a hard fate if they stay here. You know that."

Ramey looked at Brian Clancy. "It's bad business," he said. "Who knows, perhaps there's cholera among 'em. Or even pirates . . ." He shrugged. "Do as you like. I've got enough troubles. Let two hundred aboard, then pull up the gangway." He walked forward toward the bridge.

Clancy supervised the disposal of the fortunate. They came in a rush up the ladder and for a period the crew struggled desperately to stem the hysterical tide. Then the gangway came up with a crash and Clancy heard the engine-room bells jangling, and felt the throb through the deck as the screw began to turn. The anchor chain rattled again. The dim mass of staring white faces of those left behind faded back into the murk, but their wailings followed the Hsin Fang over the water, faint and fierce.

In the night, the flames leaped above the ragged silhouette of the remains of Tahchow, which had once been a famed and prosperous tea market on the Coast.

The Hsin Fang thudded softly down the harbor, and a little new moon was dropping behind the brow of the Hill of Lions, which stood at the gateway to the sea.

Celia Anlage came out of the captain's cabin to stand at the rail beside Clancy. The refugees had been herded forward and now squatted, a chattering crowd, on the well deck under the stars. Clancy wondered if they knew that under the deck beneath them were munitions; tons of steel and iron and explosives destined to be hurled against the same troops that had driven these destitute folk from their ancestral homes. Probably not, or if they did know, they wouldn't care. They weren't soldiers. War was only a bitterness in their mouths, and it didn't matter who was winning. They only knew that they lost. The centuries had taught them that.

He had lost too. It didn't matter. Perhaps if he could get to Shanghai, the company would find something there for him. He doubted it. They had kept him in Tahchow, out of things, for too many years. But he knew a chap in Shanghai, old Rankin, the independent tea merchant, who would have a place for him. The same man who had been Clancy's major at Ypres, where they had first learned about war. War had done many things to both of them: it had sent them East; it had indirectly brought prosperity to old Rankin, and resignation to defeat for Brian Clancy. And now it would bring them together again.

He stopped thinking about it. "What

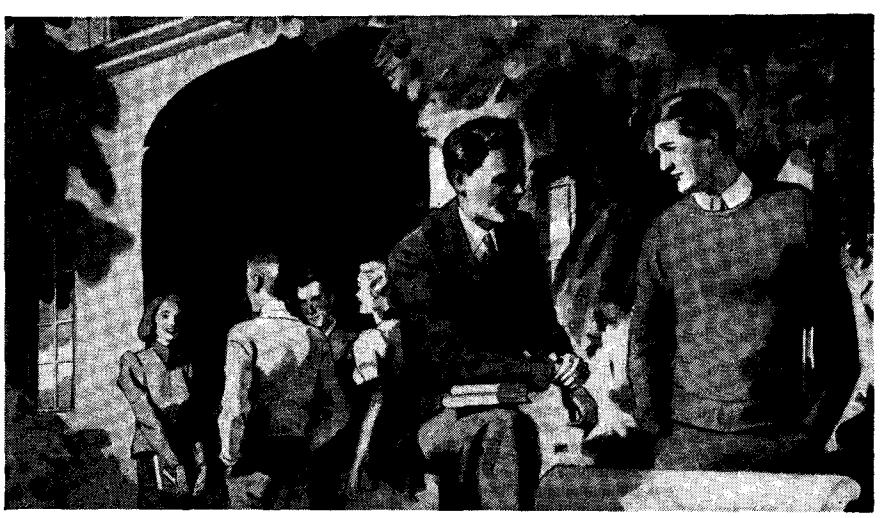
"Very good, Mrs. Van de Venter. Now all we have to do is to eliminate the middle track" TONY BARLOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baltimore, Md., November 24, 1852

RECENTLY DISCOVERED in the archives of New York Life was a letter from Mary B. . . . . of Baltimore, dated November 24, 1852. Even in those early days it was not unusual for the wife to take the initiative in matters concerning the husband's life insurance. Writing that she wished she could afford to "increase the amount of insurance to the utmost limit," she added, "it costs much self-denial . . . but what is self-denial to the Mother of two noble boys whom even this sum may aid to educate?"

JULY 15, 1853, less than eight months later, is the date of the receipt for $1,139.89 "in full for policy No. 7784," which was paid to Mary B. . . . as a death claim. So far as we know, this is the first record of life insurance protection for the specific purpose of providing funds for the education of children.



TODAY THOUSANDS of "educational policies" are protecting the future careers of American boys and girls. Such protection, as offered by New York Life and its agents, contributes to the welfare of the family and to the social and economic betterment of the nation. For information on "educational policies," write for booklet. No obligation.

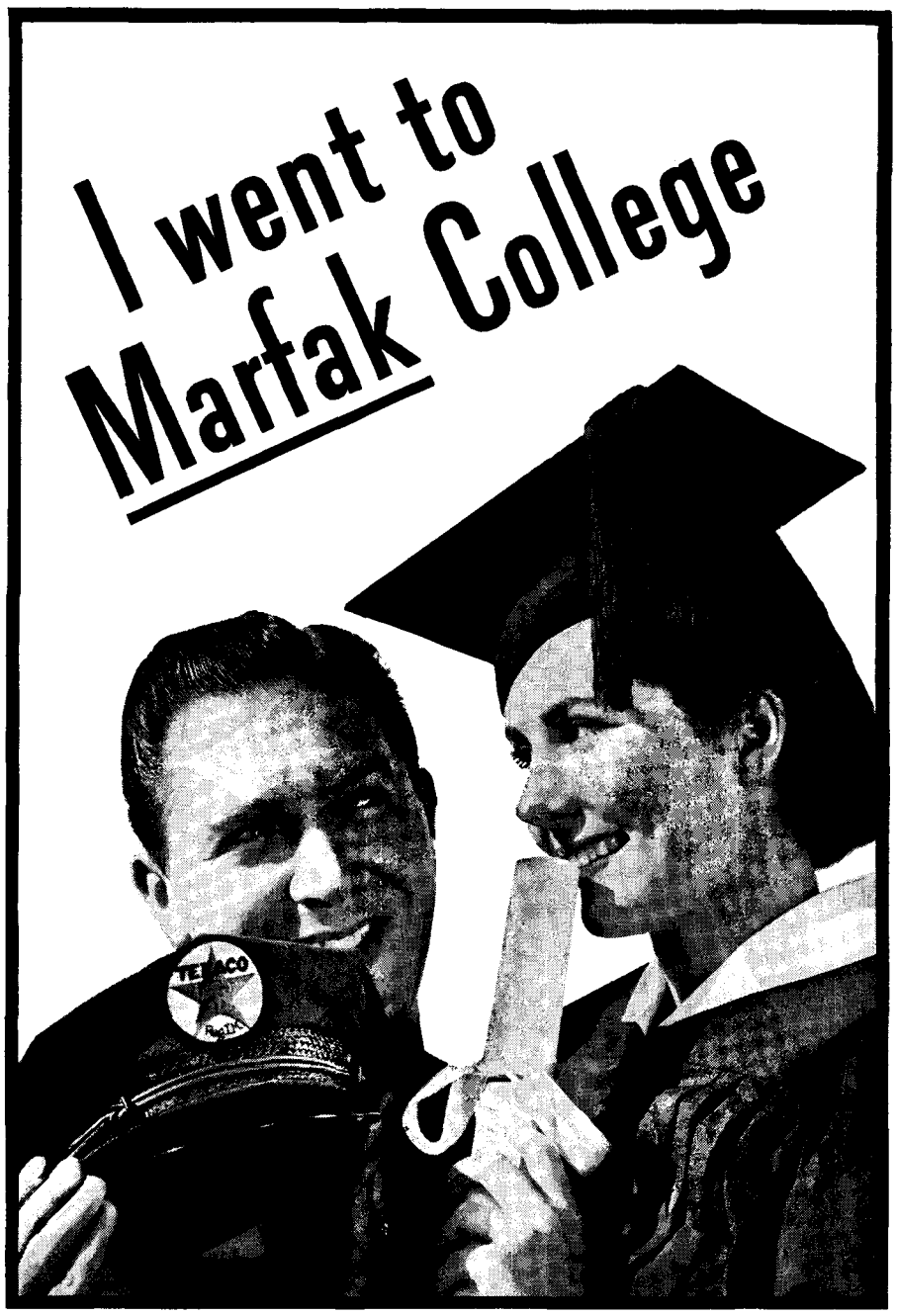
SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* • 51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. • ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHAT do you do when you get sick? See a doctor, don't you? What do you do when you get sore at someone? Sure, you see a lawyer.

All right, what's the best thing to do when your car needs a lubrication job? See me at any Texaco Station.

That's what I went to Marfak College for. They gave me the most thorough course in car lubrication ever devised by Texaco Engineers.

I can't miss a thing. I use the Marfak Chart for every car and check every point from fan belt to differential, from generator to drag link—40 points or more.

And then I lubricate them where needed with fine oils, and the toughest, longest-wearing lubricant ever made—Marfak.

You will be surprised how little this service costs, yet you can ride for a full 1,000 miles serene in the knowledge that your car is lubricated from stem to stern.

. . .

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE—a full hour of all-star entertainment—everyWednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.S.T. 8:00 C.S.T. 7:00 M.S.T. 6:00 P.S.T.

Copyright 1939 The Texas Company

Let us MARFAK your car

THE 40-POINT LUBRICATION

AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

will you do?" he said to Celia Anlage.

She didn't ask him what he meant. "I don't know," she said after a moment. "Everything's gone. The mission headquarters people will take care of me, of course. I don't know.... Perhaps I shan't go back into the field again. I'm not sure if this thing hasn't made me realize more fully that perhaps this isn't my real work at all. Perhaps I followed too easily the pattern Father laid out for me. I never questioned it before he died. I've wanted to do the medical and hygiene work here, but sometimes I feel that that's practically the extent of my interest. . . ." She paused. "I suppose I tell you this because I'm at a loose end all of a sudden, and upset, and awfully tired."

He put his arm about her and drew her head down on his shoulder. It chanced to be the bandaged one, the one she had bandaged, and it hurt. It didn't matter.

After a time Captain Ramey stumped past them, and then paused. Even in the dark Clancy fancied the mockery on the man's lips.

"In a bit," Ramey said dryly, "we'll be well out and getting near the blockade patrol lanes. Managed to get by coming in today because there was a spot of fog. We'll just douse all lights and ride through." He strolled off toward his cabin.

Before midnight the crew shuttered all portholes and even the navigation lights blinked out. There was some commotion forward when those refugees who had been fortunate enough to have got small charcoal braziers aboard were ordered to throw the glowing coals overboard. They had been brewing tea, and the good strong aroma of it drifted back over the ship as she rolled south in the blackness, with only a vague outline slightly blacker off to starboard marking the line of bleak coastal hills.

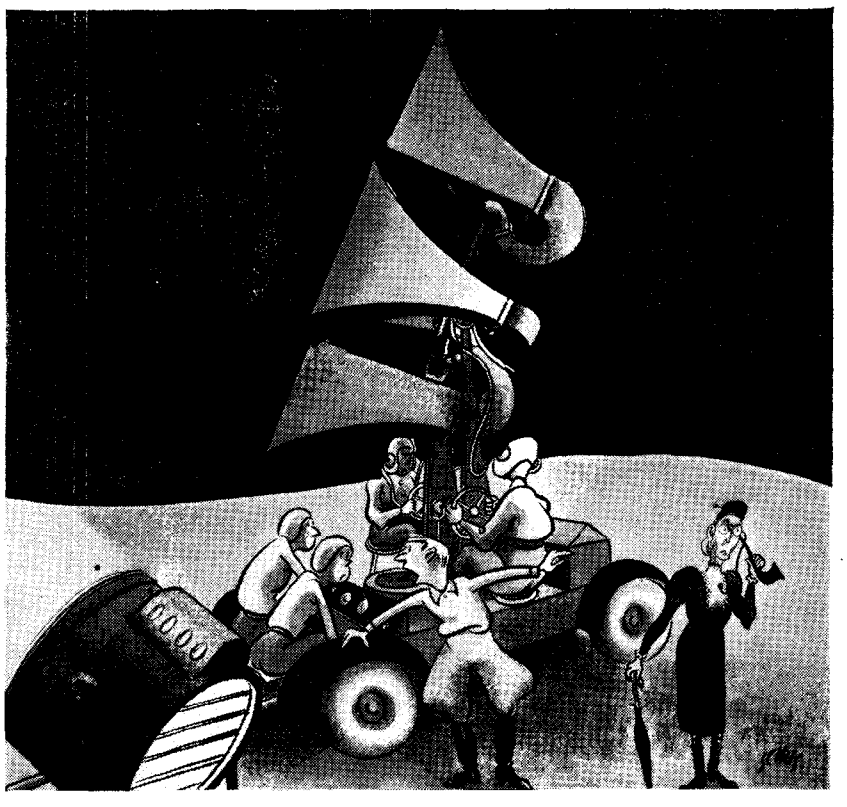
"We should be in Wanping by midmorning," Clancy said at length. He spoke abruptly, brushing aside his thoughts. "The skipper's rigged you a cot in the chartroom. We've had a rough time of it today; you'd better get some sleep."

She hesitated and pressed his hand, and then left him alone at the rail. He stood watching the dim white foam breaking along the side, bracing himself a little against the lurch of the vessel. The Hsin Fang was small and heavy-laden, and he noticed that the wind had sprung up sharply. Most of the refugees were asleep, their voices stilled save for a drowsy murmur.

He thought of what Celia Anlage had said about her mission, the mission she had inherited from her father. It no longer served so much as a dispensary for the Gospel as it was a dispensary for medicines, and she had also made of it a shelter for a horde of homeless waifs. Such as herself, he thought. Now, perhaps, was the time for her to make a decision. If she wanted to go on with the work in which she had never felt any deep conviction, beyond a strange Oriental sense of filial duty, her mission headquarters would later send her to some other inland district, even if her orphans were now scattered. But she could free herself, if she desired, now.

A shadow passed him in the gloom, and he saw it from the corner of his eye. He turned. Another shadow went by silently. A third came. He could see them against the white iron wall of the cabins. Refugees, coming up from the well deck. He thought: Ramey wouldn't allow that; they should stay forward of the grill. Then suddenly they were gone, and he knew they had entered the skipper's cabin. A light flashed up from the open doorway, and Ramey was sleepily cursing the intruders and then Clancy heard the scuffle of feet and a muffled shout. He ran for the door.

BUT when he entered, there was nothing he could do, for Mausers were suddenly pressing against him and he was surrounded by silent men in ragged coolie clothing, and Captain Ramey was on the floor with his scalp laid open where they had efficiently slugged him. More of the coolies pushed into the cabin; Clancy was backed up hard against a wooden locker, and he thought grimly that all that had been necessary was a good piracy to make the day and night complete. But they were talking rapidly among themselves and it wasn't the speech of the Coast at all. He couldn't understand the language of the invaders, except for a few words, but he knew its clipped accents, and he looked into their faces and realized with a shock that these weren't pirates after all, these short, broad, dark, stocky men with flat faces and bristling black hair.



"She says there's one coming from that way!" ADOLPH SCHUS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of them approached him.

"You are the first officer?" he said, and bowed formally and very slightly. His English was precise; he spoke it carefully.

Clancy shook his head. "Passenger," he said. "Businessman."

"Ah," the man said pleasantly. "So. I am Lieutenant Tomada, of the Imperial Army. Please be seated. You are in no danger if you do nothing. I will explain."

But before he explained, he gave rapid orders and his men went out in haste, guns still drawn. Taking over the bridge, Clancy supposed, and telling the crew what's what. Tomada put his own weapon into a holster under the torn blue-cotton peasant jacket. Then he saw Ramey's half-empty bottle of whisky on a shelf and smiled at Clancy, and poured two drinks.

THE vessel, Tomada said, was being confiscated. She belonged to his enemies, she sailed under his enemies' flag irrespective of the nationality of her skipper, and she carried munitions for his enemies. Therefore he undertook to turn her over to the first of his own people's patrol ships he could find in these waters. He was sorry the captain had been injured, but he had been indiscreet in resisting.

Lieutenant Tomado looked thoughtfully at the prostrate Ramey, who was now beginning to stir and groan, and he sipped his whisky neatly and remarked that perhaps the man should be made comfortable. Without comment, Clancy helped him put the skipper on the bunk.

After a moment Clancy said shortly, "There's a lady aboard. A missionary. She can give him first aid." He paused. "There's one point that interests me, Lieutenant. How did you and your men get aboard? Your army hasn't yet even occupied Tahchow."

"So." Tomada grinned. "We ten entered this morning disguised as farmer refugees. It is important to know what the enemy does and this is our ordinary work during the advances. Today I am told by an informer—one who has been in Tahchow many months, preparing for this day—that this cargo is expected, so we have waited for the ship, in case she is able to pass our own ships off the coast. When we saw she was to sail again, we came aboard with the refugees. Very simple."

He poured another stiff drink for both of them. Clancy noticed that already the motion of the Hsin Fang had changed; they were on another course, with their captors in full control. Then he suddenly remembered Lieutenant Hsu and his six men somewhere on board. He had heard no shots, no commotion. Obviously the vessel had been taken over without any fuss. Had Hsu surrendered so quietly? Perhaps discretion had saved him. He wondered what the fate of those soldiers would be after they had met the patrol ships.

One of Tomada's men entered and spoke for some time. Tomada set his glass down hard and by his answer Clancy knew he was angry. But the lieutenant quickly turned to him, smiling again.

"The enemy guard on the ship," he said, "is refusing to—ah—co-operate. They have barricaded themselves in the hold. There has been no trouble, however, and as long as they stay there everybody is all right. They cannot stay there long—not after we find the patrol."

He sent his man out with orders to escort the missionary lady aft. She came after a time, bewildered and still drugged with sleep. Clancy explained quietly. She heard him in silence and began to dress Captain Ramey's battered head.

"There is nothing to prevent you from leaving the cabin," Tomada told Clancy. "You are not prisoners. As soon as possible you will be put ashore in some safe place . . . But not at Wanping." He bowed and went out toward the bridge.

Later, Captain Ramey, his heavy head swathed in strips of torn shirting, sat on the edge of his bunk and lit a cigar and fingered his head ruefully. "First time I've ever been pirated," he said, "and even now the blighters aren't actually pirates, you know."

"What's the difference?" Clancy said. They waited, resigned. And resignation, Clancy mused, was a valuable asset to pick up in this country. Much better, sometimes, than money.

The door opened and shut quickly, and Lieutenant Hsu, his face streaked with grime, was suddenly there, locking it from the inside, and in his bandaged hand he held a heavy revolver. He listened for a moment to see if anyone had followed him, and then nodded.

He started to speak to them in English, but his urgency required his own tongue, and he talked fast to Celia Anlage and Clancy.

"I'm getting only about one word in ten," Ramey growled. "What's up?"

Clancy's face had grown grave. "The guards," he said finally, "are barricaded in the hold. This officer, Hsu, declares that they have been entrusted with the job of bringing the cargo safely to Wanping, says it's the same as though they were sent out to hold a piece of the lines with a machine gun, and they're not going to surrender."

Ramey snorted. "Doesn't he know we're bound to meet a patrol boat sooner or later?" he demanded. But Hsu was shaking his head stubbornly as Celia Anlage talked to him. Suddenly he broke in, and his words were short and sharp and determined, and then he was unlocking the door and had slipped out onto the dark deck again and was gone.

CLANCY drew a deep breath and he looked at Celia Anlage and their eyes met.

"They're going to blow up the ship," Clancy said in a level voice, "and he warns us to get off in a small boat immediately. He says they aren't going to allow the enemy to seize these munitions, and they aren't going to surrender."

"But what about those poor beggars forward?" Ramey shouted. "There's two hundred of 'em!"

"I tried to argue with him," Celia Anlage said, "but he wouldn't listen. He said he knew only too well what his enemies did to refugees, and they would all be better blown up with the ship than taken aboard a patrol boat."

"The man's mad," Ramey said. "He's a balmy fanatic . . . But p'raps I might've done the same, once, under the circumstances. . . ."

He spoke in a flat voice. Clancy looked at him. The captain's massive body seemed to have settled, the wreck of the man gaining substance by it. His bloodshot eyes were fixed on the door. He has, then, some compassion for those miserable people, Clancy thought. By the tales told on the Coast of Captain Ramey, R. N., discharged, he had never allowed human suffering to interfere with his current career.

"They're desperate," Celia Anlage said. "And Hsu won't stop. He insists it's his duty to his country, and he only came to warn us."

Ramey rose abruptly. "No doubt about it, he's going through with it, and probably as soon as possible. Only one thing to do and that's get the boats overside and as many of those people forward into them as they'll hold."

Clancy and Celia Anlage followed him onto the deck. The wind had dropped off again and the Hsin Fang plowed into a wall of blackness. The stars were ob-

FAIR ENOUGH! —by C. A. Voight

EH? DURN HER—I'LL SHOW HER!
Dear Dad—
I threw away your remedies. Come to breakfast and I'll show you a better way to keep REGULAR.
Peggy

PEGGY, YOU IMPUDENT RASCAL, YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT EM!
NOW, DAD! I'M SICK OF SEEING YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION AND HAVING TO TAKE EMERGENCY MEASURES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO AVOID ALL THAT—BY KEEPING REGULAR!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EH? SAY, IT'S GOOD!
YES? WELL, JUST EAT IT EVERY MORNING AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER—AND YOU'LL BE "JOINING THE REGULARS" IN NO TIME

WHY *let yourself* suffer those dull, lifeless days due to constipation. *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines*, when there may be a far better way? That way is to KEEP regular by getting at the *cause* of the trouble. If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a pleasant natural cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

Hint for hosts . . .

in mixed drinks calling for brandy, use Three-Star Hennessy. Its quality, bouquet and "clean" taste make it the choice of good mixers everywhere.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

84 PROOF

ENJOY HENNESSY IN Side Car
Stinger Cocktail • Brandy-and-soda
Brandy Cocktail • Old-Fashioned

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France
JAS HENNESSY & CO · Established 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

scured. But they could see that the sea was not rough now.

"There're only three boats," Ramey said flatly, "and I'm damned if I know what's become of the crew."

"I'll bring a boatload back as quick as I can," Celia Anlage whispered to Clancy. He looked down at her in the darkness and saw her eyes shining. He bent over and kissed her. She went away toward the well deck.

They worked feverishly, and got the first boat swung out free on its davits, hoping that none of the men now in control of the ship would discover them. Sooner than they expected she was returning, herding a mass of dim figures before her and soothing them with soft words in their own tongue. The refugees were terror-stricken and silent, and climbed into the boat obediently. They lowered away. Then the boat was gone swiftly and without sound, slipping astern into the murk.

AFTER a half hour they got the second boat free. "The boats'll take about one quarter of them all," Ramey muttered.

There was a muffled shot below decks. It was followed by half a dozen more in quick succession. Then they heard men pounding along the decks, and much shouting, and more shots. Wordlessly they struggled with the last boat. But the remainder of the refugees forward were awakened now, and a confused hubbub rose and mounted in volume, for the refugees were in panic.

Celia Anlage clutched Clancy's arm and pointed. A tongue of flame had leaped high above the bow of the vessel, suddenly illuminating the chaotic scene.

"They've ignited the oil stores in the fo'c'sle head," Ramey said after a moment.

The refugees came like a wall along the narrow deck. The three were swept aside against the rail. And a machine gun had begun its deadly chatter somewhere below them.

"Sooner or later," said Captain Ramey, "one of those bullets is going to hit something important in the hold. You two had best be on your way. They're going to put up a fight before sacrificing themselves. The guards have broken out a gun from the cargo, and it's foolish to stay any longer. You can't do anything more, and we're in the hands of lunatics on both sides."

The refugees saw the third boat. A swarm of men descended on it, fighting one another, struggling with the ropes. Others, halted in their flight along the deck, joined them.

The bow rope snapped under the strain and the boat plunged down, throwing a screaming blur of men and women into the dark sea.

The fire was growing rapidly. Clancy looked at Celia Anlage. She stood with her back pressed against a cabin door, watching. Her gray eyes were wide, but he saw no fear in them. Above her loomed the black outline of the stack, and the red glow spread above and around it. He took her hand.

Inside the cabin he saw a tall, wooden locker. It was nailed against the wall. Ramey helped him wrench it free, and together they hauled it to the rail.

"Can you swim?" Clancy asked her. When she nodded, he said, "We'll shove it over and you jump after it. Grab hold and hang on."

There was no use waiting. Some of the men below decks had come up the forward companionway, and a shot ricocheted off the steel wall beside Clancy, singing past his ear. Ramey staggered. The men were firing steadily. "Heave ho," Ramey grunted, and they pushed the locker across the rail.

As it dropped, Celia Anlage put her arms around Clancy's neck, but he seized her and swung her out into the darkness and let go. "Come on," he said over his shoulder to Ramey, and jumped.

The water was cold. When he came up he was facing the black wall of the ship's side as it rushed past him, and churning foam was buffeting his face. Above were light and noise. He struck out, and saw Celia Anlage's head bobbing in the void, and then his hand struck the wood of the locker and he clung desperately, reaching out blindly to catch her arm and hoping they would not be swept into the propeller. The heavy locker was thrown upward on a crest in the wake of the Hsin Fang. Clancy pushed the slight weight of the girl up out of the water, so that she lay along the side of the locker. It did not sink under her, and it held the weight of his supporting arm.

He glanced over his shoulder, shaking water from his eyes. The flames rose high above the ship's bridge, crimson in the night, the vessel outlined starkly against them. He saw Ramey's stocky figure at the rail, sagging strangely against it. "He hasn't jumped," Clancy said. He wondered if Ramey had been hit by that stray shot.

There was splashing in the darkness near by and then a head appeared. A man was swimming easily. He put his hand on the locker and Clancy saw his white teeth gleaming.

"I saw you go over the side of the ship," Lieutenant Tomada said, his shoulder close to Clancy's. "It is necessary that one of my party report to our fleet, but, as my men were engaged, I took the duty of saving someone upon myself."

The Hsin Fang was swinging in a wide circle, still under a full head of steam. The wind caught the flames and swept them back over the superstructure. Small figures fled before them.

Then the vessel blew up.

The concussion rolled the locker over and threw Celia Anlage into the water, but Clancy lifted her slim body back on top of it again.

The blast was preceded several seconds by a thin blue banner of flame that rose a hundred feet above the ship and puffed out at the top in a white, clear ball. The Hsin Fang exploded beneath it. She disappeared so completely, so rapidly, that no light showed on the sea where she had sunk, in bits, but afterward for almost a minute there were submarine explosions that blew out at the surface in golden glows and numbed Clancy's body. Debris rained into the water around them.

THE locker drifted quietly in the sea, and Clancy had no way of knowing how long they had been there. But when Lieutenant Tomada pointed his arm, Clancy could see on the horizon the thin, bright pencils cutting the night sky, on and off, weaving and flashing.

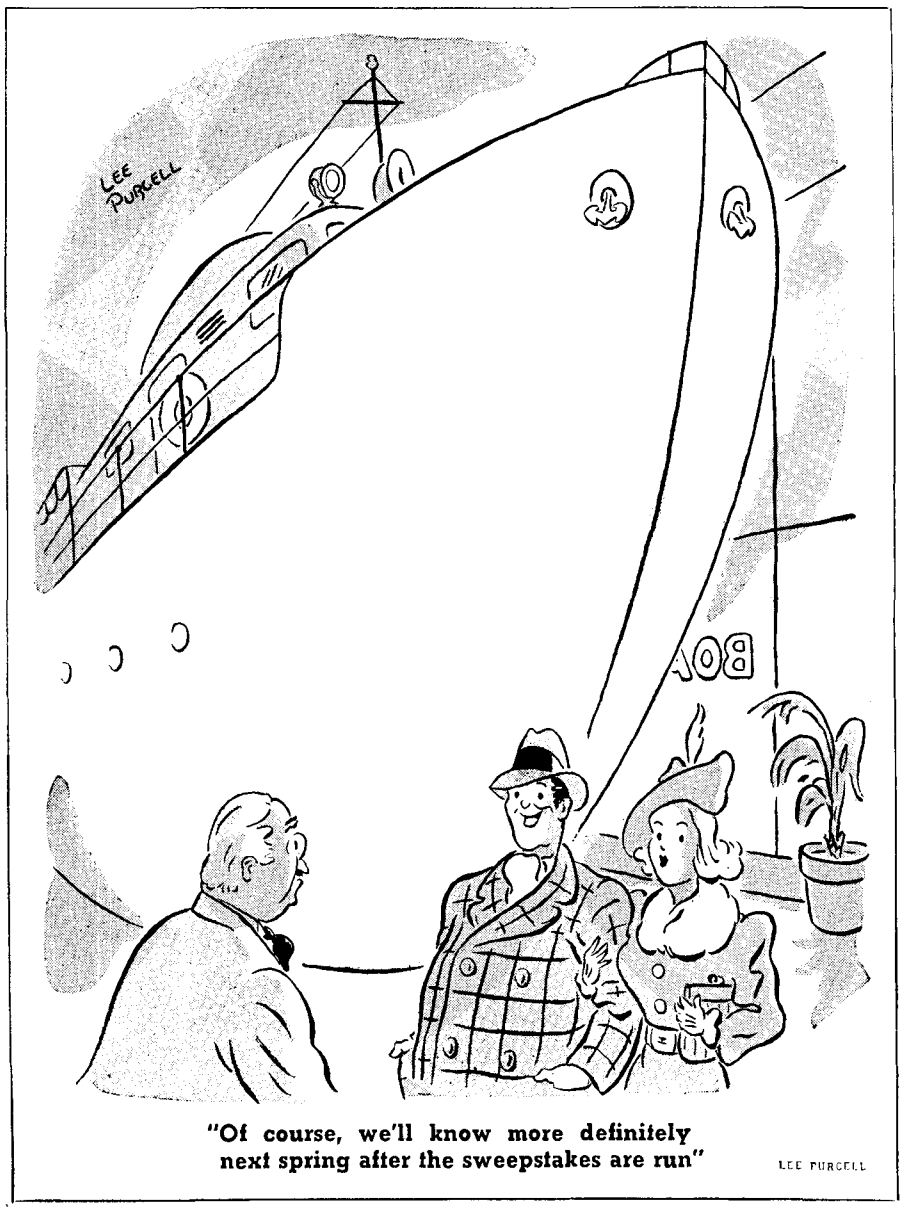
"The patrol," Tomada said. "They have seen the flash of the explosion."

Later, the lights of the first cruiser grew bigger before them against a sky now gray with dawn.

"We are fortunate," Tomada said, nodding. "But it is very logical. This was none of your affair; why should you drown? One is sorry for the captain—and those refugees, perhaps. But that could not be helped. Our enemy accomplished their purpose, but so did we also succeed. And I must make my report. . . . It may be some days before you can be set ashore. Perhaps at Shanghai. I hope it will not inconvenience you."

Clancy shook his head and looked at Celia Anlage. "Anywhere," he said. "Miss Anlage and I are going into the tea business, but we aren't in any hurry. Are we?"

"No," Celia Anlage said.

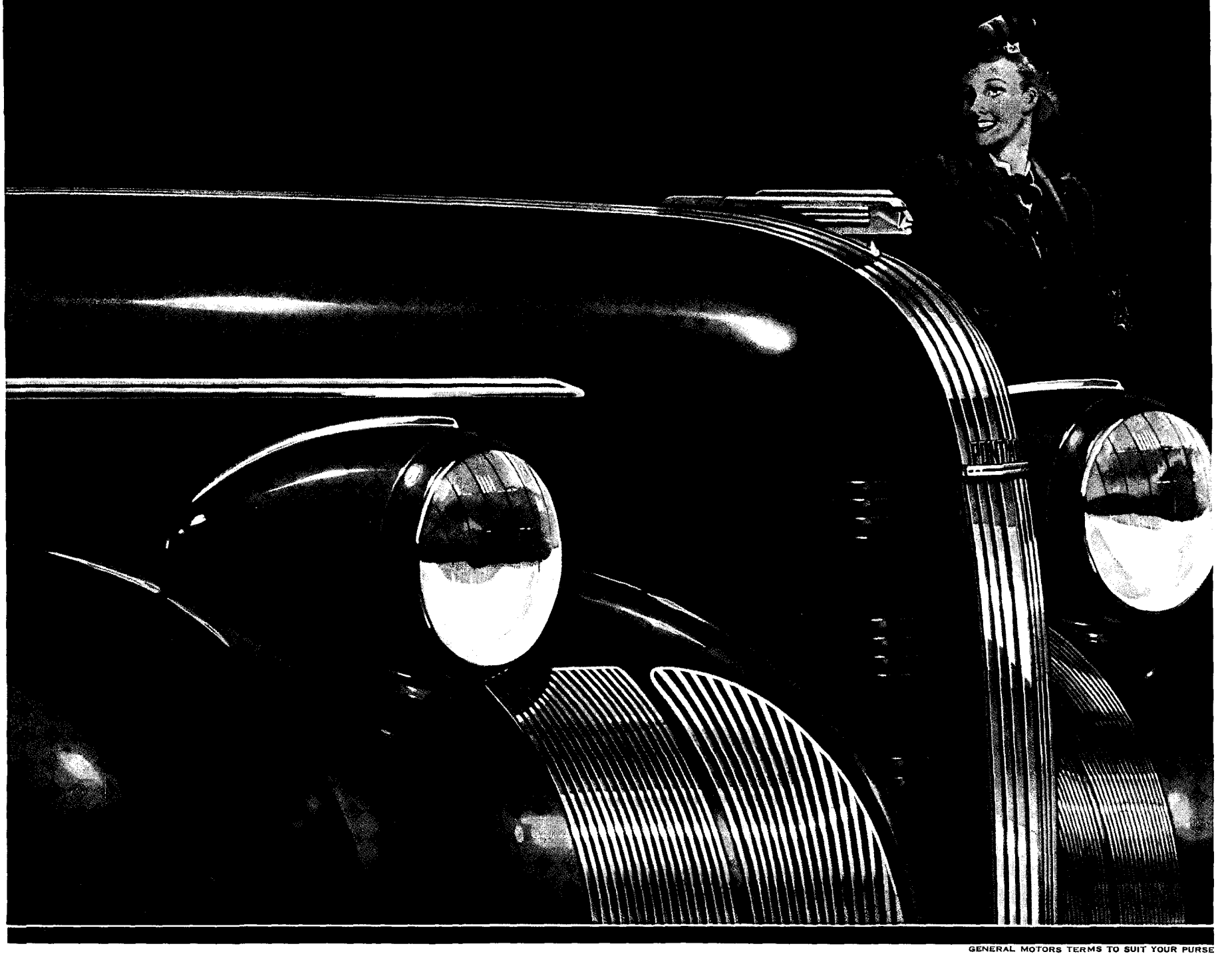


"Of course, we'll know more definitely next spring after the sweepstakes are run"

LEE PURCELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now-It takes $92 less to own a finer PONTIAC



GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

$758

AND UP, *delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Subject to change without notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra.*

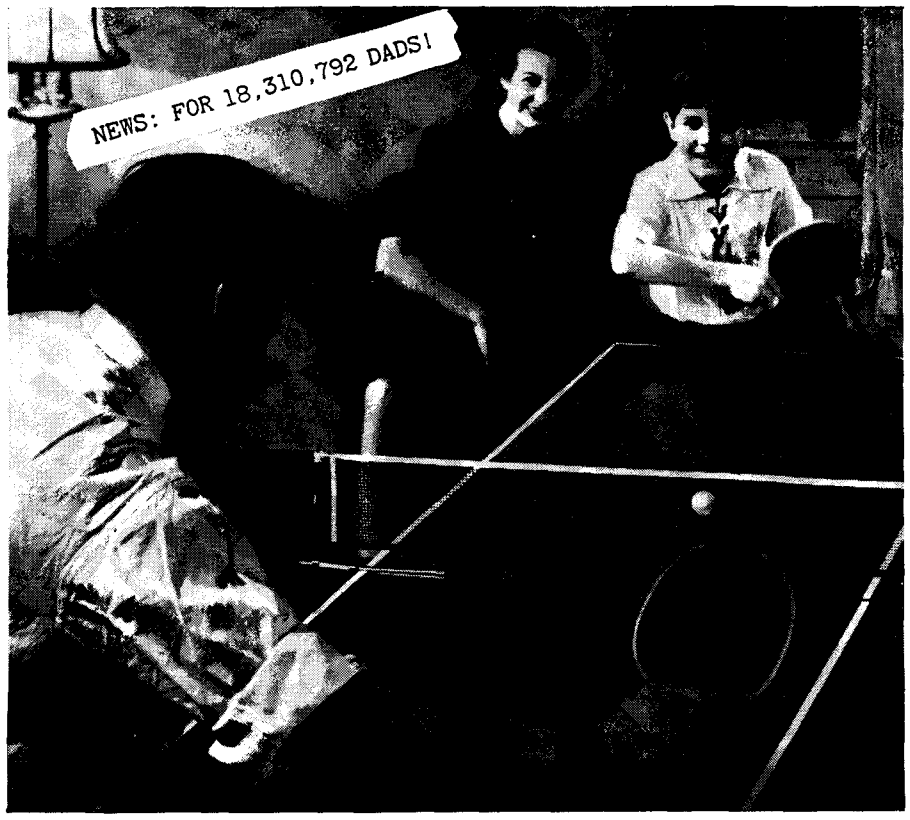
GENERAL MOTORS' *SECOND* LOWEST-PRICED CAR

If you expect to buy a low-priced car, we ask that you think of this. It takes $92 less to own a Pontiac today than it did last year. This brings Pontiac so close in cost to the very cheapest cars that the price gap is easy to bridge.

Yet, there is no comparison between Pontiac and the cars below it in price. Pontiac is bigger, finer, more beautiful, safer and far more comfortable.

Truly, if you can invest those few extra dollars—all of which you will doubtless get back when you trade your Pontiac as a used car—you'd be much wiser to get a Pontiac.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Give your family MORE of yourself ... let this energy drink help you!

Every man wants to be a pal to his family. But how *can* you be full of pep, always fit for a frolic, after a hard day on the job has worn you to a frazzle? Well, thousands of American men have found the answer—a way to really enjoy work *and* recreation. They drink COCOMALT!

"Re-charge" your Battery!

COCOMALT is an *energizing* food drink. Every glassful, mixed with milk, gives you the equivalent of 39 minutes of energy for table tennis alone!

A Family Drink!

Drink COCOMALT for lunch, or in mid-afternoon. Keep it on hand at home, for the whole family. Children love its delicious flavor, and it's especially good for them. COCOMALT is sold everywhere by grocery and drug stores. Have your wife order some today. It's good for the whole family!

Fathers! **Every glass of COCOMALT with milk gives you *39* minutes of ENERGY* for table tennis alone!**

A PROTECTIVE FOOD DRINK

COCOMALT supplies *energy*. It's a *protective food drink*. It supplies essentials that may be lacking in the daily diet, including calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D and iron. 3 glasses a day take care of the average person's minimum requirements of all these.

DRINK IT HOT OR COLD!

Energy by the glassful

* *The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

Blizzard

Continued from page 17

had quit feeding and were slowly bunching together; the instinct of danger made them do this. Woolly darkness moved toward him as he rode the edges of the small herd and put it in motion, driving it slantwise toward the Silver Lode side of the range. Back of him now the shape of the faraway rider became distinct for a moment and afterward sank into the strange-forming mist. It would be Bois McLean's rider, he decided.

He had moved the cattle perhaps a mile when a forerunning notice of the storm hit him in the shape of a half gust of dry wind that plucked up the loose soil and broken sage stems and made small clouds of dust all over the desert, like gray steam springing from the earth. He took off his hat, pulled out the chin strap, and thus anchored his headgear; and turned the direction of the beef a little to correct its inclination to give with the wind.

WHEN the edge of the storm struck him, it was like a solid object; he felt the pony give with it and saw the cattle swing. He went around the lee edge of the herd, singing out as he rode, at once realizing that the wind was taking his words and throwing them away. There had been, all this while, the distant glimmer of his ranch lights; suddenly those lights vanished and it was dark.

He had his quick thoughts and made his quick decision. It was eight miles to the ranch, and only three back to Hub Weston's log hut. He knew then that his particular problem had changed, becoming a matter of safety for himself rather than of driving the cattle. Swinging about, he headed east for the log hut whose shape had died to the dimmest and grayest shadow in this pulsing dark. He put his horse to a run.

He had covered perhaps half the distance to the log hut more or less blind; now he saw it through the snow flurry considerably south of where he thought it to be, showing him how much the pony had drifted. Making a point on the hut, he trotted ahead; in the back of his mind was a shadow of worry over the lone rider he had seen eastward.

Wind and snow grew greater and the shape of the hut faded behind the increasing screen of snow; he knew then that this would be a tough day and a tough night. The cattle had figured it out quicker than he had; it was just one of those faint warnings that animals get sooner than men. This snow had a cut to it and the increased chill of the wind was almost like the sensation of extreme heat on his cheekbones. There was, so far, no depth of snow on the ground. The wind swept it up in great ragged sprays and threw it forward; the wind boiled like water and whirled together great white columns of snow and then broke those columns apart, this thick mass driving across Bill Post. He had lost sight of the hut again and turned his horse to compensate for the force of the wind.

When next he saw the hut—and he saw it as a fugitive and bodiless shadow—it was almost directly south of him. He had, he discovered, missed it and would have gone by had it not been for the temporary pocket of visibility in the storm. Hauling around, he ran at it and lifted its shape out of the dizzy weave of the blizzard; coming hard by the hut, he followed its wall closely, reached a small outhouse, and sighted the lean-to farther on. The lean-to's closed side was on the windward side, making shelter. He left the horse here, walking toward the outhouse again. From this distance the hut was barely visible, though only fifty feet away; the snow kept driving in, denser and denser. In another hour, he realized, a man wouldn't be able to see his hand before him, and this thought turned him back to the hut.

When he closed the door the partial silence was a tremendous letdown, so steady had been the drive of wind against his eardrums. A rat scurried over the dirt floor and vanished in a crack; the place was clammy cold and held the rank odor of a passing skunk. This hut was a kind of emergency station for traveling riders and had a tin stove, a bunk and a table, a coffeepot and an old skillet, and usually the tag end of a few dry groceries cached in a big lard can.

Post lighted the lantern he found on the table, built a fire from the half-burned chunks of a fencepost, and put his back to the growing heat, realizing he was here for the duration of a storm, which might last a day or a week. His ears burned a little. Taking up the coffeepot, he opened the door—bracing it with his shoulder to keep it from blowing back on its hinges—scooped the pot full of snow and returned it to the stove; when the snow had melted he threw in a small fistful of coffee from a half-filled can on the table.

He had placed the coffeepot on the stove and was in the act of bending to collect the fragments of an old newspaper when he heard through the slap and rush and increasing snore of the blizzard a faint, wind-thinned sound—the sound of someone calling from a distance.

HE TURNED to the door, opening and sliding through and closing it behind him. Wind nailed him to the door; it choked him and made him drop his head to get his breath. The hard snow rattled against the side of the hut like the strike of hard-driven grains of wheat. All he saw before him was a woolly, streaming wall of snow, solid and whitely opaque. At this stage of intensity a man could buck into the teeth of it for a little while before wearing himself out; in another hour or less it would be a force no man could face. He drew in his breath and let out a long yell, and afterward felt faintly embarrassed for having done so silly a thing; in this weather his voice had about as much effect as a lighted match. He reached inside his coat—the wind whipping it away from his legs when he unbuttoned it—and got his gun and fired twice. The two reports were thinned and smothered and carried away the moment they left the muzzle.

For one moment a crosswise current of wind broke the steady northerly sweep of the blizzard, whirling the snow upward from the immediate earth and giving Post a fragmentary view of the roundabout prairie. The shape of horse and rider stood out there, about a hundred yards off, the rider crouched low, the horse turned away. Immediately Bill Post yelled again and fired the gun. The shape on the horse roused and swung around and then the snow closed in and Post no longer saw it.

Post had to brace himself against the wind and he had to put a hand over his nose to breathe. After a half minute of waiting he fired once more; he kept this up at spaced intervals until the hammer fell on an empty shell, and got inside the hut to reload, and went out again. There was no blur in the white smother, no materializing shape; visibility was cut down to a mere arm's length, no more. Probably this was Tom Nelson, Bois McLean's line rider. Nelson was an old hand, smart enough to know what the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blizzard was doing to him and smart enough to try to figure a way of reaching the hut. But this was bad. If Nelson missed the hut he was a gone coon.

Post sent out his gunshots at longer intervals. The bitter cold got at his feet; he kicked them against the ground. The ice-hard snow blasted against the exposed areas of his face like driven sand. Between periods of firing he shouted, more or less to keep active than for any other reason. It was tough to stand here with a man out there within hailing distance but he knew that if he stepped a yard away from the hut he would be blind and lost, as good as a thousand miles from shelter. When the snow lifted the next time, for one brief interval, he saw nothing of the rider. Nelson had missed the cabin and had drifted on.

He sent one more shot into the wild-racing smother. He had taken part of a step away from the wall of the hut and suddenly the wind got treacherously behind him, catching him off guard and throwing him out from the wall. It had that tremendous force. He tried to dig his heels into the hard ground. Wheeling like a vane in the wind, he saw the hut fade from sight and short fright

hit him in the pit of the stomach and he fell flat on the ground, anchoring himself. He could not see the hut but he kept his eyes pinned to the one spot where he knew it must be and crawled forward, never daring to let his eyes drop. When the wall materialized he stood up and seized the latch of the door. He had his taste of that howling emptiness then; and mentally said goodby to Tom Nelson.

He had lifted the door latch to go inside when he heard a voice again. It was straight upwind from him and broke against him and fled by, one clear high call of distress. It was clearer and nearer than before and, suddenly, turned back to face the weather, he knew something he had not known before: it was a woman. The voice was high and sharp—and within short yards of the hut.

Post fired at the sky and whipped into the hut. He seized his rope from the table, ran out and tied one end to the door latch; and with this as an anchor, he walked into the blizzard, paying out the rope. When he reached the end of the rope he stood momentarily still, stretching it as tight as he could in the hope that if the woman missed the house her horse might hit the rope and stop.

He waited long enough to know that she wasn't on this side; the wind was driving her on at another angle, or else she had done the fatal thing of dismounting. Still hanging to the rope he walked forward, the arc of the rope carrying him partly around the hut. There was nothing here. Returning to the hut he untied the rope from the door latch, crawled around the hut with his hands pressed against its wall and made another tie at the back door, searching the area as thoroughly as he could. He fired a shot and walked unexpectedly into the side of the outhouse; he struck his head against it before he saw it. Here he tied the free end of the rope, walked back along it to the hut and untied that end, and marched into the smother, making a complete circle of the outhouse with the rope as his only security. He used his gun again and caught a faint, a thin, a quick-dying fragment of a cry.

Post dragged the rope's end into the blankness again and stumbled against the hut wall. He tied the rope here and went inside, wrestling with the door. The storm died out of his ears and for a little while he could hear nothing at all; the wind had tightened his face so that when he moved his lips the surrounding skin seemed to crack. He took off his gloves and scrubbed his cheekbones, standing against the heat of the stove with his head down and his mind alive. Apparently she had sighted and overshot the hut, and had sighted it again, or had heard his gun. She had made a second effort. That would be about all in the teeth of this steadily increasing blizzard; horseflesh wouldn't stand up against another try.

NOR would this girl. Nobody could keep clearheaded out there very long. So she'd just go along with the push of the storm, and end up against the drift fence. There wasn't much chance for her after that unless she knew the country mighty well and could figure out where the drift fence led; even so it was a small chance. By the time she got to the drift fence she wouldn't have much strength left, and fear would do the rest. The edge of this weather cut through anything. Well, he thought carefully, she really had no chance at all.

He took his knife and caught up a chunk of the fence post and shaved out a double handful of sticks. The coffeepot had begun to boil. He took a drink of it, scalded his tongue, and set the pot aside as he meanwhile dropped a handful of coffee beans into his pocket. Now he blew out the lamp, unscrewed its top and spilled part of the kerosene over the kindling he had made. He wrapped the kindling in a piece of old paper and jammed this small bundle into his pocket. Taking the coffeepot, he started to leave the hut, but one more thought turned him back. Screwing the lamp together, he lighted it and got another piece of paper from the floor and searched out the stub of an old tally pencil from his pocket. He stood over the table a little while, figuring the thing through his head and at last writing this enigmatic phrase on the paper: "Drift fence—girl—Bill Post." By the time the blizzard died out, there would be ten feet of snow banked against the drift fence and it was better than an even chance both of them might be underneath. It was just a thought in case a search party later came over the desert; it might save the search party some trouble.

He blew out the lamp, still paused by the table thoughtfully, listening to the stiff whining of the blizzard around the corners of the log hut. It was a scream, an actual yell. Back of this sound was a deeper one—an immense, overpowering drone. At this moment it seemed as though all the wind in the world rushed over this desert, drowning it in fury. Bill Post lifted his shoulders and settled them—shrugging these thoughts away.

EASTMAN'S NEW HIGH SPEED FILM

FOR NIGHT SNAPSHOTS YOU'LL BE PROUD OF FROM THE FIRST—

Kodak Super-XX is about four times as fast as ordinary film

TURNING OUT nighttime snapshots indoors is a simple matter now—even for inexperienced picture takers. The new four-times-as-fast film, Kodak Super-XX, helps you get nighttime snaps that are every bit as good as you'd take outdoors in sunlight—pictures that are delightfully spontaneous, true to life. You need less light indoors than ever before; and you use any camera that takes Kodak Super-XX—even an inexpensive Brownie.

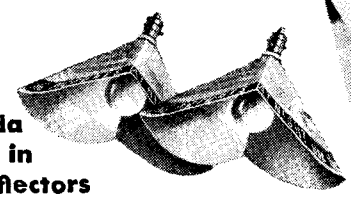
. . .

FREE BOOKLET... Makes it easy to make nighttime snapshots you'll be proud of. Interesting photographs, easy-to-understand diagrams, and light arrangements. At your dealer's today... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

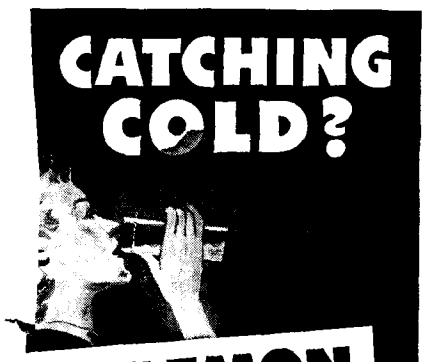
ALL YOU NEED

1 Your present camera loaded with the new Kodak Super-XX Film

2 A couple of inexpensive Mazda Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

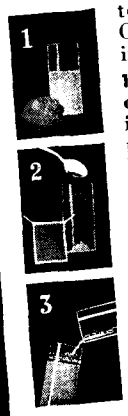


CATCHING COLD?

Try LEMON WITH SODA

TAKEN first thing daily on arising or the last thing every night, it's beneficial in two ways. It has a natural, gentle *laxative* effect for most people, hence, helps elimination.

Second, it helps keep the system normally alkaline, and adds the additional protection of vitamin C found abundantly in lemon juice.



1. Squeeze juice of one Sunkist lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful of bicarbonate soda in another glass. 3. Pour back and forth rapidly. 4. Drink when foaming subsides.

Try it 10 days. See if you don't benefit.

Copyright, 1939, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Lemons

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Power Plow and Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Florists, Truckers, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers
Low Prices - Easy Terms
American Farm Machine Co.
1056 33rd Av.S.E. Minneapolis, Minn.

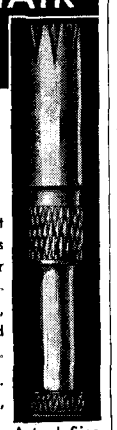
Catalog Free

Soothes-Loosens Coughs (due to colds)
PISO'S
High Quality Cough Medicine

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. No better way to remove hair from nose, ears and eyebrows than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

So *simple!* Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Never pulls.



Actual Size

DEALERS: Order this profitable, fast moving number now. Attractively boxed and displayed.

$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel Chromium plated

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St. Newark, N. J. Dept 160
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name_____

Address_____

He left the hut and had to brace his feet to haul the door shut. He untied the rope and followed it to the outhouse, made another tie at the back side of the outhouse and thus guided himself into weather as thick as a solid stream of oatmeal, as thick, as stinging, as suffocating. At the end of the rope he saw nothing and worked the ground slowly, back and forth.

When the gray column of a lean-to post came before him he saw how badly he had drifted in the space of a fifty-foot walk. He tied the rope end to the post, left the coffeepot here and followed the rope back to the outhouse; freeing it, he pulled himself to the lean-to again, rolled up the rope and attached it to the saddle. The coffee in the pot had cooled down; now he took a long drink, emptied the pot and tied it to a saddle thong. After that he climbed to the saddle.

The lean-to's covered side broke the sweep of the wind and for a short while he sat in this dark cell of shelter scooped from the heart of a blank bitter world. The corner posts of the lean-to were well buried in the ground but the blizzard, racing up a hundred miles of open desert, hit the lean-to with tremendous impact, bending the boards, shaking the posts.

AS SOON as he left the lean-to the wind hit him in the back like the end of a plank. He had expected it and had braced himself; nevertheless it was worse than he had imagined. He had to grab the horn and bend down to take some of that pressure from his frame. The horse felt it, moving at a driven, running walk. The force of the blizzard boosted him head on toward the drift fence three miles north; he had no worry about riding past it, since the fence was fifteen miles long, yet he did have a problem in guessing the course of the girl, once she reached the fence. Now and then he inclined the pony toward the right in order to hit the fence well eastward, in order to intercept her if she had turned that way. As soon as he released the pressure of the reins the pony straightened again, refusing to quarter the wind.

The way it was now he could hear nothing save that steady, high-above roar and whistle and scream of the wind. It was a sound a man could not describe—like an avalanche coming down a mountain, like the trembling rush of millions of gallons of water through a tunnel, like almost anything the imagination might catch up. At times during this unrelenting howl something happened to the wind above him, as though crosscurrents hit each other, and at those times it seemed that thunder burst on top of his skull. He could make out the notch of his horse's head, this silhouette growing ragged because of the forming ice on his eyebrows; a steady, painful cold ate its way through his coat and came up his legs. The heavier snow had begun to stick to the ground; he could not see it but he felt it rise around him when quick explosions of wind raked it up and threw it at him, slapping the sleety sheets against him like the stinging, salt-sharp spray of breakers. Far distant in his mind was a casual, colorless thought: "Be a damned good man if you make this."

He hit the fence long before he figured. He didn't see it, but the horse nosed into the wire and wheeled and stopped dead and for a moment it was pretty tough to have the feeling that the pony had given up. To the right lay maybe fifteen miles of fence, to the left less than six or seven, this western end breaking into the badlands. If the girl had reached the fence and had turned east, she might have passed him; otherwise she was somewhere down the western line. This was his way of looking at it. It was a gamble when he turned west, following the fence. He could not afford the time spent in tracking eastward.

The wind drove at his flank; it pushed the pony into the fence, time and again, Post's legs now and then striking the top strand of wire. Each time Post hauled the pony away it drifted back; broadside, this way, the traveling was tougher. Perhaps two miles down the line he rammed a cow; it stood motionless, rump to the wind and as he bent over he saw the hard crust of sleet on its back. From this point on he began to pass cattle singly and in clusters. He had it figured out he was four miles along the fence when he came to what seemed the main bulk of the herd he had started off the desert at the beginning of the blizzard; they were in a motionless, tight bunch—the sight of them a vague blur. He went around these, passed a cow down on its knees, and faced the opaque screen of weather again; but here he was arrested by the tag end of a memory and wheeled and backtracked. In that blur of cattle there had been something

"What do you mean: 'There she goes'?"

GEORGE PRICE

standing above the dark line of their backs.

When he reached the edge of the herd he put his horse through, the cattle stupidly giving to the pressure, and he was directly beside the girl before he saw her. Her horse was trapped here and she was bent over, as if trying to sleep. She didn't see him or hear him and he had to reach over and pull at her arm. Her face, even at arm's length, was a small white blur in the gray. He saw her lips move but couldn't hear her speak. He caught her reins and worked his way out of the herd, but he stopped when he observed the way she held both mittened hands to the saddle horn. The cold had gotten at her.

He bent over and shouted: "Hold tight," and dismounted. His feet hurt when his weight went on them; his legs felt a little strange. Hanging to the reins he had some difficulty fishing out his gun. He walked over to the nearest cow and shot it point-blank through the head and gave it a push so that it fell with its belly to leeward of the wind. He had to remove his glove to get at his knife, and the sharp sting of the weather on it warned him that the contrasting dullness of his feet was a bad sign. Kneeling in the snow, still hanging to the reins of the horse, he slashed open the cow's belly; and got up again and handed his reins to the girl to hold. Back on his knees, he scooped out the dead animal's entrails, cutting recklessly. A little blood flowed and was frozen; the warmth of the cow's belly was very rank. He turned to the girl and pulled her from the horse, shouting in her ear: "Crawl in."

She went in feet first. He slashed the back quarters, giving her a little more room. She got part of her shoulders in, and lay this way, with the raw edges of the cow's belly half sheltering her. The heavy awning of ice on his brows blurred his view of her face; he knocked the ice away, bending down until her eyes were a foot away. It was the schoolteacher from Belding's, a girl who knew the country as well as he did. Looking up at him, she suddenly smiled.

He bent back, thoroughly astonished at that smile. He had caught her in time, for the cold had got at her, numbing her and making her a little lightheaded. He stood up, steadily kicking his feet against the crust of snow. There was a deepening drift against the fence; the cattle were blurred all around him and would be dead by morning. He held the reins of the two horses, cool enough to measure his own resources. Maybe they could get out of this, maybe they couldn't. It was perhaps three miles to the end of the fence and a little more to the line cabin at the entrance to the badlands, hard by the fence. From the fence to the badlands was blind going, though it would not be hard to strike Donner gulch which intercepted the fence. If the snow had not drifted too deep in the gulch and if they could make these last three miles—it might be done.

He had given her ten minutes; it was a break, maybe taking the chill from her, but this was the end of it. The blizzard battered at him and when he crouched down to call her he felt the oncreep of slowness, in muscles and thinking. He helped her up; he stood by her horse, bracing her as she crawled to the side-saddle. He yelled: "All right?"

THE wind tore her answer away. For a moment he debated switching his overcoat to her, regretfully decided against it. It was just one of those choices a fellow had to make; he needed the coat to live. If he didn't live, she would be dead that much sooner. When he took three tries to get into the saddle he knew then it would be a close call. He held the reins of her horse and thus with the girl beside him, he set off broadside to the full slash and venom of the blizzard at a run. Neither horse wanted to move this fast. He had to kick his own pony to it, and he had to yank at the girl's horse; there was no other way. He no longer trusted his senses completely, as to direction or as to the passage of time; because of this he now and then let the wind take them into the fence so that he might be sure they still had it by them. Even so, he misjudged his distance. Coming out of the last run, he drifted with the wind and found no fence. They had ridden past it.

He stopped in the streaked, solid, stinging race of snow; he bent near the girl, shouting: "All right?" He didn't hear her answer. He was more and more suspicious of himself and took time to tie her reins about his wrist, and went on. There was a limit to all this and the limit grew nearer. They had no longer any kind of guide in this howling blast, and his head was a little bit light. Somewhere in front lay the gulch; somewhere, within a mile, lay the line cabin at the head of the gulch.

He said to himself: "I'm gettin' soft. Be careful now," and he repeated certain instructions to himself, so that they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the spark plug Champions use!

The best spark plugs for your car are those that are outstanding in open competition. In racing cars, midget and Indianapolis types, boats both outboard and inboard of all classes, Champion Spark Plugs are the choice of racing champions. Because of the better performance they bring to every engine, Champions have for fifteen consecutive years equipped the vast majority of all victorious racing engines everywhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Offers More Complete Results than Just Vitamins Alone

This *new* High-Vitamin Yeast can give not only *richer* amounts of 4 essential vitamins, but also the remarkable "booster action" of the fresh yeast

PEOPLE LIKE THESE MAY NEED EXTRA VITAMIN HELP

- **People who are NERVOUS**
- **People who are RUN-DOWN**
- **People who have SEVERE COLDS**
- **People with poor APPETITE**
- **People with slow DIGESTION**

Get ENOUGH vitamins every day. Be sure to get them in a form which will give you the greatest good. Get them in this new High-Vitamin Yeast, for it offers more complete results than just vitamins alone.

MANY STUDIES indicate there is a widespread need for *extra vitamins*—more than our average meals supply.

Slow digestion may also cut down the assimilation of vitamins you eat—prevent them from doing you as much good as they should.

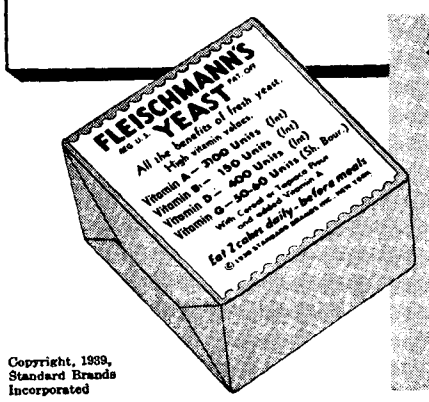
Make sure *you* are getting enough vitamins. Also be sure you make full use of the vitamins you eat.

Richer in Vitamins

In Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast you can now get a *richer* combination of 4 important vitamins—A, B, D and G.

And the *fresh* yeast helps to quicken and stimulate slow digestion. This better digestion can help you take up the vitamins you eat *more fully*. It "boosts" their assimilation—*gives more complete results*.

Get your *extra* vitamins in this *effective* way in Fleischmann's *new* High-Vitamin Yeast. Eat 2 cakes regularly *every* day—one cake ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one cake ½ hour before supper—plain or in a little water. Order from your grocer—now!



Copyright, 1939, Standard Brands Incorporated

2 cakes a day give you:

VITAMIN A—6200 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN B_1—300 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN D—800 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN G—100-120 Units (Sh. Bour.)

All the average person needs (in addition to his meals) of A, B and D—and a rich supply of the Vitality Vitamin G.

would be deep-fixed in his nerves should his head betray him: "When we get to the gulch, we turn left. We turn left." Momentarily he seemed to be afloat in this overwhelming wind. They were drifting north with it; at times he checked his pony around but always the wind carried them. He felt the horse stumble and sink and he thought he was falling, yet when the wind's force no longer pressed like a pitchfork against his ribs and when he heard it howling more distinctly overhead, he realized they had dropped into the gulch. He said doggedly aloud: "We turn left," and made the conscious swing with his arms and legs.

THE horse didn't turn; it kept going straight. He didn't try a second time, realizing the pony had probably made the turn out of instinct. Somewhat later he realized the pony had stopped, and shock revived him when he realized he had been sitting dumbly in the saddle for several moments, staring at the dim wall of the line cabin. Both horses had their heads at it.

When he slid down he held to his stirrup a moment, taking no chances with the kind of dreams a man got in this coldness. He steadied himself by the head of the horse, seeking the line cabin's door and pushing it open; turning back, he pulled the girl from the off side of her horse and propped himself against her weight. He pushed her through the door and shut it and halted in the cabin's darkness, still holding her. He said, distinctly: "All right?"

"Yes," she said.

He got his gloves off, slapping his hands violently together. "There's a lantern here, I remember. My matches are in my right-hand pants pocket." He had to remind himself of these things as he jerked the front of his big coat open by force. He had been so fearful of losing this girl in the storm that some of that fear still remained, even in the small room. He said, "Stay right there," and stepped across the unnatural stillness. He came up against the stove and scratched a match across its surface; the glare showed him the lantern, but it took him three matches to get the light going.

She hadn't moved from the wall. He said: "Kick your feet against the floor until you feel something." He pinched his own legs, and caught a delayed sense of pain. He opened the stove and shoved in the nest of kindling he had soaked with kerosene; when he bent behind the stove to catch up the wood in the box, he was careful to bend from the hips instead of the knees. He was still anxious, still suspicious of his luck until he saw the kindling catch the light and begin to burn. When he turned around he found her standing in the middle of the room. She had a long riding coat on, with a kind of cowled top that came over her head; all he saw was the white round surface of her face and the sparkle of the lantern's light against her eyes.

He said: "Don't sit down and don't get near the fire." He dredged the coffee beans out of his pocket, spilling them on the table, and got his knife; he walked around the room, feeling the stinging nerves in his legs and the odd kinking of muscles and the good sensation of weight on them. He faced the door, pretty reluctant to go out. But he went out, cut the coffeepot from the saddle thong and scooped it full of snow, and brought it back to the stove. She had dropped to the room's single chair; he walked over and pulled her up. He shook her by the shoulders until he saw her face change. He put his fingers against her cheeks and deliberately squeezed in. Her head jerked back; he saw the resentment in her eyes. He said: "Just wanted to make sure."

"I'm a little tired," she murmured, and sat down again.

He put the coffeepot on the stove and scooped in the beans. Going back to the girl, he saw her eyes lift and almost beg him to let her be still; but he pulled her from the chair, hooked her arm into his arm and walked her along the far wall of the room, back and forth. When he hit the floor with his boots he felt the shock of it in his heels; needlelike currents ran strongly up his legs and his cheeks were burning. The coffee had begun to boil when he let the girl go.

"Sure you're all right? No dead places?"

"I'm all right."

He faced the door, dead-beat, yet knowing he had another chore to do. He went out, closing the door behind; and unsaddled the horses, throwing this gear and the saddle blankets inside the hut. He took off the bridles and watched the horses move into the riot and whirl of snow. There would be a kind of shelter for them under the cut bank. He reentered the cabin.

She stood by the stove, holding an empty can she had found in the cabin. She stood there, waiting for him, with her eyes holding to him as he crossed the room, with her body caught in thorough stillness. When he was quite near she turned to fill the can from the coffeepot, and held it out to him. It was the way she held it—upward in both her hands—and the way her eyes—black as night—rose and remained on him, that hit him solidly under the heart.

He said, "Go ahead and drink it."

"No," she said in a soft, indrawn voice. "You're first." The blackness of her eyes seemed to break, and a light showed through; and then the blackness returned. "Do you know what I mean? This is as near as I can say it."

The coffee was rank; it was hot and took the chill out of him. It made him cheerful and sound again, the old vigor running smooth and strong through him. Looking back over the past hours, he found it a little difficult to remember how tough it had been.

HE GAVE her the can, watching her refill it and stand by the stove, warming her hands and slowly sipping the coffee. She had removed her coat and he saw that she was a tall round-armed girl and that her lips were long and red by the lantern's yellow light. She closed her eyes when she drank; her hair was heavy; it was a brilliant dark shade.

He said: "How'd you get out in this?"

"I went to the dance last night. It didn't look bad early this morning when I set out. It caught me halfway. I heard your shots from Hub Weston's hut. I went around it twice. Then I just said, 'So long,' and drifted."

"Well," he said, "it's the long way home."

She came by him, taking one of the blankets. There was an upper and lower bunk in this small room. He watched her settle into the lower bunk and curl up like a small child and spread the blanket over her. He went back to the stove, slowly soaking in the heat; he bent his head over it, closely thinking of all this—of how it had been, and of her. It was pretty hard to talk about. Probably neither of them would ever say anything more about it, but the memory was there and it would stick. Suddenly he removed his heavy coat and carried it to the bunk. He laid it over her and took her hand as it came out to catch his heavy fingers. The wind had loosened her hair; it lay around her head, softening her face, and she was smiling and her black eyes held him completely.

"The long way home," she murmured. Standing there, holding her hand, he watched her features sweeten and soften, until she was asleep, with a half-smile remaining on her lips.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautifully and Bravely

Continued from page 15

Automatically, Garcia glanced toward her box and her handkerchief waved but he was too annoyed with himself, with the Indian, with life in general, to respond.

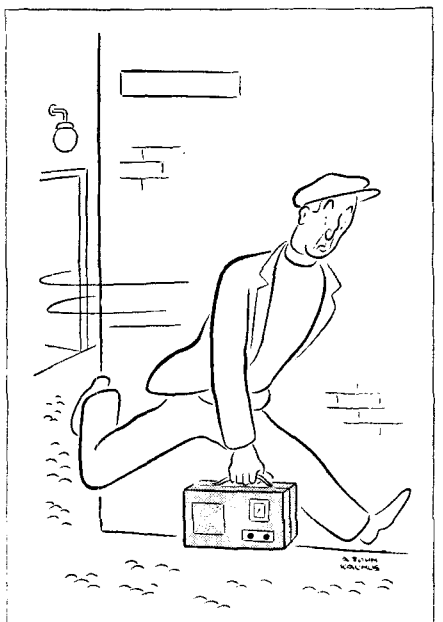
Later, below the stands before they went to their hotels, the Indian said: "Today you were good, kid. You made only one mistake, not dedicating a bull to the lady. However, I will think of you tonight when I see her."

"You had better think of how to treat bulls. You work as though each one was like the one before it."

"In most ways they are," the Indian said and shrugged.

Garcia turned away. You could curse at a man but you couldn't tell him he was unsubtle.

The papers the next morning made him angry. There were the usual good write-ups, this time favoring the Indian slightly because of his "daring." Garcia's own work had been "esthetic but



"Calling Car 69 . . . shoplifter running down central alley with portable radio"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

conservative," he learned, and cursed. The interviews with Felice Del Vayo were what made him angry. "*El Indio* was wonderful," she had said. "So brave, so daring, carrying his life in his hands. Yes, Luis Garcia was good, too. But not nearly so brave as *El Indio*."

Garcia did something he had never done before; he called up the bullfight critic of one of the large dailies, Fermin Lopez. "Listen," Garcia told him, "since when do the opinions of movie actresses mean anything?"

"They mean very much," Lopez said. "They sell newspapers."

"But why do you agree with her? To be polite?"

Lopez hesitated. "No, you are really very brave. I suppose I am reflecting the vulgar taste of the public today. They want the sensational. You are an artist, not an acrobat like the Indian. You should have lived in another generation and fought when Gaona or Belmonte did. You are an anachronism."

"Why don't you say so?"

"I have, but not too often. After all, I must hold my job and I cannot go on indefinitely telling people their taste is vulgar."

"That is very consoling, I am sure," Garcia said.

"But what can I do?"

"Tell the truth," Garcia said, "but then I suppose you would lose your job." He went out for a walk. The market place was crowded and there was the smell of new leather, of burning charcoal and of food cooking. In the thin crowd of faces, he saw Felice Del Vayo. He would have passed her when one of the two men with her hailed him.

The men were Americans and talked very little Spanish. Garcia did not let them know that he talked good English. They were ten or fifteen years older than he and he saw that Felice Del Vayo was also older.

"Yesterday," she said, smiling, "you were most shy. I attributed it to the difficulties you were experiencing in the ring. Today you seem equally shy."

"I had no difficulties. My bulls were all difficult ones, however, and required my concentration."

"I am not used to being put aside for anything."

"In any other place but the bull ring you would not have been." It was not himself talking, he felt. Her face became less archly amused, took on even a strange, vague quality of eagerness. From the blank smiles on the faces of the Americans, Garcia knew they could not follow the rapid Spanish of the talk.

"I should like to talk to you," she said.

"I am fighting here next Sunday. I shall be here all week."

"And José Gomez will be fighting in the north."

"He will return the following Sunday," Garcia said gravely. With his mind he knew he should dislike her, but he could not.

"Meanwhile, I think it would be nice if you were to get for me those vases." She indicated plum-colored ones of glass in a near-by shop window. As he moved almost automatically toward the shop, Garcia heard one of the Americans say it was too bad no photographer was along.

"It'll make a good release, though," the other one said. "I'll get it on the wires tonight."

Anger flickered once in Garcia but he bought the vases.

"They are very beautiful," she said. "They will remind me of you. So graceful, so fragile."

The anger was all inside him. With her so near it could not come out. "You will be leaving soon?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I will be here for some time yet."

"I will call you," he said and again felt it was not himself speaking.

"I shall hold you to that," she said. He had seen that look in the eyes of many women since he had become one of the best *matadores* in the world, but none of those women were as beautiful as this one.

HE SPENT a bad two days trying to make up his mind whether to call her or not, and was sitting in a café Wednesday afternoon when Chucho Saenz came in with a newspaper under his arm.

"*Qué tal, hombre?*" Garcia said. "What do you say, man?"

"Nothing. The world is becoming a bad place to live in."

"What's the matter now?"

Out of the folds of the newspaper, Chucho took one of the magazines devoted to bullfighting and spread it before Garcia. It was a good write-up, but near the end it said: "And so, while we would rate both these great *matadores* among the best of our time, still we can find room for regret that José does not know and Luis does not dare."

Garcia pushed it slowly away from

How the Secret of
AUNT JEMIMA'S
Delicious Jiffy-Quick
PANCAKES
Made Mother the
Queen of Hearts
PANCAKES! MY FLAVORY, FRAGRANT PANCAKES. THAT'S WHAT YOU IS HUNGRY FOR NOW.
RIGHT, AUNT JEMIMA! YOU BET WE'RE PANCAKE-HUNGRY.
LET'S GET MOTHER! QUICK!
AND IT'S EASY AS 1-2 TO WHISK UP MY PANCAKES.
CHEER UP YOU THREE! I'LL MAKE SOME AUNT JEMIMA'S FOR YOU RIGHT NOW.
(1) As easy as 1-2. Just add a cup of milk or water to a cup of Aunt Jemima's magic Ready-Mix. (2) A flip on the griddle. Then bring 'em on all golden brown and scrumptious.
PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
OH BOY! AUNT JEMIMA'S! MOTHER, YOU'RE AN ANGEL.
YOU'RE THE BEST MOM IN THE WORLD.
Happify your folks today with some fluffy, light Aunt Jemimas. They're so nourishing, so easy to digest, so quick to fix. And today is Aunt Jemima Pancake Day.
Aunt Jemima says: "Enjoy both my tasty Pancakes and my tangy Buckwheats, as millions do. Ask your grocer for a package of each right away."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BeWise—Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid condition so often associated with these troubles.
30¢ & 60¢ PKGS.
OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS
TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK
WHEN MEN OF GOOD INTENTIONS FALL FROM WATER-WAGON PEWS, AN ALKA-SELTZER HELPS TO SOOTHE THE "MORNING AFTER" BRUISE.
MORNING AFTER
WHEN I BEGIN TO SNEEZE AND BLOW, AND TEARS RUN FROM MY EYES, I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS TO DO, BUT FIRST, I ALKALIZE.
WHY DON'T YOU ALKA-SELTZER-IZE? THEY SAY IT'S SIMPLY GRAND
MOST EVERY TIME I OVEREAT, MY STOMACH "RAISES SAND"
ACID INDIGESTION
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

COLT Six-Shooter PIN
New FOR 1939!
FRONTIER MODEL
THE GUN THAT WON THE WEST
New—novel. Exact scale model in oxidized sterling silver. Furnished as pin or for lapel or charm bracelet. Send 25c coin or stamps.
☐ Pin ☐ Button ☐ With Loop
ACTUAL SIZE OF PIN
25¢
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.
One of 28 Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols. Ask for complete catalog.

$200 My First Week
...Now in my OWN Business.
L. A. Eagles took in $200 his first week. Harry Hill says: "Paid for home with Rug-Washer. Earned $86 first day." Another letter says, "Made $70 in 13 hours." Many others make $125 to $200 per week. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new, on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns.
EASY TERMS
Inexpensive equipment. Pay part down—balance monthly. No shop necessary. Used by the United States Government and many of the world's largest hotels. Manufactured since 1918—every machine guaranteed.
FREE BOOK
Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent year-around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Write today—NOW.
VON SCHRADER MFG. CO.
152 Pl., Racine, Wis.

him. He was not angry. He had a feeling of oppression. He had once prided himself on his knowledge of bulls. Now he saw it curiously as almost a liability.

"What these burros who call themselves critics miss," Chucho was saying, "is that if the Indian knew what you do he would not be brave."

Garcia nodded. He felt tired. "Lately," Chucho went on, "you have not looked well. Why don't you go down to Taxco or Cuernavaca for a few days and shoot doves."

"I know something better," Garcia said. He went to a booth to phone Felice Del Vayo. When he finally got her at the Hotel Geneva, her voice slurred a little as though she had been drinking. She bantered. First she was archly disappointed that he had waited so long to call her. Then she did not think that she could see him tonight. He asked her if she could break her engagement for the evening. For the very brave, she might; her tone seemed to exclude him. He heard voices laughing in her room and he hung up. He felt weak all over.

Thursday he was alone in the Ritz bar and drinking brandy steadily. He was not used to drinking. Looking up, he saw the Indian in front of him and two of the Indian's *cuadrillas*.

"I have been looking all over for you, Luis."

"I thought you'd gone north," Garcia said.

"I was just leaving when I got the good news and I started looking for you to tell you." His face changed as he sat down. "You have been drinking, Luis; what's the matter?"

"I'm all right. I'm fine," Garcia said. "What's the good news?"

"Antonio Fuentes got it fighting in a *fiesta* in Sonora. He will be out for the rest of the season."

"He is a good man. Why is his being hurt good news?"

"Of course I regret his being hurt," the Indian said elaborately. "But since he was to fight with you here next Sunday, and now cannot do so, they have asked me to do so, while someone else takes my place in the north."

"You don't mind breaking contracts, do you?"

"To fight hand to hand with you, I would break a contract any time," the Indian said. He was almost entirely serious. "What little I know about the fine things of the bullfight I have learned from watching you. But you do not seem happy that I am to fight next to you again this Sunday."

"No, that's fine." He stared at the Indian. He felt stupid. Drinking had dulled his brain and he sensed an incongruity but could not identify it.

"Why have you been drinking, Luis?" the Indian said. "In the season it is not good to drink so much."

"I do not sleep well," Garcia said. He rose silently, and saw the Indian take his arm and lead him away. He felt, for the moment, dependent upon the Indian but possessed of a superior knowledge.

SUNDAY they did not jest. Coming out of the chapel, the Indian said: "You know, Luis, today I prayed for you. It is the first time I have ever prayed for anyone but myself."

"You think I need it, huh?"

"Who knows?" the Indian said quickly, embarrassed. "We all do, I think."

"You will need praying for unless you learn to study each bull when it comes out and not treat them all alike."

"I will be like you today," the Indian said. "Besides, the señorita wants me to be."

The crowd was noisy as they made the rounds of the ring. Garcia saw Felice Del Vayo come in late and he stopped walking. The Indian kept on around the ring, stopping before her box and talking with her. When he came back to Garcia he was smiling. "I have arranged it," he said. "You will dedicate the fourth bull to her. I will dedicate the third."

"Good for you," Garcia said.

"Ah," the Indian said, "I feel you are not sincere."

"You all right, Chief?" Chucho Saenz said.

"I feel fine," Garcia said. Everything displeased him. For two days now he had been annoyed at what Felice Del Vayo had done: criticized him publicly for not being as daring as the Indian, and the Indian privately for not being as graceful as he. He wondered how the Indian could have overlooked this, but he knew why. Near her, near that rich body and sensual face, one did not think very clearly.

Garcia did not help the Indian with the first bull. Watching from behind the *barrera*, a faint pleasure came to Garcia as the Indian made his first passes only tentatively, letting his men work the bull while he studied it. It was an easy bull to work with, brave and frank, charging in a straight line—and the Indian put on a good show in every *tercio* of the fight. If he had fought as he ordinarily did, he would have made it a great show, but, if he was more careful than he had ever been, he also tried to be more graceful. He was not made for it; he looked a little like someone burlesquing an esthetic dancer.

Now, waiting near the *barrera*, Garcia looked across the ring where, in the center of the half-moon of shadow, the door had opened. The bull that came through it was big, with plenty of horns, and it came out fast, the gallop sounding soft in the dust, the breath whoofing through the nostrils. Garcia went to meet it as though he were another person and his real self standing by the *barrera* and watching. He was on his knees without knowing it, the bull coming to his right, then hooking at the cape he presented to it, the cape coming back and up and his arms whirling it over his head. Under the hoarse yelling of the crowd he heard Chucho. "The world is gone mad!" the *peon* was screaming. "The Indian fights like Garcia, the master, and Garcia fights like the Indian!"

Coldness rushed over Garcia and he felt the curious truth of what his *peon* had said. He passed the bull once more on his knees and heard Saenz begging him to study the bull first. Garcia got up and walked to the *barrera*, letting Chucho and the rest of the *cuadrillas* work the bull. Yes, he thought, leaning against the *barrera*, the señorita is not much good. However, both she and the crowd must be shown that I am brave.

He saw it was a bad bull, not cowardly but uncertain. You could not be sure it would charge when you wanted it to, nor remain fixed if that was what you wanted. It would be a good bull to kill early and quickly. So far his work had been good and surely the crowd would realize it was a bull to dispose of early.

When the picadors came out, Garcia waved the younger one back. "*Picalo bien*," he said to Eliseo Vals, the veteran.

"I'll pic him until he runs away," Vals said. The bull did break ground under the first pics, but insisted under punishment on the second, overthrew the horse and took one horn stroke at Vals' armored leg before Garcia made the *quite* with the cape and took the animal away from the fallen man.

THE trumpet sounded high in the stands for the second third of the fight to begin, the placing of the *banderillas*, and as Garcia walked to the *barrera* to get a pair of the long sticks, Saenz begged to place them himself.

"Today, I will," Garcia said.

He walked slowly toward the sullen bull, placing one foot before the other as he walked, as in a kind of formal dance. When the bull charged, Garcia stood erect and placed the sticks well and firmly in the hump. The crowd applauded but Saenz was white. He saw the loose end of the gold embroidery on Garcia's suit where a horn tip had frayed it.

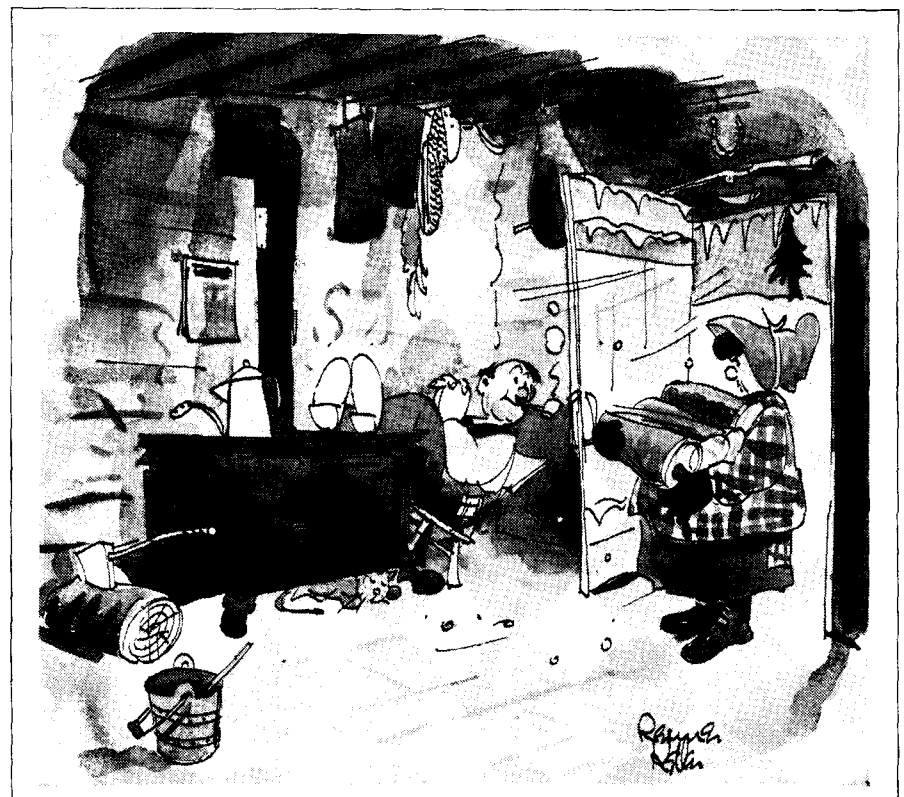
"You are mad," Saenz said.

"No. I am a great and daring bullfighter." Garcia felt a little drunk. He placed another pair of sticks, then the crowd began to yell that he place them *poder a poder*, as the Indian had. Garcia broke the next pair off short.

"Don't!" Saenz said. "You have not practiced for *poder a poder* in a long while."

"Be quiet, man," Garcia said. "I am not a child."

In the comparative silence that came as he walked out he felt the slow, steady



"I hate for you to have to bother with the kindling, Bessie, but my spring fever come awful early this year"

REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONFERENCE TELEPHONE SERVICE

brings busy men together any time—anywhere—inexpensively

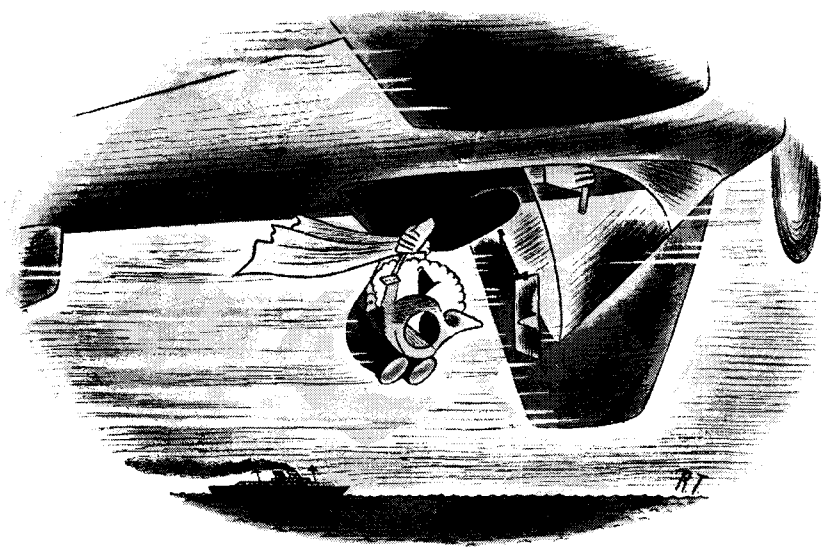
This modern service makes it possible for men miles apart to talk things over as if they were face to face. Every one can hear and be heard. Direct, personal discussion prevents delays and misunderstandings. Questions are cleared up and decisions made quickly.

The scattered executive committee of a wool marketing association meets by telephone at 10% of the cost of a customary conference. . . . The sales manager of a can company used a three-way hook-up with two customers—got permission to divert a shipment of cans from one to the other—and saved a bumper crop of tomatoes. . . . A brick company quotes prices and discusses terms with all of its dealers in the same territory at the same time by conference connection.

There are many other uses for Conference Service. The savings in time and money are obvious. As many as six telephones—more, by special arrangement—can be included in one call. Just ask Long Distance for the Conference operator.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wow! *"I hope I won't fall out—until I finish shaving with this wonderful Mennen Brushless!"*

wotta heavenly shave

Mennen makes the swellest Lather Shave, too.

Boy, oh boy—you'll call it heaven-on-earth when you get into the habit of using Mennen Brushless! This whisker-wilting cream takes the starch out of the toughest beard—your whiskers seem to *fly* away! And your face feels soothed, refreshed and *smoo-o-oth as silk!* No stickiness. No mess. No razor clog. 'Cause Mennen Brushless *is a cream,* not a grease. Boy, you'll fall for it! See your druggist and say, "MENNEN FOR MINE."

TRY HUDSON'S *Airfoam Ride*

WITH AUTO-POISE CONTROL

No other cushion compares with Airfoam in softness and comfort. This wonderful new material literally breathes, through countless connecting air cells, as your body moves up and down. Hundreds of miles leave you untired. Newest, most thrilling ride in all the world! Just try it today.

Airfoam is standard in all Country Club and Convertible models; optional at small extra cost in Hudson 112 and Hudson Six.

NOW! A DELUXE HUDSON 112 PRICED DOWN WITH DELUXE MODELS OF THE "OTHER THREE"

$745 and up for 86 H. P. Hudson 112 DeLuxe; $823 and up for Hudson Six—96 H. P., 118-in. W.B.; $919 and up for Country Club models—101 and 122 H.P., 122 and 129-in. W. B.

Prices delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. For delivered prices in your locality see your Hudson dealer. Attractively low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C. I. T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.

YOU'RE SAFER IN A HUDSON

HUDSON 112 • HUDSON SIX • HUDSON COUNTRY CLUB SIX AND EIGHT

pounding of his own heart. The bull pulled away sharply to the left as Garcia placed the short sticks and one of them fell out of the hump. The crowd didn't like it.

The trumpets sounded for the last third of the fight, the kill, and Garcia took the scarlet muleta and sword over the *barrera*. The blade, dipping near the point, took the afternoon light in glancing lines.

"Kill him quick, Chief," Chucho said.

Garcia walked out to where the bull watched with lowered head. He cited it and brought it past him in the *pase de la muerte,* the pass of the death. It was a simple pass, in which he stood erect, his heels together, and let the bull charge the muleta, he himself not moving. He saw the bull's charge swerve and then he felt the warm flank brush his belly. It was too close. The sweat started suddenly over his body.

"Kill it quick!" Chucho yelled. Garcia made two more passes. He saw the bull was tired but not tired enough for the kill. He took the sword out of the muleta and sighted along the dipping blade. Now, to bring the bull's head down, following the muleta in his left hand and to cross with the sword, putting it into the little spot between the shoulder blades.

The crowd began to yell: "More! More!" "Pass him some more!" "*El pase de la muerte!*" "Luis is afraid!" "The bull has Luis afraid!"

A thrown seat cushion struck his back, an empty bottle and a small bunch of onions sailed toward him.

"To hell with all of you!" he said. He passed the bull five times in a brief but brilliant *faena,* then killed it cleanly with the first thrust. Coming out after putting the sword in, the flat of the bull's horn caught him in the ribs. It was like a blow in the belly from an expert boxer, but worse. He wanted to crumble.

"You are hurt!" Chucho said. "Show these cattle that you are. Let me help you!"

Garcia waved him away and stood watching the bull's forelegs crumble. He turned away, walking slowly but without heroics. It is customary among the poorer bullfighters to make a great show when they suffer a slight injury.

"You all right?" the Indian said. Garcia nodded.

"Now I will fight like you do," the Indian said, "gracefully and intelligently."

GARCIA shook his head slightly. He was trying to get his breath without making a fuss and he couldn't speak. The Indian got by because he was brave, not graceful. He was standing in front of Felice Del Vayo's box, one arm outstretched, the hat in that hand. Garcia went under the stands, letting his weight come on Chucho's arm as they got out of sight of the stands. A little groan escaped him.

He recovered quickly and drank a little water. Outside he could hear cheers mingled with laughter. He stood up and, over Chucho's protests, walked toward the ring.

The fight was in its final *tercio.* The Indian was like a slugger trying to box. He moved in an unconscious burlesque of Garcia, the subtle movements of arm and leg exaggerated. Some of the crowd laughed but the coolness returned to Garcia. It was not funny. He drew a deep breath to call sharp advice to the Indian. The Indian was trying to pass the bull without giving ground a little. His feet were together fairly gracefully, and he was trying to compensate for their nearness to the bull by leaning back. He didn't lean back enough.

His body was black against the low sun as the bull tossed it and it came down twisting. Garcia swore softly. He vaulted the *barrera,* seizing a cloak from a *banderillero* as he ran. The bull was butting wildly at the Indian's body, but missing with the horn in its haste.

Garcia made the *quite,* taking the bull away from the Indian. With one eye he tried to follow the Indian, being carried away, but the bull was smart, though tired, and took all his attention.

It would be a hard bull to kill. It had learned how to use its horns on a man. Garcia passed it with the cape. From its uncertainty he knew it was tired but also learning to charge the man instead of the cape. That was why bulls who came out of the ring alive were not allowed to be fought again. They were too smart.

He called to Saenz to take the bull away from him and he walked to the *barrera* to get his muleta and a sword. Then he began to pass the bull, brilliantly, endlessly in his mind, but the bull was tired. Garcia didn't know the crowd was beginning to applaud, louder and louder. He profiled, going in on the bull, putting the sword in to the hilt, feeling the blood on his knuckles. He knew it was as good as dead. He turned his back on it and walked across the ring.

He hurried to the infirmary below the stands. The police at the door made a way for him to go in. A priest was there. "I shall need your blessing, padre," Garcia said. He knelt to the swift Latin, then rose and walked to the operating table.

HE KNEW that the Indian was going to die. His face was dirty and the teeth were clenched.

"I am sorry, José," Garcia said.

"It is all right," the Indian said. "Ayee, I am in much pain, but it is all right. Now I shall see God." He tried to smile. "Do not forget to dedicate a bull to—the lady."

"I will not forget," Garcia said. It was too much and he had to go. "Goodby," Garcia said. The Indian raised a hand. Garcia knew he would be dead in a little while. The hole was too big. The doctor put more morphine pills into the Indian's mouth.

In the ring the air felt hot but clean and the applause beat down in a thick scattering. Garcia worked grimly, beautifully, on the fourth bull. He brought it to the kill tired but in good shape. He himself was tired and there were two more bulls to be killed.

He approached the box where Felice Del Vayo sat and bent swiftly to pick up something from the ground, something the bull-ring attendants had missed when they had cleaned up the bottles and seat cushions. He concealed it beneath his muleta.

"How is *El Indio?*" she asked, stopping smiling for a moment.

"*El Indio* is dead," Garcia said. He saw her face go blank. He knew she had no conception of death. She had never seen or even thought much about it.

"To you, dear lady, I dedicate this bull." He raised his hat. "To you, dear lady, a rose." He replaced his hat and tossed the bunch of onions through the air. They landed neatly in her lap. The laughter spread outward from her in slow, concentric circles, as those who had not seen the gift were told of it by their neighbors.

In Luis Garcia's eyes were tears as he turned toward the bull. And in Chucho Saenz's a deep concern. For Garcia was bitterly tired and there were yet two more bulls to be killed. But he would not die, Garcia knew. Each year he was smarter and he was only twenty-four. It would be a long time before his reflexes became slower. And he was growing smarter all the time. In every way. He saw the huge, sullen bulk of the bull through the drying mist of his own tears. He knew he would kill it. He was in no way afraid of it. He would kill all of them, beautifully and bravely, after brilliant *faenas.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buck Warren's Son

Continued from page 18

handle a gun about average—Buck had succeeded in teaching him some things—and he wasn't a sissy, either; but when you live in the shadow of a reputation like Buck Warren left, why, the cards are stacked against you unless you just happen to be a fireball.

It was this way: if Buck had left a son who was a hellion, it would have been okay with Karnak. They'd have forgiven him anything short of murder: they'd have grinned and said he was a chip off the old block. The thing they could never forgive was that George was just a nice, meek, mild young feller. They felt cheated. They even said George didn't appreciate his old man.

But if you knew George half as good as I did, you'd have known that was a lie. And I ain't guessing, either. You see, George hung around my house a good deal. Him and Carol—that's my daughter—seemed to think that maybe some day they'd cut a wedding cake together.

THAT'S how I got underneath the skin of the youngster. I remember one spring night when Carol was helping her ma with the supper dishes and George and me was sitting on the front porch kind of inhaling Ma's garden with its roses and columbine and iris and sweet shrub, and contemplating the long gray Spanish moss hanging down from the branches of the live oak in my front yard . . . that was when George Warren said suddenly, without even looking at me: "It's pretty difficult—living up to a tradition."

Of course that was a fancy way of saying what was on his mind, but I knew what he was driving at. I gave him a grunt so's he'd understand I was listening, and left it up to him whether to go on or not.

He said, "I'd give my right arm if I could be like Dad."

I thought that over for a minute, and then I said, "Hmph!"

"He was everything I admire. Big and strong and vital . . . and he never knew the meaning of the word fear."

"That's right, son. He sho' didn't."

"Folks think I don't appreciate him. But that isn't true, Mr. Verner, honestly it isn't."

"Co'se not, George."

"It's done things to me: not being like Dad. I know what everyone says. But how"—and he turned toward me, his face white and set—"how can a man do things that he isn't equipped for, mentally or physically?"

I looked at him out of the corners of my eyes. The boy didn't know it, but just at that moment there was more than a hint of old Buck Warren in the way he talked. Kind of steely. Except that he was bewildered about things, and his pa hadn't ever been bewildered.

I said, "It's only natural that folks should remember your pa."

George thought that over for a minute. Then he said, "I suppose the only way I'm like Dad is in spirit." Then he laughed, kind of embarrassed. "I'm afraid I'd look rather ridiculous trying to do the things he did."

Just then Carol came out on the porch, and she says to George, "Imagine seeing you here."

They strolled off toward town together, and I started thinking again. Game kid, I reflected. Burning up inside with a fever bigger than him: pretending that he didn't understand what was going on . . . when all the time he knew that no matter what happened he'd always be spoke of as . . . "Yeh! Buck Warren's son. But so different from his old man. . . ."

I finally quit thinking about it, and gave a shrug, because I knew that his life was grooved that way, and all the thinking in the world wasn't going to help much. I was glad, though, that he had talked to me, because it never would have seemed right that Buck Warren's son shouldn't care.

The town always said, "Young George . . . oh, he's all right. Harmless guy. Never will amount to nothin'." They said, "It's funny what kind of sons some men can have." They said, "I bet old Buck Warren turns over in his grave, thinkin' of George." They said, "If anything ever happened to that kid, he

"... and may I mix my own salad dressing?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The whole swing is towards dryer drinks.

That's why every day more people are learning to say Fleischmann's when they call for gin beverages.

Fleischmann's is not a liqueur type gin.

It is extra dry—*not* sweet.

Made by America's oldest gin distiller—the spirits, every drop, are Fleischmann distilled from grain to bottle.

Test it against any other gin. See if you don't agree it makes a better drink.

Learn to say FLEISCHMANN'S—*that's the spirit*

TRY FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN FOR YOUR SLOE GIN DRINKS 65 PROOF

Copyright 1939, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Built with the friendly
WESTERN PINES*

GOOD CHEER is the very essence of this lovely living-dining room. Casual . . . informal . . . it serves its dual purpose well. For there could be no place more pleasant to meet and eat than within these walls of the Western Pines. And just as the friendly, warm tones of these woods mold the character of this room, so their strength and beauty can point the spirit of your home.

FREE! A photographic portfolio designed to aid and inspire those who plan building or remodeling. Write today for "Western Pine Camera Views for Home Builders." Western Pine Association, Dept. 46-V, Yeon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

***Idaho White Pine *Ponderosa Pine *Sugar Pine**

THESE ARE THE WESTERN PINES

Write for Free Money-making Plan—Now!

WANT extra money to spend—to make life more pleasant—to have more fun and good times? Then, get acquainted with our profitable plan for looking after new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications.

ONE of our representatives, Mr. Geo. P. Welsh of Ohio, says, "My personal enthusiasm helps make sales and I have found my Crowell work both pleasant and profitable!" The same opportunity is open to you!

WHILE you are in the mood, write for our free booklet—"Six Plans for Building Extra Income." Just paste the bottom of this advertisement, with your name and address, on a penny post card *and mail to:*

INDEPENDENT AGENCY DIVISION, DESK C-52
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

NEW! ALADDIN READI-CUT
WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED QUALITY HOMES!

$495 UP WE PAY FREIGHT

BUY DIRECT—SAVE UP TO 30%

Yours! . . . a beautiful, new Aladdin home at up to $800 saving by buying direct from our big mills NOW! Your choice of 98 designs, 4 to 10 rooms. Aladdin Readi-Cut Method saves 18% material waste, 30% labor—prices include all lumber Readi-Cut, siding, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, flooring, roofing, hardware, nails, paints, stains, varnish—and *we pay freight!* **NEW CATALOG!** Packed with full-color illustrated home values (that comply with F. H. A. loan requirements). Summer Cottages $300 up. Send 25¢ for this big new catalog No. 311 TODAY! Write nearest mill.

ALADDIN CO. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Can.

wouldn't know where to start thinkin'."

Of course there ain't a whole lot of things ever happen in Karnak anyway. Life rocks along kind of peaceful, except for politics, and there usually ain't much to holler about. And that's why, when something does happen, it hits hard. Karnak can get awful stewed up, given half a chance.

Have you ever noticed that when exciting things happen, they happen quick? That was how it was that hot June day when the big green touring car raced through town, hell-bent for election.

It came in from the direction of Four Holes swamp, zipped across the B. & T. tracks east of town, went up Court Street at about forty, made the half circle around the courthouse, and on toward the Pineville road. I was on the courthouse steps passing the time of day with Sheriff Pit Gruber, and I said, "Sheriff, there was four men in that car, and it was painted green."

"You got good eyes," he says, "but your words don't seem to make much sense."

"Well, Sheriff, I ain't right bright and I know it. But it seems I recollect hearing over the radio a little while ago about the Allenville bank upstate bein' robbed and two men killed, and unless my ears are goin' back on me, I thought they said there was four men and they was drivin' a big green car of that make."

Now Pit ain't the dumbest guy in the world, but that don't mean he ain't the second dumbest. An idea has got to hit him with a hammer, but I'll hand him this: he ain't scared of nothing, and when he does find out what it's all about, he does things. He starts for the garage, and says, "By damn! You're right. Those are the guys."

He yells for his deputies, and two of them are there, but he's delayed getting the car out on account they're changing the oil. So we stand around, with him getting highly profane, and before the car is ready somebody drives in from Pineville direction and whirls up to the courthouse. This feller is full of excitement and news. He pops off to the sheriff about seeing the big green car and the four men in it, and he says he bets it's them bank robbers who murdered the two men at Allenville, and the sheriff says, "Well, so what? They got a bigger and faster car, and they're long gone by now."

"But they ain't," says the newcomer.

"Oh, no?" Pit gets sarcastic. "I guess you got telescope eyes."

"That big green car," says this feller, "is smashed all to hell about four miles west. It hit a bad place on the Pineville road, jumped the ditch, turned turtle and pulled up against a live oak. I seen the wreck."

"What happened to the four men?" asks Pit. "Was they killed, I hope?"

"Nope. I seen them runnin' for the nearest house. They had guns and was carrying two little black bags."

Pit's eyes have narrowed and you can see he is glad. He says, "Whose house are they hidin' out in?"

"At Big Cypress. They're in George Warren's house."

PIT GRUBER starts givin' orders for collecting a posse, and I go across the street to the Elite drugstore. I get Carol on the telephone. After a bit of palavering I ask, "Where's George Warren this morning?"

"Home," she says.

"You sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I talked to him about a half-hour ago."

"Maybe he went out."

"No. He said he was working on his accounts, and—" I reckon she caught the tightness in my voice, because her own got sharp with alarm and she said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Carol. Honest, there ain't."

"Dad! Tell me . . ."

So I said, "I'll be home in five minutes. Meet me at the curb."

I climbed in my jallopy and started toward my little house on Cypress Avenue. I was glad Carol was goin' to hear this first from me instead of from a lot of loud-mouthed gossips, who would probably tell her George had been killed or something.

But while I was nosin' through traffic, I could hear snatches of what folks was saying. Funny how news travels in a town like Karnak. You'd think it had been broadcasted over the radio. Everybody talkin', makin' the same sort of

"Two more lessons and I'll let you solo" FRED BATTAGLIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gestures, and lookin' west—toward Big Cypress.

Four desperate men in that house with George Warren. It didn't seem to fit. I found myself thinking, "Here's the first time that young man's life has ever got off the track. Nothing ever happened to him before, and now—this!"

It wasn't nice to think about, and I could see huge hunks of trouble in the offing. Them four desperadoes trapped in a house close to town sort of checked it straight up to Pit Gruber. Not only the county but the whole state would be watching to see what he did. And there'd be no reason for him not doing plenty.

Carol was waiting at the curb when I drove up. Her ma was with her, saying, "Now, honey, don't you worry. . . ." and I knew right away some kind friend had telephoned the news. I started to get out of the car, but she motioned me back and got in.

I said, "Hey! What's the big idea?"

"Drive me out to Big Cypress, Dad."

"Look, Carol—let's be sensible."

SHE had grown up, all of a sudden. I didn't hardly know her. Her voice was flat and firm. She said, "It's true, isn't it, Dad? They've got George."

"Gosh, honey—nobody knows for sure. They don't even know if those are the guys."

"They had guns and little black bags like banks use for money."

"Maybe George ain't home."

"He's home." You'd think she had been talking to him, she was that positive. "Take me out there, Dad."

Well, I argued. I said it didn't make no sense. I said, "There'll be hell poppin' out yonder." She looked at me steady and said, "I know. That's why I've got to be there."

I looked at Ma for help, but Ma just nodded. She said, "George is Carol's future husband, Pa. She's got a right to be where he is."

I gave up then, but I couldn't understand. Women are the damnedest creatures sometimes.

Cutting over to Pineville Road, I ran right into a stream of cars, all headed toward Big Cypress. This was the biggest and most exciting thing that had happened in Karnak since the World War, and folks wasn't of any mind to miss it. There was men with guns and men without guns. And women and children. You'd think it was a political speakin' day, when they picnic at the grove, except that a lot of the men looked grim, and they snuggled the barrels of their guns kind of affectionate, like a man does when he prospects to use it serious.

We stopped about a quarter mile away from the house: you could just about see it through the live oaks. Prettiest plantation house around those parts—or almost. And as Carol and I got out of the car we heard somebody say, "George Warren in yonder. Imagine that." And whoever was with him answered, "Pity it ain't old Buck Warren they got. He could handle all four of 'em alone."

You see how it was. This Buck Warren thing had built up to a tradition. Great as the old man was, no human being ever could do half the things that Karnak credited to him. Poor George never had a chance against the reputation of his old man.

The atmosphere under the oaks was tense. It wasn't like a mob, because a mob is hysterical. The possemen were quiet. They had a job to do, and they knew some of them was likely to get hurt bad. Most of them gathered around Pit Gruber, and Carol linked her arm in mine and shoved me over in the direction of the sheriff. There wasn't no other women there, but of course they let Carol through. I don't know how she felt, but I saw everybody was looking at her kind of sorrowful, like she was a widow before she ever got married.

Carol took the play right out of my hands. She said, "Is George in yonder, Sheriff?"

"Uh-huh. He sho' is."

"Did they tell you, or have you actually seen him?"

"We all seen him. They made him show hisse'f fo' a minute." Pit Gruber scratched his head in perplexity. "Beggin' your pardon, Carol—but this is one hell of a mess. We got them fellers cornered, and we can't do nothin' about it. And as for starvin' 'em out, there ain't a chance. There's prob'ly enough vittles in that house to last three months."

Yep. That's what everybody was talkin' about, and seemin' to find no answer at all. They couldn't attack the house without either killing George or getting him killed. Pit and the posse knew they wasn't dealing with no babies. These guys wasn't bluffing. They couldn't afford to bluff. They was trapped cold, and they had just one trump card.

That was George Warren.

It did seem kind of odd that of all the folks in Karnak it had to be George Warren who had been caught up this way. Standing out there with the crowd, the summer sun beating down from a clear sky, gray moss drooping kind of mournful from the live oaks . . . well, you just couldn't think of it being George in there.

The sheriff held a conference with the mayor and a lot of leading citizens, and then he palavered with the leader of the gang. The feller came out on the porch waving a handkerchief over his head for a flag of truce. He was thin and puny when you first looked at him, but he had a face hard as hickory and eyes like gimlets.

Pit Gruber explained what they was up against, and that they'd be smart to give up without no bloodshed. The little guy listens like he was amused, and then he says, "Oh, yeah! Now you listen to me. We're facing a murder rap and we know it. We ain't gonna be taken alive, and if we get bumped off, why, this sap we got in here will go first. One guy more or less don't matter a damn to us."

Pit argues some more, but don't get nowhere. The little feller talks again: "We're tellin'—not listenin', see?" He was smiling thin and cruel and you could tell he had doped it out that George Warren was great shakes in Karnak. "We're makin' the terms—not you. You're gonna get us a car, a good one, loaded with gas and oil. We're comin' out of here with this lad in front of us. We're goin' away. One shot and we make a fight of it, but this Warren shuffles off first and complete. And we're taking him with us in the car until we feel safe. So if anybody here telephones other counties to warn the cops, they're just the same as signing off for Warren. Is that clear or do I explain it again?"

PIT says it is clear, and the guy goes back in the house. Carol is standing next to me, kind of tense and white-faced, and she says, positivelike, "They really mean it."

No use tryin' to fool her, so I just nodded. They've sensed that they got us dead to rights. We couldn't rightly sentence Buck Warren's son to death, and that's what a single shot would mean.

The four guys are trapped and surrounded, but so long as they've got George with 'em, they're safe. You couldn't blast the house without hitting George, and if you didn't, why, they most likely would.

Of course we know they ain't gonna start anything themselves. They're taking no chances of setting the posse crazy. They want us to think like sane folks

"Whatever my question, I always look first in the NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER...

...because it offers me the greatest amount of information ever presented in one volume!"

WHEN you start taking your questions to the NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER, you'll find it far more than "The Supreme Authority" on word information.

Every time you consult this great new book for the meaning of a general word like ARMY, NAVY, or GOVERNMENT, you tap a vein of authoritative, up-to-date *world* information which you can follow as far as you choose.

Look up NAVY, for example, and you will find a concise encyclopedic article, describing all a modern navy's units, illustrated with twenty-two photographs of up-to-date warships, both U. S. and foreign types. If you want still more information, dozens of additional definitions and cross references will broaden your knowledge of navy and army organization, rearmament, air defense, and all the other timely topics relating to war and preparedness.

Almost Unbelievable That ONE BOOK Can Tell You So Much!

This book will be an astonishing revelation to you if you think of it as merely a word book. It does, of course, tell you everything you want to know about words—600,000 of them, 122,000 more than any other dictionary. But it goes far beyond this. The New Merriam-Webster is a KNOWLEDGE BOOK containing the greatest amount of information ever presented in a single volume. Its type matter is equivalent to an 18-Volume encyclopedia. Amazing in comprehensiveness and scope, it covers thousands of subjects and treats many of them more fully than any other reference work. The New Merriam-Webster is an up-to-date key to every science, every art, every branch of man's thought and activity.

THE NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY • Second Edition

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

LOOK FOR THIS CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK AND THE "NW" MONOGRAM ON THE COVER

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOKLET

The New Second Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary (unabridged) is twenty years newer than any similar volume. Any bookdealer will be glad to show it. Mail the coupon for free, illustrated booklet: "The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You." G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 205 Springfield, Mass.

VISIT THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER EXHIBITS
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939
GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Copyright 1939, by G. & C. Merriam Co.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Dept. 205
Springfield, Mass.
Please send me free illustrated booklet describing Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition—"The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

TRADE

ENEMY

MARK

Every cougher is a public enemy. Don't spread germs. Carry with you Smith Bros. Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol.) Cost only 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

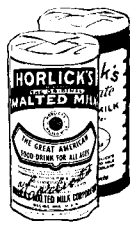
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soothing way to WIN SLEEP!

WHY go through another night worrying yourself frantic about not falling to sleep? A cup of Horlick's, hot, just before retiring may be what you need. Many men and women, who once could not sleep, are today grateful, regular users of Horlick's Malted Milk. The first warming sips of it seem to relax the body and nerves. The stomach also gets light, *easily digested* food to help calm the active brain.

Hospitals purchase quantities of Horlick's, using it as a bland, strengthening food, and as a bed-time drink. Available in plain or chocolate flavor—also in compact tablets to eat like candy. Remember there is only one Horlick's—not a mechanical mixture, but cooked in vacuum at low temperatures—made to strict laboratory standards of purity.



HORLICK'S
the Original Malted Milk

SOUTH BEND
FISH-OBITE
Insured
TO CATCH FISH

WRITE TODAY for free, 128-page book on Fishing. Shows new, sensational Fish-Obite bait, insured to catch fish. Policy with each bait. Also shows and identifies over 60 fish in actual colors, gives casting lessons, angling hints. **Sent Free! Postal gets it!**

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
502 HIGH ST. SOUTH BEND, IND., U. S. A.

FREE! 128-PAGE BOOK ON FISHING

MEET "SAWTOOTH HARRY" THE RAZOR BLADE PHILOSOPHER

Says Sawtooth Harry: Listen, Brother . . . don't you Never try a Twenty Grand Razor Blade! Why? Because They're HABIT FORMING

Once yuh feel tha perfect leather-stropped edge against yer face and them whiskers slide off like magic, yer DOOMED. Yuh won't be able ta get along without 'em. I KNOW! I'm warning yuh . . . keep away from them handy self-help displays on the counters of Drug and other stores.

Beware of
TWENTY GRAND
Leather-Stropped
RAZOR BLADES

5 FOR 10c

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

think, which means in fear of taking an innocent man's life, especially the son of Buck Warren. Funny, too . . . in all the talkin' that went on you could hear the name of Buck more than you could George's name. Folks was trying to figure what Buck would do if he was the man they had caught; they tried to dope out what Buck would do if he was standing out there with us, and his son was inside. But we wasn't none of us Buck Warrens, and we didn't get no answer.

"There ain't any answer," I remarked to Carol.

She is just standing there looking at the house. The day is gettin' hotter, and the hands of my watch are moving slow. It would have been bad enough without their having George, because four desperate, armed men in a fine big house like that ain't no child's play to capture. But we'd have got them, because a righteous community can get awful het up if you give it half a chance. I said to Carol, "Relax a little, honey."

She smiled weakly and shook her head. She said, "I'm trying to figure out how George is feeling right now."

"What's the use?"

"It's so I'll know him better than I ever have before. That's important, Dad."

I could see what she was driving at. It was odd discovering that my girl wasn't my girl any more, but another man's woman. And that other man in mortal danger. There was bars up between me and Carol for the first time. I knew better than to intrude.

I felt old, and kind of out of the picture. But downright proud, if you want to know. Carol was being pretty splendid. Lots of women would have yelled and hollered and argued and said stupid things. But not Carol. She stood motionless, staring at the big house until her eyeballs must have hurt . . . figuring it all out, and knowing there wasn't no answer. And not yelping about it.

It looked to me that the cards had been stacked against George Warren all his life, and now they was stacked worse than ever. If they killed him, the town would say how sorry they was, but there'd always be the tag: that old man Buck would have handled it. If a miracle happened and he got away, they'd say Sheriff Pit Gruber done it. I don't know if folks can think after they pass on, but if they can, and if Buck was looking down on that scene . . . well, I bet he was feeling kind of sorry that he had been such a big, two-fisted man. He'd built up something that no ordinary feller could possibly live up to.

NOON come along. Housewives sent servants out from town with lunch and coffee. Two colored men set up barbecue stands and sold sandwiches and soft drinks. It was like a truce on a battlefield, except that the tension was gettin' fiercer because nobody knew what to do.

Afternoon. The big house surrounded. Men sittin' down, backs against trees, glad of the shade, and weary in body. Gun butts restin' on the ground, barrels cradled against shoulders. Dust covering corn and cotton fields. Not much conversation any more: folks was plumb talked out.

Me and Carol just sitting there. She had drunk a cup of coffee and nibbled at a cheese sandwich Ma had brung out. Just nibbled. It was like waiting for eternity to happen.

And then it did happen. Happened just like things do, without warning. It happened before any of us knew what was up, or that anything was in the wind. And I reckon it surprised them bank robbers more than it did us. But no, that ain't the truth. We all got a surprise then that Karnak will never live down—ever.

The front door of the Big Cypress plantation house opened suddenly and George Warren walked out on the porch.

He didn't have a coat or tie on. He looked smaller and thinner than usual. But there was something in his walk, something in the way he held his head, something in his eyes that we could see even from this distance, that sort of made folks forget Buck Warren: to forget Buck and to remember his son, George.

He walked across that porch and down the three steps to the gravel path. He didn't hurry. Every step was slow and firm, like a man walking to his execution. Walking to his death, but not afraid.

He was down on the gravel walk before there was a sound. Then a man's voice come from inside the house, harsh and threatening. It said, "Come back, you damn' fool, or we'll blast a hole through you."

He might as well have been talking to a deaf man. George never turned, never slowed up, never hurried. He just walked straight toward us, like you see pictures of soldiers walking into machine-gun fire. I heard Carol say something, hardly louder than breathing. She said, "He's smiling."

He was, too. No fooling. I heard Pit Gruber say, like he was real distressed, "Oh, the damn' idiot . . . the damn' idiot . . ." But it was a tribute, the way he said it.

It was easy to dope out how George was figuring. With him in the house, we didn't have a chance. He knew good and well we'd never sign his death sentence. So he was signing his own. And looking at him—each step seeming like it took an hour—you couldn't help but believe that he was glad of this: you couldn't help but think that the person who had gone into that house was nothing but the son of a great man, but the person who walked out, smiling, to almost certain death—was a great man himself.

There was a commotion in the house; yelling and cursing. Then somebody shot, and you could see George stagger, just a trifle. Stagger, but not stop. And I felt Carol's fingers dig into my arm.

Pit Gruber's voice: triumphantlike. "Let 'em have it! Every door: every window! Don't let 'em get a clean shot at him!"

Then gunfire. Rifles and shotguns, roaring across the landscape. Smoke and the acrid smell of powder. Men shooting fast and loading fast and firing again: fierce, grim men, suddenly free from the strain they'd been under. Just hell turned loose, and George Warren walking steadily toward us, with that smile on his boyish lips and that proud lift to his slender figure.

And then he suddenly gave a lurch and pitched forward. He hit the ground hard and lay sprawled there. Carol didn't cry out, but she went to him, and I found myself praying that now that they'd killed him they'd quit firing at his body; praying that Carol wouldn't be hit.

The fighting didn't last long. It was terrible for a while, but it was over soon enough. When three of those men had died, the fourth came out, and he was bleeding bad. Some of our boys had been hurt . . . but it was over, and all the town's doctors were there, and two of them were bending over George Warren and doing things to him, and Carol was sitting beside him, white of face, and all grown up suddenly and forever, and conversation was beginning to hum, and a new tradition was being born.

Even before folks knew for certain that George had a good chance to live, they was talking in awed whispers about what he had done.

HE OPENED his eyes just once before they got the ambulance to take him to the hospital. Pit Gruber was hanging over him, almost crying, and he said, "Son, you got more guts than your old man ever had."

And George made a typical answer. You could hardly hear him when he said, "That isn't so, Sheriff. Dad wouldn't have been frightened, but I was scared to death."

They toted him off to the hospital then. He was hurt pretty bad, but not so bad that he wasn't okay to marry my girl a month later. And at the wedding I heard a group of folks talking, and what they was saying made me very happy, because it summed up the way the whole town felt.

One of the men in that little group in my front parlor said, "This George Warren has got more courage than any man who ever lived."

And somebody else answered, "He sure has." Then he hesitated a second before finishing, "And his old man was pretty good, too."

"This ain't Grampaw—Grampaw's ticklish" REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REFLECT ON THIS!
The ibis knows that patient skill
Is what it takes to fill the bill;
And years of skill in blending, too,
Make Calvert Blends just right for you!

America reflects a new trend in drinking

AMERICA'S COMMON SENSE started it . . . a great nation-wide trend in drinking today, a trend toward the intelligent, moderate use of lighter, *blended* whiskies . . . *better* whiskies.

AND AMERICA'S GOOD TASTE pointed the way, we believe, to the overwhelming popularity of

Calvert's "Reserve" and "Special" . . . smooth, lower-proof whiskies *blended* for better taste.

IN THESE FINE Calvert Blends clear-headed buyers have discovered an extra mellowness, a delightfully rich flavor and choice bouquet.

WE FEEL SURE that you, too, will find these smooth, lower-proof blends not only most pleasing in their flavor and bouquet, but in *every* way most desirable. And so we suggest: for a mellower Manhattan, a finer Old Fashioned, or a smoother highball—Call for Calvert!

Call for Calvert

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

The Whiskey of Good Taste

Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GINGER SNAP!

Got lots of ginger? You need it in this fast world. So try re-fueling occasionally—with Canada Dry! Picks you up...braces, refreshes you! Canada Dry's famous secret process brings out the full, rich flavor of the world's finest ginger root. With your next meal or whenever you feel the need of a lift...call for Canada Dry. It's gingervating!

Drink Canada Dry Ginger Ale

IT'S GINGERVATING!

Picks you up . . . aids digestion

Copyright 1939, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. *"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I could shoot him of course," the comandante said, "the ley de fuega, and all that sort of thing"

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

RADIO broadcasts from North American stations are being spoiled by mysterious interference waves in tropical America. While investigating the matter, Bill Bossert, a secret agent, dies of arsenic poisoning, and Walter Lane, another operative, succeeds him.

Like Bossert, Lane goes to work for the Caribbean Fruit Company. Within a short time, he learns that a German—Adolf von Graulitz—is at the head of a group of plotters who are spreading propaganda over the region.

Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital, is murdered.

Quite by chance, the evidence points to Lane as the murderer. He is, of course, innocent. But the men surrounding him in the little town of Puerto Musa—Dave Perry, manager of the Puerto Musa division of the company; Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent; "Pinky" Hind, one of the overseers; Henry Alcott, an accountant, and Ed Bannister, a company official—all profess to believe him guilty.

Only two persons are friendly toward him: Bill Roland, U. S. vice-consul at Puerto Musa, and Muriel Monroe, Perry's secretary.

Another murder startles the little community. Shortly after Lane pays a call on him, Bill Roland is shot to death in his office. And Lane is arrested, jailed.

In his cell, Lane receives a caller: the comandante of the port. Before the man leaves, Lane notes that upon his wrist there are three parallel scratches. He wonders if Bill Roland made them with his fingernails. . . .

The killer of Stilton had stolen a hundred thousand dollars that had been brought in by the Bonaca, a small steamship. Investigating the crimes, Dave Perry calls on the captain.

The captain refers to some trouble his crew has had with one of the company's overseers—"Pinky" Hind. Perry is interested. "What," he says, "is the matter with Hind?"

VI

"FOR one thing, he was three sheets in the wind and sailing lee rail under," said the captain. "He came climbing up my bow hawser like a blasted monkey—Lord knows how he didn't cut himself in two on the rat guards—and hoisted himself aboard over the bow."

"What did he want?" Perry asked.

"Wanted to go back to the States with us, he said. Broke out a wad of bank notes when the quartermaster on watch grabbed him, and said he'd pay a hundred dollars if the quartermaster would let him stow away in the banana bins. Didn't mind the cold, he said."

"You put him ashore?"

"Quicker than that," said the captain. "He was filthy drunk."

"What time was this?"

"Just before the comandante marched his soldiers on the dock. Damn it, Perry, this is no business for a sailor. Will you tow that square-sterned politico off my ship, so I can get down to Puerto Temor and pick up my bananas? I should have been there this morning, and they got 30,000 stems waiting for me."

"I'll do my best," Perry said.

He went frowning along the deck to Suite B, knocked and opened the door simultaneously.

His Excellency the Minister of the Interior was propped up in one of the big brass beds that are the feature of all de luxe suites on the Caribbean Fruit Company's steamers. A bulging expanse of pale blue silk undershirt showed above the counterpane. He lifted a pudgy hand to Perry and said, "*Dias.*"

"My respects, Your Excellency," Perry said in Spanish. "I bring you bad news. Mr. Stilton is dead."

"Truth?" said His Excellency. He seemed neither greatly surprised nor moved. His expression was somnolently introspective, as though he were preoccupied with a personally pressing problem of gastric distress, and was only vaguely aware of the import of what Perry had told him. He hoisted his massive torso a little higher on his four pillows, opened his mouth, drew his multiple chins close to his chest and was audibly comforted. His eyes brightened a little. "What a pity!" he resumed at last. "Was his death natural or political?"

"He was stabbed," said Perry.

"A revolution?" His Excellency was fully awake now. He raised himself a trifle higher.

"A sordid matter of robbery. Unfortunately, the money stolen was the sum involved in the transaction for which you came down from the Capital."

"No matter." His Excellency settled back again against his pillows with a gesture of nonchalance. "There is no hurry. I do not have to return to the Capital for another forty-eight hours. That will give you plenty time to get more money. In the meantime, I am enjoying this ship. I have never slept in a finer bed. I—"

THE door opened and the captain of the Bonaca came in, red-faced and sputtering like a damp fuse.

"Pardon me for listening through the bulkhead," he fumed, "but did I hear right—that your friend here expects to stay on my ship another forty-eight hours?"

"Well, Skipper, I—"

"And with me already overdue at Puerto Temor! There's thirty thousand stems of fruit standing on the dock since this morning and I can't even start loading when I do come alongside. I got to unload a cargo of potatoes before I start refrigerating my holds. Perry, those bananas will start to ripen—"

"Listen, Skipper, His Excellency has taken a liking to this bed, and he enjoys your hospitality. . . ."

"Thirty thousand stems. . . ."

"The company loses twenty times that much fruit in a single blowdown," Perry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our last club meeting was a riot. Too much talk, too little action. So I said "Girls! Stop chewing over scandal and sink your teeth in something really good. Here's a stick of Beeman's for every one. If you don't vote that flavor tops in sheer deliciousness and refreshing tang—"

Well! They voted Beeman's absolutely IT in fresh, zippy flavor. And they voted me President! Said my choice of Beeman's proved my good taste.

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

said, speaking rapid English so Señor Manzana would not understand. "And this man means more to the company than a few bunches of bananas. This is important, Skipper. We've got to humor him."

"Tell you what I'll do," said the captain. "Tell him I'll make him a present of the bedstead if he'll get off my ship. But if he doesn't get off, I'll sail in an hour anyhow."

"Damn it, Skipper, you can't take him down to Puerto Temor!"

"Can't I? I'll take him clear to New Orleans if he isn't ashore in an hour. Tell him that."

Perry told him, but not in so many words. With much diplomacy and circumlocution, he made the proposal in such a way that it would have been a personal affront to refuse—since His Excellency was now to become the guest of the division manager.

His Excellency seemed delighted.

Forty-five minutes later four stewards from the Bonaca carried a brass bedstead through the streets of Puerto Musa to the residence of Dave Perry.

An hour later the Bonaca's siren gave two blasts of hoarse exultation, and the ship backed away from the dock.

THE farewell snort of the Bonaca's siren roused Lane from his stiff-necked, unrestful sleep on the folding chair. He had not really slept, he reflected as he removed his numb, tingling legs from the canvas seat of the second chair, kicking his heels on the floor in an effort to restore normal feeling. He had been in a semicomatose condition in which his subconscious worked overtime, whirling confused, fragmentary pictures before his closed eyes, elements of the huge picture puzzle that had been dumped grimly before him and still had so many pieces missing.

"Morning, señor."

Lane turned. The comandante was standing in the doorway.

"I must apologize again for our jail," said the comandante. "Breakfast is late because the cook has a terrific—what's the word I want? Hang-over. That's it. I'm forgetting my English. It's shameful. I'll have a bite to eat sent over from the company mess hall."

"I'm not hungry," said Lane. "When do I get out of here?"

"Do you mind receiving a visitor before breakfast?" the comandante parried.

"Not if he's got a writ of habeas corpus," Lane said.

The comandante beckoned behind the door and Muriel Monroe came in. She was trim and crisp in white linen, just as she was the first time Lane had seen her, yet she looked different. There had always been a delightful contradiction between the wise solemnity of her eyes and the chaste delicacy of the rest of her features; an angelic innocence of her fluffy golden halo that was at odds with a lush, eager vitality; the sort of contradictory blonde that Henner painted. But this morning the balance seemed to be gone. She seemed to have grown up overnight. The flush of spring was still on her cheeks, but a hint of early summer trembled in the ripeness of her lips.

"You can have five minutes together," said the comandante. He closed the door as he went out.

The girl looked at Lane for a moment in silence. Automatically he raised an appraising thumb and forefinger to his chin. The bronze stubble felt an inch deep. He was sure his eyes were hanging halfway down his cheeks. The girl was infuriatingly fresh and powdered, while he probably smelled like the small-mammal house at the Bronx Zoo. He backed away from her a short step.

"So you still think the worst of me?" Muriel asked.

"Do I? You don't look as though it disturbed your sleep."

"I didn't sleep a wink. Did you ever try sleeping on the horns of a dilemma, Walt?"

"You made your bed," said Lane, "so naturally you'll have to lie in it. Or out of it. Do you enjoy lying, Muriel?"

THE impertinent end of the girl's small nose seemed to quiver with indignation. She said:

"Are you being terribly, terribly subtle—instead of accusing me outright of selling you out to Dave Perry last night?"

"You did sell me out, didn't you?"

"No."

"I don't know why you shouldn't, after all. I'm nothing to you. Perry is. I told you last night that I admired loyalty in women. Why shouldn't you follow the dictates of your heart—if you have one?"

"That's what I've been wondering. Do you know why I came here this morning, Walt?"

"Sure," said Lane. "Perry sent you."

"Dave doesn't even know I'm here."

"You can surprise him. What do you think he'd like to know first?"

"Look, Walt." The girl sat down on one of the folding chairs, sat for a moment with her hands tightly clasped on her knees, looking up at him with beseeching earnestness. "Do we *have* to be enemies?" she said.

"That's very much up to you."

"Last night, when you sat on the edge of my bed, you told me that you'd stopped being suspicious of me, stopped blaming me for getting you in a jam. It was just part of your act, I suppose, but you did it very well, and . . . well, I liked it."

"You spoiled the mood yourself," Lane said.

"But I didn't send for Dave—that's just the point. That's why I came here this morning: to prove that I didn't."

"You've got a skeptical audience," Lane said. "What's going to be your line of reasoning?"

"Look. Last night you wanted me to do something for you. I was ready to do whatever you asked, when Dave and the comandante came. They wouldn't let me talk to you last night, so I came this morning to tell you that I'm still ready to help. What is it you wanted me to do?"

"It's too late now," Lane said.

"Why is it too late?" she asked him.

"Well, I was going to ask you to go to four or five men in turn, and tell each of them confidentially that Walter Lane had seen him leaving the American consulate by the rear door. If one of them asked you where Lane was, you were to say that he was as tight as ten ticks and had gone to sleep in the middle of the petunia bed in the Plaza."

"Why can't I still do it?"

"Because there's no sense to it now. Last night, one of the men you'd have told that to—the one who had actually left the consulate by the rear door—would probably have sauntered by the petunia bed in the Plaza just to see how deeply I was slumbering. Then I'd have known who it was. As it is, the man in question knows exactly where I am, if he wants to find me. Besides, since Roland was killed in the consulate, I wouldn't think of having you tell the man in question that *you* know that he left by the back door. It might be as much as your life's worth. . . ."

"How much is it worth, Walt?" The girl was smiling at him again from the luminous depths of her blue eyes, smiling wisely and not unhappily. Lane walked around behind her, and she bent her head back so that she could still smile at him. He had a sudden impulse to crush the golden fluffiness of her hair between his fingers. He raised his arms, then dropped them again. His hands were black with grime.

"Toss me a cigarette, Muriel," he said.

THE girl produced a package. She said: "Do you want me to send a wire to the legation for you, Walt?"

Lane held the lighted match poised before his face. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, the comandante was a little uncertain about locking you up last night. He was afraid he might be sticking his neck out, if you were an American agent. But Dave Perry said that if you were an American agent you'd demand that the legation be notified, so that there was no danger to Coronel Blanco's neck. Are you an agent, Walt?"

"It seems to be an open secret," Lane said. "The only people I was anxious to hide it from were the first to know."

"Do you want me to wire the legation?"

Lane shook his head. "It wouldn't do any good," he said. "The legation would have to deny they ever heard of me."

"Why?"

"Because my situation here is slightly

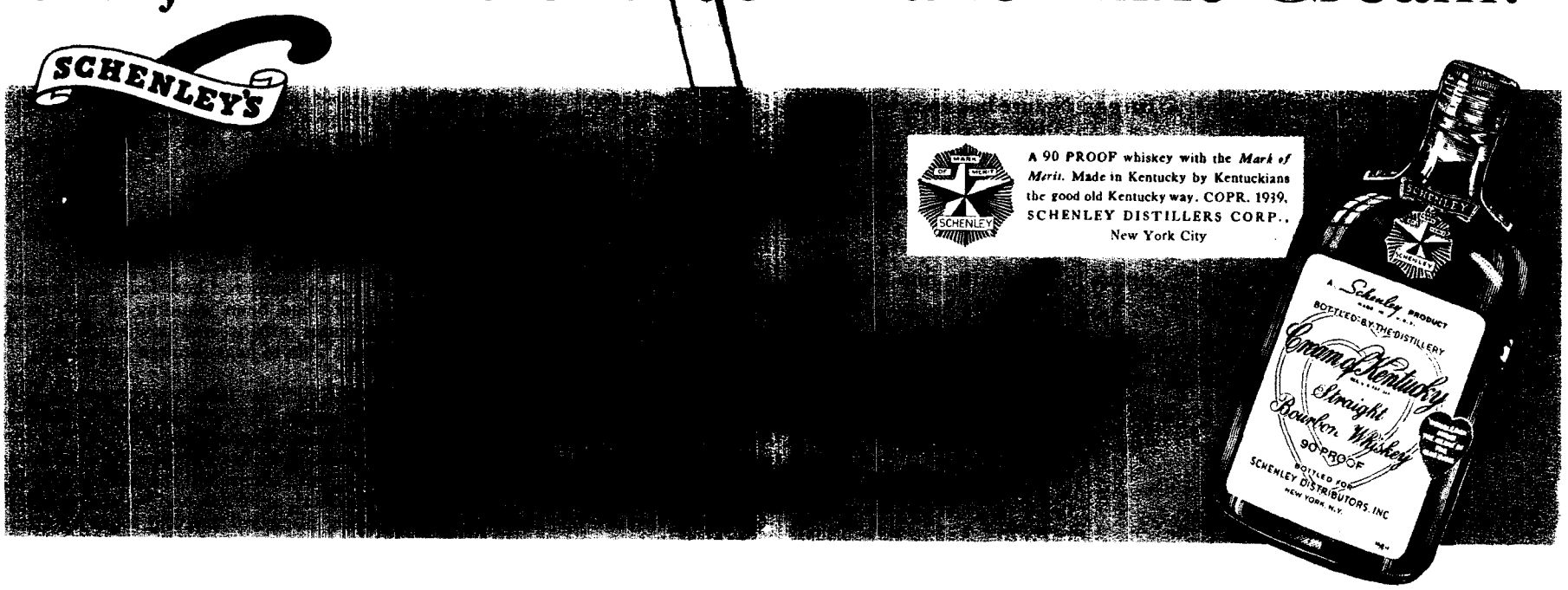
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Meredith, but this gentleman is next"

SYDNEY HOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?
The wide, distended *Nostrils* of an alert, progressive type "in tune with the times."
The firmly pulled-in *Chin* of a type always ready to "step out."
Norman Rockwell

If *you're* this type, note the popular request for Kentucky's "*Double-Rich*" straight Bourbon... and join in the chorus "Make Mine Cream!"


SCHENLEY'S
A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., New York City
SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED-BY-THE-DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scorns alarm clock
...sleeps way to Fortune!

A heap o' sleepin' in the wood and BRIGGS waxes wealthy in mellow charm

AN ALARM CLOCK can tell time . . . but it can't tell Time a single thing when it comes to mellowing a fine tobacco.

That's why Briggs is aged so long in oaken casks... aged longer, in truth, than lots of luxury brands at twice its price. In shaded, airy sheds, platoons of stout barrels hold the top-flight tobacco leaves that experts have earmarked for Briggs. Nature has endowed those tobaccos with rich flavor and delicate fragrance. Time bestows upon them smoothness and mildness.

With all of our 179 years of experience in producing fine tobaccos, we bow to Briggs noble pedigree . . . "By Time, out of Nature". And you'll bow, too, when you find that 15 cents buys a tin of Briggs . . . "the friend a feller needs!"

irregular. According to diplomatic procedure, the job I'm trying to do should have been discussed by our legation and the foreign ministry in the Capital. In other words, Washington should have requested local officials to take care of the matter. My presence in the country implies that Washington is not quite sure of the attitude of the local authorities, and therefore it could not be admitted officially."

"Even if you are in danger of . . . of being shot . . . on trumped-up evidence?"

"For all practical purposes, I'm very much on my own, I'm afraid."

"It must be a very important mission."

"It is, in a way."

"Too important to tell me, of course."

"You're probably the only person in the division who doesn't know about it. Adolf von Graulitz, who is very well informed, has no doubt transmitted the details to the comandante, who in turn has informed all and sundry that I am in Puerto Musa to trace and stop the loud and unusual noises that interfere with the reception of North American radio programs."

THE girl pressed her lips together in an incredulous smile.

"That's silly," she declared. "That's the job of a repairman from the corner radio shop."

"Well, that's about what I am, when you come right down to it."

"You mean you'll stay in jail and risk getting shot—just because we can't get American radio programs here?"

"It's a little more complicated than that." Lane smiled. "This radio business is a symbol. Or a symptom, really, of a dangerous type of national megalomania that's epidemic in the world these days. I guess all nations develop collective megalomania at one time or another. We've had it, Lord knows. I remember not so many years ago when Americans used to go to Europe largely for the purpose of boasting about the superiority of their plumbing and telephones and sleeping cars back home. Or to light cigars with ten-franc notes, and ask rhetorical questions about who won the war. The difference is that our own megalomania was harmless, even if it was a little childish. If the French or the Italians didn't agree with us that the number of bathtubs and automobiles was an index to a higher type of civilization, we were quite content to leave them to their own primitive devices. We didn't send out proselyting plumbers or automotive missionaries.

"The present crop of megalomaniacs, though, is different. They insist that the whole world think and act as they do—or else. They fill the air so full of colored news—of their own color, naturally—that even the people of Latin America, if they can't get the news elsewhere, begin to think that we up north might be just foolish muddlers after all, and that the totalitarian states are really the boys to play ball with. From that point it's not much of a step to a local government based on the same European political philosophy. Then it's a matter of international credits, special privileges for certain types of foreign capital, special taxes to squeeze out other types, German and Italian goods favored over American goods, the fruit company itself perhaps forced out. . . . Am I boring you?"

The girl had walked to the window. She had turned her back to Lane and, pushing out the broken screen, was leaning over the sill, staring down at the brackish waters of the inlet. In a voice so low that she seemed to be talking to herself, she said:

"Can you make yourself small enough to squeeze through this window, Walt?"

"Maybe," Lane said.

"At ten o'clock tonight there'll be a boat in the inlet. Try not to make any noise when you swing yourself down. . . ."

She still had her back to him. He went to her, turned her around, studied her face.

"Seems to me," he said, after a moment, "that I've heard of the *ley de fuega*. They shoot you, trying to escape. Saves the cost of a trial."

"Do you think I'd do that to you, Walt?"

"Frankly, I don't."

"Walt, you've got to get away. The dory will take you as far as the cays. I'll arrange for a fishing boat to pick you up and take you down the coast, past the frontier."

"No, thanks. I'm not running out on this job."

"You've got to. They're going to pin these murders on you and have you shot."

"Who's 'they'?"

"I don't know. But I do know that somebody planted two of the stolen bank notes in your raincoat. I found your slicker in my room last night and hung it away. This morning the bills were in the inside pocket—two hundred of the missing hundred thousand."

"You're sure they were stolen bills?"

"Positive. The money New Orleans sent down was in hundred-dollar bills. There aren't any big bills like that in circulation down here normally. And the notes in your raincoat were hundreds. Luckily, I was the one to find them, Walt, but whoever planted them isn't going to stop there." The girl grasped the rumpled lapels of Lane's once-white coat with tight, desperate fingers. "You will go, Walt, if I fix things?"

Lane covered the small, white fists with his grimy paws. Something swelled in his throat.

"You know what you're getting into?" he asked. "You know what might happen to both of us if there was a hitch in your arrangements?"

"Yes, Walt, I've thought of that."

"And you still want to help me get away?"

"I must."

"Why?"

"I don't know why, Walt, unless . . . Well, I guess it's because it seems the thing to do . . . so you won't think I sold you out last night . . . and because I *want* to do it, that's all. . . ."

She stopped. A wistful smile quivered on her lips, but her eyes looked straight into Lane's, very bright and earnest and unafraid.

Lane blinked. The contours of her upturned face were suddenly indistinct. "Do you know," he said, "that I'm very much afraid that I'm going to fall in love with you?"

Muriel caught her breath with a queer, small sound that was neither a sigh nor a laugh.

"I'm terribly glad," she said. She moved nearer to him.

The door creaked open.

"Five minutes are up," said the comandante.

"Goodby, darling."

"Goodby, darling."

"I'll send your breakfast right in," said the comandante.

The door closed.

Lane wondered how long the comandante had been standing in the dingy corridor outside, and how much he had been able to hear through the panels.

EXCEPT on the fruit company's golf course, the lurid subject of murder had been temporarily eclipsed by the workaday shadow of midmorning activity at Puerto Musa. On the putting greens, the death of Stilton and Roland was still being discussed in awed tones by company wives, relaxing from their ardu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous labor of wrangling over menus, in very bad Spanish, with stolid, unimaginative Indian cooks. In the company offices, however, the thousand routine details that must be accomplished before a golden bunch of bananas might hang in the corner grocery at Waverly, Kansas, gave a sense of disturbing unreality to the macabre events of the night before.

Muriel Monroe wished, as she handed a sheaf of papers across the desk to frowning Dave Perry, that they might be even more unreal.

"Requisitions to go north by the next boat," she said. "Will you okay them, please?"

She handed the papers automatically, and she could not keep her eyes off the stain that still darkened the floor behind the division manager's desk.

"Replacement supplies for the medi-

"We'll leave it to you, mister —didn't I see you first?"

JAY IRVING

cal department," she said. "Quinine, snake-bite serum, kerosene spray for the mosquito squads . . ."

She shifted her gaze—and saw the safe. She had a feeling of cold inside, as she tried desperately to remember whether or not she had left the safe unlocked. . . .

"Dynamite for the superintendent of agriculture, for blasting ceiba stumps in the new lands at the end of the line. . . ."

And there, on that newly scrubbed spot on the floor, had been Walter Lane's red footprints. . . .

"New screening for the superintendency at Agua Negra . . . that new gasoline motor is for Campo Marino . . . the electric range for the company mess hall. . . ."

She wished she could be sure she had done the right thing in going to see Walter Lane in jail. She wished she could talk to Cecil Holliday. She wished it were already eleven o'clock—time for lunch and the daily siesta. . . .

"Tell Henry Alcott to come in," said Perry, tossing the papers back across the desk.

Alcott came at once, very austere behind his spectacles, and very pale. He was always a little pale about the gills, but today he looked as though he had just been exhumed by order of the coroner. At that, he didn't look any worse than most of the company personnel this morning. There hadn't been much sleep in Puerto Musa last night.

"I hear that you . . . that Mrs. Stilton isn't coming down after all," said Alcott.

"News travels fast," Perry said.

"I'm glad for your sake, Dave," Alcott continued. "What made her change her mind, I wonder?"

"I did," Muriel volunteered. "I sent her a radio. I told her she ought to be ashamed to show her face down here. I—"

"You!" snorted Alcott. He took off his glasses, and gave Muriel a queer look as he wiped the perspiration from the lenses. "Is there anything you don't meddle in down here?"

"To get down to business," Perry interrupted, "I suppose you know that Binsworth is coming down tomorrow."

"The third vice-president himself?"

"Yes. He's due in Belize on the Pan American plane tomorrow, and expects to charter a ship there for the hop to Puerto Musa. I suppose he'll be in sometime tomorrow night. I thought you knew, since you knew about Geraldine."

"THE comandante told me about her," Alcott said, replacing his glasses. "What's Binsworth coming down for?"

"I can't quite make out," Perry replied. "I radioed the home office about last night's mess, of course, and pointed out that, regardless of what happened, we'd better hurry and conclude our deal with the Minister of the Interior. I said that I would carry on the negotiations with Manzana, since I was pretty much in touch with what Stilton had done about the river-mouth options. I suggested that they send down another hundred thousand dollars so we can settle our official status without waiting for the missing cash to turn up. Of course, it will only be a question of time before we do turn it up. . . ."

"And is Binsworth bringing down the money?"

"That's what I can't make out," Perry said. "You've got the radiogram there, Muriel. Read it."

Muriel shuffled through her papers until she found the message. She read:

"New Orleans office not sending further cash stop hold negotiations abeyance pending arrival Charles Binsworth who will conduct investigations stop Binsworth flying Belize Pan American tomorrow continuing chartered plane."

"Maybe Binsworth is bringing another hundred thousand himself," Alcott said.

"I can't understand why they're sending Binsworth in the first place," Perry exclaimed. "Binsworth, of all people. Almost any of the other vice-presidents could handle this job better than Binsworth—as long as the home office doesn't trust me. Why, Binsworth is nothing but a . . . a glorified . . ."

"Glorified accountant?" volunteered Alcott, with an unamused smile.

"I was going to say 'glorified auditor'," Perry resumed. "Meaning no offense to you, Hank. You yourself could pull this off a thousand per cent more efficiently than Binsworth. At least you know your tropics, your Spanish, and your Latin Americans. But Binsworth doesn't know the language or the people; he's never been in the tropics except for a winter cruise now and then. He's the only one of the big executives that didn't graduate from the banana plantations. He's strictly an inside-office man. So why in hell they send him down—"

"That's big-business logic," Alcott broke in. "If there's money missing, call the auditors before the detectives. New Orleans probably suspects that I've written off the hundred thousand as postage and telegrams."

"I'm the one they suspect!" Perry's face darkened. He stared at Alcott without seeing him. His eyes were empty, brooding. . . . "They don't trust me, for some reason. Ever since Stilton and I have been in the same division again, the home office—" He stopped. His shoulders moved as though he were shrugging off some unwelcome touch. His eyes focused again. He tried to smile. "What I wanted to say, Hank," he said in the voice of one just roused from a deep sleep, "was this. New Orleans doesn't say anything about sending more money, but if Graulitz wrecks this deal for us, and sets himself up more solidly in the Capital at the expense of our influence—and maybe our hundred thousand—New Orleans is going to blame me for it. So I've got to keep His Excellency Señor Manzana happy and amused as long as I can. I've got to stall him until Binsworth gets here, and maybe longer. He likes to eat, so I'm going to have him put his feet in the feed trough as much and as often as I can. Will Mrs. Alcott give a dinner for him tonight?"

"Another banquet? Don't we even observe a decent period of mourning, Dave?"

"Don't talk like my left foot, Hank. You've been in the tropics long enough to know that sentiment is reserved for the survivors in the north. We haven't got time to mourn down here. Things grow too fast. A hermetically sealed casket is all the funeral a man gets in Puerto Musa. The flowers and speeches and organ music have to wait until they pack him off the boat—if there's anybody in the States still interested in his soul. Will Mrs. Alcott be hostess for tonight?"

"The little woman hasn't been in very good humor these days," Alcott said. "In fact, I'm in the doghouse. If you want to ask her yourself . . ."

"Why not let Dr. Janvier entertain him?" Muriel suggested. "Mrs. Janvier serves the best food in port, according to all reports."

"The wives won't go to Janvier's—you know that," Perry replied. "And I want women around to flatter Manzana. Besides I've arranged for him to have lunch with Janvier this noon."

"I guess I can fix it with the missus," said Alcott reluctantly.

"Good." Perry stood up. "Order whatever food and liquor you need from the commissary. The company pays, of course."

"Sure. I can guarantee quantity, if not quality." Alcott reached for the door, which opened abruptly just as his hand touched the knob. The comandante was on the threshold.

"Morning, Coronel," Perry said.

THE comandante nodded. He stood in the open doorway, his polished leather puttees apart at a jaunty angle, his riding crop under one arm.

"Find the hundred thousand yet, Coronel?" Alcott asked.

The comandante shook his head. "I'll let you know when I do," he said. "I'll send you a postcard—from Guatemala."

He came into the office, touched Alcott on the shoulder with his riding crop, and indicated the door.

"I want to talk to Mr. Perry alone," he said.

"I was just leaving," Alcott said.

"The girl, too," the comandante added.

"Miss Monroe can stay," Perry said. "She has my complete—"

"No," said the comandante.

Muriel picked up her notebook and went out.

When the door closed, the comandante sat down opposite Perry, crossed his khaki legs. He took two long, slim, native cigars from the pocket of his blouse, extended them across the desk.

"Have a *puro?*" he asked.

"Thanks," said Perry.

The comandante took an inordinately long time to remove the revenue stamp

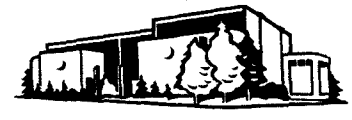
7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY

"HOW IN THE WORLD DOES THE BOSS REST WHILE WORKING SO HARD?"

HERE'S HOW he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!

One of America's GOOD habits

Beech-Nut



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N.Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

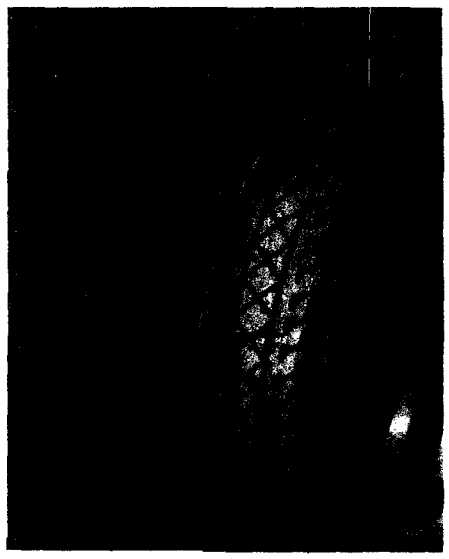
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't tempt fate

BY POINTING AN "UNLOADED" GUN AT ANYONE

don't tempt fate

BY RIDING ON UNSAFE TIRES



If you knew a tire was going to blow—you'd have it repaired. You can't tell!

But the Bowes' dealer can show you where danger may lurk. It may be a neglected nail hole or a buried piece of glass—unseen on the outside of the casing but a perfect set-up for a dangerous blowout. The Bowes man is a specialist in locating these hidden tire dangers.

And he has the one sure way to put safety back into tires—if there's any sound mileage left in them—the Bowes Safety Way. Patented methods. The finest quality materials.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind. *London, England*
Hamilton, Ont.

BOWES SEAL FAST

Safe ... air

from across the end of his cigar. He was very deliberate in rolling it between his thin, well-manicured fingers before he leaned across the desk toward the match Perry had lighted. He blew several casual rings in silence, apparently unaware of the expression of uneasiness developing on Perry's face. At last he said:

"About this fellow Lane. I think he's all right, Perry."

"What do you call 'all right,' Coronel?" Perry asked.

The comandante blew another ring. "I had quite a talk with him last night," he said. "I sent off a few wires and got a few answers. I think maybe Lane is a State Department man after all."

"Has he asked to communicate with the legation?"

"No. But the legation has been raising hell with our foreign ministry already about Roland getting shot. It's bad enough that I haven't caught the murderer of the vice-consul. And if on top of that I keep a State Department agent in jail, I don't make many friends for José Blanco in Washington. Damn it, Perry, I may want to be president of this country some day, and I'd rather stay on the good side of our neighbors."

"BETTER hold Lane a while longer, Coronel," Perry said. "Hold him until Binsworth gets here tomorrow night. I think you've got your murderer all right, Coronel, and I think I can prove it by tomorrow night."

"I don't think I can hold him that long," said the comandante, leaning back to watch a smoke ring hover over his head like a sinuous blue halo.

"Why can't you hold him, Coronel?"

"Because I think he's going to escape."

"Escape?" Perry's elbows cracked on the desk as he leaned forward suddenly. "You're joking."

"No," said the comandante. "You know yourself that my jail is pretty leaky, ever since my predecessor took the bars off the windows and sold them for scrap iron. Of course, it's still all right to hold a bunch of scared *mozos*, but Lane isn't a *mozo* and he isn't scared. And he is smart. If a small boat came into that inlet back of the comandancia tonight, and drifted under the window of his cell, Lane could drop into the thing as easy as falling off the water wagon. I've got a hunch that's just what's going to happen."

"Just a hunch, Coronel?" Perry was still leaning tensely across the desk.

"Mostly a hunch. I thought I overheard Lane talking to . . . ah . . . one of my guards this morning, offering him a bribe if he'd bring a boat into the inlet tonight, but everybody denies it. So I guess it is just a hunch."

"You're going to move his cell, of course."

"Well, I don't think so, Perry. The other cells are hot and filthy and lousy, particularly after last night's quota of drunks. The cell he's in is the only one fit for a North American—even if he is a murderer."

"How are you going to stop him, then?"

"That's what bothers me, Perry. I could shoot him of course—the *ley de fuega*, and all that sort of thing. But if he should turn out to be a State Department agent, and I shoot him, I'll have the United States marines on my neck."

Perry laughed dryly. He leaned back in his chair.

"Now I know you're joking," he said. "Washington wouldn't send any marines to this country unless you strike oil down here. The present Administration isn't much interested in bananas. What are you going to do, Coronel?"

"I guess I'll have to let him escape," said the comandante. As he reached over to grind out his cigar in an ash tray, there was a malicious twinkle in his small, black eyes. Perry's puzzled frown deepened.

The comandante stood up.

"I don't believe you," Perry said. "I'm sure you're joking."

The comandante chuckled. "Maybe I am," he said. "But I'll tell you another thing that's not a joke; I think Lane knows who killed Stilton. In fact, I'm pretty sure of it."

"*If he did it himself, he ought to know*," Perry said.

"I told you I don't think he did it—and I've got more than a hunch that he knows who did. The way he talked last night . . . little hints he dropped. . . ."

"Interesting," Perry said. He shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth.

The door opened. Nita Fenwick came in.

"Mr. Bannister wants to know if he can see you now, Mr. Perry," drawled the dark-haired secretary of the port superintendent.

Perry looked inquiringly at the comandante, who gestured with his riding crop to indicate that he was going.

"Send him in, Nita," said Perry. In spite of himself, his gaze followed the languid swing of Nita's provocative hips as she went out.

"Quit pestering me—I'll let you know when it's 1950!"

GEORGE SWANSON

ADOLF VON GRAULITZ had spent what was left of the night beneath the warm, hospitable, corrugated-iron roof of Miguel Hernando Wong—hotelier, tailor, money changer, general merchant, and dean of Puerto Musa's Chinese colony. He had spent most of the day drinking beer leisurely in the Musa Club, for the banana planters' club at Puerto Musa and the coffee planters' club at Liberica still exchanged social courtesies, despite the antagonism of their commercial interests. Every hour or so he walked across the plaza to the comandancia, in case his further testimony was desired. He also called three times at the division offices of the fruit company and was three times denied an audience. Late in the afternoon he called at the palm-bowered cottage of Henry Alcott, company accountant.

Alcott had not yet come home, and Mrs. Alcott was busy with her final preparations for the entertainment of His Excellency the Minister of the Interior. When Mrs. Alcott sent word that she couldn't possibly see Herr von Graulitz today, he installed himself on the veranda and sent the houseboy back with the message that he was in no hurry and would wait; and that he would greatly appreciate a small bottle of beer in the meantime. Whereupon, Mrs. Alcott came out immediately.

Von Graulitz arose with military precision, bowed stiffly, kissed the tips of Mrs. Alcott's bony fingers.

"YOU look particularly charming today, madam," he said solemnly, just *as though he were not aware of the* enormity of his gallant exaggeration. For a woman who must have once been pretty, Mrs. Alcott was singularly unattractive. Obviously she lacked the flair for salvaging the prettiness of her youth. Her features, which had once been pert, perhaps saucy, had grown sharp and shrewish. Her neck was scrawny where it had been slim and graceful. Her limbs were angular and her body bulged slightly in the wrong places. She seemed to have a peculiar genius for reversing the stylish arts of concealment and accentuation, for her clothes either clung where they *shouldn't*, or merely hung. And she had no genius whatever for coping with the unruly ends of her graying hair. Yet she blushed just as if she accepted the German's polite compliment at its face value.

"Thank you, Mr. von Graulitz," she said. "But you shouldn't have come here today, I am afraid. I'm entertaining . . ."

"Yes, I have heard. You are receiving His Excellency. . . ." Graulitz paused to smile with the very ends of his thin lips, to intimate that he had his own ideas on the abstract subject of excellence. "I am not invited, of course," he went on, "although I have never been embarrassed by the lack of an invitation."

"Oh, but you mustn't stay. You can't possibly stay. Mr. Perry would be simply furious."

"I am quite indifferent to Mr. Perry's fury, madam," said Graulitz, "although I should hate to cause you any undue embarrassment. Therefore, I shall go away quietly—if you will do what I ask of you."

Mrs. Alcott blushed again. "Please, Mr. von Graulitz," she began.

"What I ask will be quite simple. I have made repeated efforts today to see Mr. Perry and your husband, Mrs. Alcott. Neither of them would talk to me. I have given up Mr. Perry as hopeless, so I am determined to have an interview with Mr. Alcott—tonight, and alone."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Green Angel

Continued from page 21

wouldn't hesitate to do something like it to Jim." Nancy looked at her forlornly. "Didn't you suspect it?"

"No, I didn't quite suspect it."

"Well, I don't see why you shouldn't know about it. You're the best friend I have and you're the nicest person I know and I've got to talk about all this."

"Of course you do." She saw that Nancy was on the verge of hysterics. She was squeezing her hands between her knees. Her face, for a moment crimson, was suddenly white, and her eyes were darting rather wildly about the room. Suzette's heart was going fast, with that old trapped feeling. She thought: "Why did I ever think he'd stoop to only one thing?"

"When Rodney goes out for a thing he wants," Nancy said in a dry, rasping voice, "he knows more ways of dealing from the bottom of the deck than any man you ever knew. If I married Jim, I'd be frightened for him every second. That's what's the matter."

Suzette, sipping her cocktail, was watching Nancy, suddenly seeing her in a new light, and speculating. She said, "What does Rodney want you to do?"

"He wants me to marry the Whittaker Lockwasher Corporation. He wants me to be Mrs. John Whittaker III."

"Haven't you any money of your own?"

"No. My mother left something like two hundred thousand to Rodney when she died."

"In trust for you?"

"No, Suzette. Outright to him. But it's left to me in his will. His present will leaves everything he has to me. He's going to make a new one Monday, after you're married."

Suzette got up. "Nancy, I'm going to my room to think things over. What you've told me puts a new light on everything."

Nancy smiled at her uncertainly. "Jim is coming to dinner," she said. "He insisted on being invited. He says it's the only coming-out party I'll ever have and he's coming out with me."

"Didn't Rodney object?"

"No. That's why I'm worried."

"WELL, Harmon?" William Boone said.

"I talked to several of the servants, Mr. Boone. Her full name is Miss Suzette Rawlins Aberdeen and she is marrying Mr. Barnett tomorrow. She has just—"

"Wait a minute, Harmon. Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, sir. She has just come here from China to marry him."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, Mr. Boone. In Sea Cove."

William Boone looked thoughtful. "I see. Well, let's have the rest of it."

"There are just some odds and ends, sir. Miss Aberdeen and her mother have a small apartment in New York. Mrs. Aberdeen came to New York about a month ago, and Miss Aberdeen just arrived with her Chinese maid. I understand Mr. Barnett has some objection to the Chinese maid and Miss Aberdeen left her in New York. Miss Aberdeen grew up in Shanghai. She kept house there until recently for her brother Stanley Aberdeen, who is in the American consular service. Her father was in the diplomatic service in the Far East for many years. About ten years ago, he turned explorer and was killed by natives on the northern frontier of Tibet."

William Boone nodded thoughtfully and said, "That's all very interesting, Harmon. Is Mrs. Aberdeen here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do the servants say about her?"

Harmon hesitated. "To be perfectly frank, sir, they seem to be pretty much of the opinion that the young lady is marrying Mr. Barnett for the obvious reason and that Mrs. Aberdeen is superintending things."

William Boone was looking at Harmon's eyebrows. "And you're worried, aren't you?"

"Frankly, I am, Mr. Boone."

"You think, under the circumstances, considering Mr. Barnett's dangerous reputation, that it would be inviting trouble if I paid too much attention to his fiancée."

Harmon said with firmness, "Frankly, Mr. Boone, that is my opinion."

"Then you can stop worrying. I haven't the slightest interest in Miss Aberdeen, and I haven't the slightest intention of being attentive to her. Did you bring a dark red carnation?"

"Yes, sir. I put it in the icebox."

"I'll dress at once. I have a little work to do before cocktail time."

SUZETTE found one of the windows in her room by parting the folds of heavy gray satin. Standing in the window, looking out over the misty landscape, now darkening with evening, she was thinking about the things Nancy had said, when a maid came in. She looked French. Suzette supposed she was the maid that Rodney had secured to replace Dorothy Ling.

"I am Yvonne," the maid said, and she spoke with the faintest accent.

"Oh, yes, Yvonne. I won't want anything until it's time to dress for dinner. I think I'll lie down until then."

Yvonne had bright, hard, brown eyes. "Cocktails will be at seven in the bar, Miss Aberdeen. Mr. Barnett is very particular about punctuality."

Suzette looked at her and said steadily, "You may come back in half an hour and draw my tub."

"Very well, Miss Aberdeen."

Yvonne, Suzette saw, was a girl whose demureness covered a vast worldliness. She thought: "It will be one of my first jobs, as Mrs. Rodney Barnett, to get to know that girl, to work things out, because she's going to be hard to handle."

A few minutes after Yvonne had gone out, Suzette's mother came in. Her face had the slightly moist look that a person's face will acquire in the course of lengthy talking.

Suzette thought: "They've been talking me over some more. They've decided, probably, that the nervous little filly is going to balk and rear."

"I thought you were coming right down, Suzette. Did you have a nice swim?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet anyone? I just wondered what delayed you."

"I met a man named William Boone."

"Oh, yes. That one. Rodney says he's come to do Nancy's portrait. Is he attractive?"

"Terribly."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Only what Nancy told me."

"Oh. You've seen Nancy?"

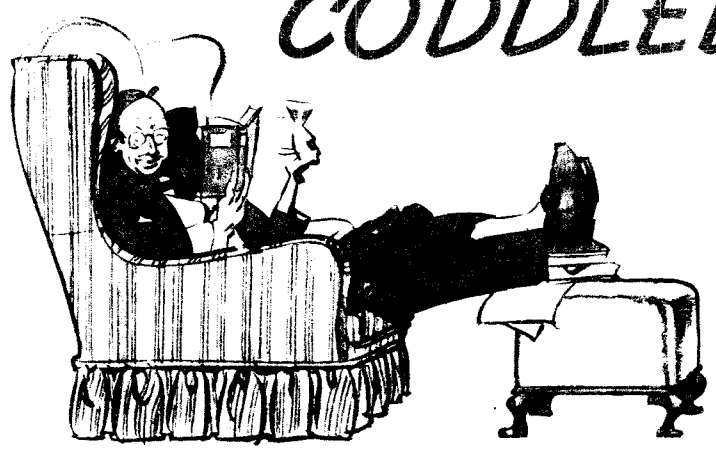
"Yes."

There was an impression, quickly gone, of the fine firm flesh about Laura's eyes rippling a little. "I suppose she's awfully excited about her party. She's really an awfully sweet little thing, isn't she?"

It was the first intimation Suzette had had that Laura disliked Nancy.

Laura said, with some deliberation: "I understand she's the most popular

ALL HUSBANDS LIKE TO BE CODDLED!



When a husband comes home tired, you can solace him with the world's finest cocktails without putting him to work to mix the drinks.

Just hand him a glass of Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS . . . the famous quality-perfect cocktails that come ready-mixed in bottles.

If you haven't treated yourself to CLUB COCKTAILS, you should do so now.

Like many of the best champagnes and whiskies, CLUB COCKTAILS are blended and ingredients allowed to "wed" for some time before you enjoy them.

Extra-smooth, extra-flavorful, these are the de luxe cocktails served on all America's "crack" trains.

Unmatched in popularity, Heublein has — to date — blended and sold in bottles more than 200,000,000 of these delicious drinks.

Convenient and economical — what isn't used from any CLUB COCKTAIL bottle keeps indefinitely.

SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskies rich in bouquet and flavor.

SIDE CAR (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.

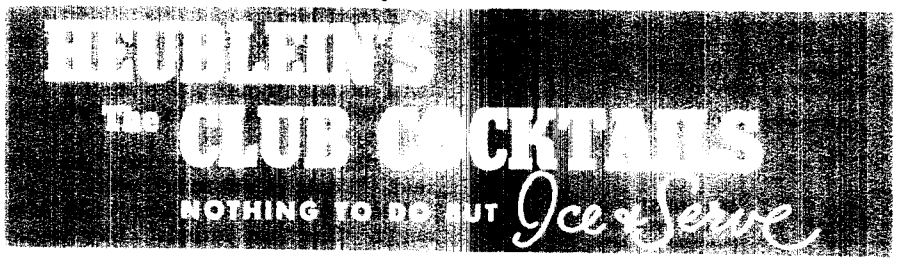
DAIQUIRI (70 proof). Made with selected rum and lime cordial, skilfully blended.

BRONX (60 proof). Fine fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

2 cocktails for 25¢ or less

With proper shaker-icing, you get 18 drinks from each CLUB COCKTAIL bottle. . . . At present prices, this is two drinks for a quarter, or less, depending upon variety.



THIS IS, WE BELIEVE, THE THRIFTIEST "BUY" AMONG REALLY DRY GINS OF QUALITY!

HEUBLEIN'S MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN

90 proof — distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits by G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

Since HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD 1875

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMAGINE ME GETTIN' MAD AT A MIRROR!

1 **FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE,** don't print this! I'm no sissy, but I figure a guy's gotta look his best. So I shoot a buck fifty on some new kind of grease to make my hair stay down. And what happens?

2 **I'M ADMIRING MYSELF** in the mirror, when who should bust in but my pal Joe. And does he hand me the laugh! "If it ain't Nellie, the All-American beauty! But have a care, darling . . . will your scalp stand the Fingernail Test?"

3 **SHOULDA LET HIM HAVE IT!** But I couldn't help putting my hand up to scratch my head, and was that mirror a liar! My hair *looked* good maybe, but boy, was it gummy underneath! "You win!" says I, "I'm off to the barber's."

4 **"YOU GUYS,"** says the barber. "shampoo maybe once a week, then grease your hair down till it's so gummed up you could grow potatoes in it!"

5 **"WHAT YOU NEED,"** he says, "is Wildroot-with-Oil, the new 3-Action Hair Tonic. The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dirt and dandruff for 30 years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that won't build up grease on the scalp. Cleans as it grooms, *and* its mild clean odor disappears while-you-wait!"

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y., FORT ERIE, ONT.

35¢ **60c** and **$1** at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

debutante of the season. I wonder why she's so cynical."

"Perhaps Rodney affects people that way."

Her mother's small, pretty mouth became thin-lipped. "So that's it. You know, of course, that Rodney has a great deal of trouble with her. Did she tell you about her lobster fisherman?"

"Has she a lobster fisherman?"

"I thought you'd heard about it. Rodney has been terribly upset by it. He'll probably talk it over with you. You might use your influence with the child. It's really too absurd."

"Perhaps."

"You don't agree with Rodney?"

"No. He goes about wrecking people's lives the way a spoiled child goes about wrecking other children's toys."

Her mother looked frightened. "What did Nancy say to you?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm not going to let my life be ruined."

"Just what do you mean?"

"I don't know. I haven't decided."

Laura said breathlessly: "You don't mean you're not going through with it?"

"I don't know what I mean. I'm too furious."

HER mother sat down on the bed. "Now, Suzette," she said with the firm manner that Suzette had known for so many years, "you will please explain yourself."

"Very well. The very thought that I'm going to get married to that man tomorrow— It doesn't seem real. It's fantastic."

"I know, dear," Laura said. "But girls always feel like that before they're married. It's quite natural."

"I wouldn't feel like this if I were marrying a man I was in love with."

Suzette had discarded the impulse to tell her mother about Stanley. Laura had never approved of Stanley. If Suzette told her, Laura would be horrified. And then she would say it came as no surprise, that it was typical of Stanley, that he was weak and irresponsible, like their father. Suzette preferred to carry the burden of it alone.

"Sometimes," her mother said, "I think you're a romantic fool. I should think you'd be delighted to do this just for Stanley. You've tried everything else to make a success of him. Why was he sent to Chang-Ko?"

Suzette said, "Did you hear?"

"I heard he was demoted because of incompetency. He's weak, Suzette. You'll probably always have to shield and help him. Think what Rodney with his influence in the State Department could do for him. And then there's yourself. You've always been used to a certain comfortable income that enabled you to do anything you wished within reasonable limits. Now you will have really unlimited money. Anything your heart desires—literally."

"Except him."

Laura got up. She crushed out her cigarette in an ash tray with a vicious twist of her thumb. "No matter how you feel, you have no excuse for being so rude."

"I didn't mean to be rude," Suzette said. "I only meant to be frank."

Laura went to the door. She was angry. She was furious. She would doubtless go straight to Rodney.

Suzette returned to the window and looked out at the fog again. She dug her nails into her palms, and she thought, "This time tomorrow night I'll be Mrs. Rodney Barnett unless I do something drastic, and what is there to do?"

WHEN Harmon came in with the red carnation, William Boone placed it in his left lapel, then stepped back from the tall mirror and looked at himself critically. He glanced at Harmon, and the valet nodded profoundly.

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Did you bring the tapeline? And the flashlight and the skeleton keys?"

"Yes, Mr. Boone."

"And the blueprint?"

"Yes, Mr. Boone."

Harmon removed the items mentioned from a dresser drawer. As he laid them on the bed, his eyebrows were all but meeting in a peak. He moistened his lips several times. He looked not only anxious but rebellious. He compressed his lips with decision and opened them as if he were about to speak his mind, but when he saw William Boone's preoccupied expression he closed his mouth again.

The young man had unfolded the blueprint and was studying it. He murmured, "This is north," and moved the blueprint. He glanced at the ceiling, then back at the blueprint. With his forefinger he traced a path along the central part of it, where the white lines met in a maze. He frowned. He looked at the door. He grunted. He said, "What's directly overhead?"

With an air of disapproval, the valet answered, "I can't say, Mr. Boone. I've done no exploring," but his tone and his attitude seemed to escape William Boone. When he had studied the blueprint a moment longer, he folded it up, and placed it in a hip pocket. He tested the flashlight and disposed of it, the tapeline and the keys in other pockets.

When he went to the door, Harmon said, "Pardon me, Mr. Boone, but are you sure that all this isn't going to get you into trouble?"

"No, Harmon. I'm not at all sure."

HE WENT out. The hall was empty. He walked to the end of it, counting the doors on his left. At the end, he turned right into another long hall. It ended in a door. He opened it an inch and saw a wide stairway running upward into darkness. There was a light switch on the right. He snapped it, but no light came on.

He closed the door and looked up the stairs. He became aware of a dull gray glow at the head of the stairs.

He went up cautiously.

The stairs ended in one corner of a large room that had been remodeled for use as a theater. Camp chairs, once in orderly rows, were scattered about and many had been overturned, no doubt by the last audience that had seen a play here. Dust lay thickly on the chairs and on the floor. Gray dusty light came into the room from windows along three walls. Along the fourth wall was the stage.

The last set that had been used was still standing and it had probably never been touched. The scene might have been used for an amateur production of Tobacco Road. The backdrop was a woodland scene. In the right foreground was a shack with one shuttered window, a ramshackle porch over which vines grew, thick with dust.

William Boone's heart was beating slowly and heavily. This was not what he had expected to find. He had counted on finding a narrow hall and three small rooms in a row with a large storeroom beyond.

He went up on the stage and stood for a moment, undecided, looking at the dreary scene. The daylight was fading. It was not, he decided, the sort of place in which he would care to spend much time in the darkness. All about him, shadows were deepening and spreading.

HE STARTED to leave the stage, and he was suddenly possessed by the conviction that something in the air above him had moved—something glimpsed dimly from the tops of his eyes. He looked up slowly and felt a chill travel the length of his spine. For a moment, he had the impression that a great pale bird, hovering just above him, was about to drop down on him. He saw the outspread wings against the shadowed ceiling. He sent the beam of his flashlight straight up, and what the beam found made him feel only a little easier.

It was an angel of papier-mâché or wood, considerably larger than man size, with great outstretched wings of dusty white feathers and a body of pale green. The face, presented squarely to him, was a brighter green than the body. Its eyes were closed and it was smiling, and it had been smiling in this perpetual dusk, William Boone supposed, for many years.

The illusion that the great green angel was floating up there in space, prepared to pounce on him, curiously persisted, but it was not this illusion, bred of the dusk, that made him uneasy. It was, more than that, the smile. It was an enigmatic smile, a faintly mocking smile, a faintly evil smile. With the closed eyes, the sharp, birdlike nose, the lacquered smoothness of the green skin, the smile was ingeniously designed to fill the beholder with dismay. The sense of chills creeping along his spine persisted in William Boone. It was an uncanny creature, and even when he saw that it was supported by a rope covered with black velvet, his discomfort continued.

He stepped out from under it and, leaving the stage, noticed, for the first time, a thick oak post, square and dark-

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ened with age, which rose from floor to ceiling about twenty feet to the right of the stairway.

He went over to it and examined it, at first quickly, and then inch by inch, holding the light close to it, and making small grunting sounds of excitement. He presently found a small diamond-shaped carving on one face of the post about two feet from the floor, and he said softly, "This is the place."

He stood up quickly and played the flashlight on the floor all about him covering a circle with a radius of about twenty feet. He placed his back to the post on the north side and squinted his eyes along the floor. He murmured, "The wall would have been there, and the door there."

He went to the spot where the door would have been and faced in the direction of the stage. He removed the steel tapeline from his pocket and measured off a distance of exactly eleven feet eight inches. He glanced at his watch. It was seven-twelve. He had been requested to appear for cocktails at seven.

"There's really no hurry," he reflected. "I've got three weeks at least. It will take time to find that spot."

He returned downstairs and to his room. Harmon was waiting anxiously for him. William Boone removed the tapeline, the flashlight, the keys and the blueprint from his pockets and placed them on the bed.

"Well, sir?" the valet said hopefully.

William Boone adjusted his tie and carnation.

"Harmon, I want you to do a little more snooping. Find out all you can about the theater upstairs, when it was built, when it was last used—everything you can."

THE cocktail bar was full of people and noise and laughter. The bar was semicircular and it bellied out into the room from one wall. The face of it was black linoleum carved with streamlined horses and hounds painted white. The wall behind the bar and the ceiling were gunmetal mirrors. The other walls were painted with alternate stripes of white and black about six inches wide which ran from ceiling to floor, and these stripes were reflected in the ceiling.

William Boone stopped in the doorway. Most of the people lined up along the bar were strangers to him, but he recognized Nancy Barnett in a white gown, and Suzette in a white one, and he saw Rodney Barnett beside Suzette with a cocktail glass in one hand, his other arm possessively about her waist. There was a small group about them and Rodney Barnett towered above them, looking lean and hard and, with his dark color, his crooked smile and his animation, dangerously attractive.

William Boone started toward the bar. Suzette was smiling up at Barnett. She was being charming and gay. He wondered what she would do, what her expression would be, when she saw him.

Rodney Barnett said heartily, "Hello, there, Boone! Come over here!"

Suzette turned and saw him. It seemed to him that her eyes flickered a little, but that was all. She was sitting with one elbow on the bar and one foot on the rail. It is difficult for a girl to look graceful in that attitude, but she did. Her smile didn't diminish or change.

Rodney introduced him to a Mr. and Mrs. Dumont and a Miss Eldridge, then to a pretty woman with soft brown hair and large, beautiful blue eyes, a Mrs. Aberdeen.

She must be Suzette's mother, although she looked too young for that. Her greeting was a little cool, and her eyes, it seemed to him, were unfriendly, even challenging. He wondered if Suzette had told her about their meeting in Penn Station and their encounter in the pool.

"And this is my fiancée, Miss Aberdeen. Mr. Boone, Suzette."

William Boone looked into her clear green eyes and said gravely, "How do you do, Miss Aberdeen."

She laughed and said, "Remember me, Mr. Boone? I'm the girl you bumped into in the pool."

Her eyes were sparkling and her smile was gay, and the delicate high color in her cheeks was normal. She was perfectly at ease, and she was enjoying this meeting.

She was in white organdie with small ruffles all the way to her feet, with lozenges of water jade in her ears, with her black hair arranged in curls down on her neck. She had a slender waist and beautiful shoulders, and with her clear dark skin and the green little pendants at her ears she was fascinating.

THEN he saw that his guess had not been very shrewd. Rodney Barnett was talking to the Dumonts and she had turned her back to them to face William Boone, giving him all her attention and seeming to wait with anticipation for what he had to say for himself. She was drumming on the bar with the fingers of one hand.

He watched her hand a moment. She brought each finger down with a hard little thump and so rapidly that all together they made a rippling rhythm. And this was, he decided, a release for nervousness and tension that were not being otherwise displayed at all. Except for the drumming fingers of that hand, she would have convinced him that she was calm and controlled.

He gave a bartender his order and said, "It looks as if fate were working overtime for us, doesn't it?"

"That," Suzette agreed, "is really an awfully cute idea."

"I've been thinking," he said, "if we put all our cards on the table, we'd find some awfully cute pairs."

She looked at him gravely, this tall, lanky young man, with his purposeful blue eyes, aggressive nose and firm mouth over that angular jaw, and she considered his air of relaxation, which didn't deceive her. He was affecting her just as he had before, and what had happened to her in Penn Station was still happening. She thought: "It's ridiculous to fall in love like this."

It wasn't sensible, it wasn't even logical, but nothing with which he had any connection seemed to be sensible or logical.

She wondered again what he was doing in this house, and with a shock remembered something else he had said in Penn Station. He had said, "I'm not the man I shall pretend to be within the hour." What could he have meant by that?

"I owe you an apology," Bill Boone said.

She said quickly, "No, you don't."

"I didn't know the circumstances," he persisted. "You'll have to put it down to my general lack of inhibitions."

Rodney Barnett turned around. He said, "Darling, your glass is empty. You mustn't fall behind. Bartender, another sidecar for Miss Aberdeen."

"I was drinking stingers," Suzette murmured.

"Well, it's practically the same, and you'll find that sidecars wear a lot better."

Suzette thought: "This is the sort of thing I'll learn to take when we're married. If we're married."

He was fondling her elbow and smiling as if he were happy and proud. William Boone had a sudden impulse to smack him in the mouth with all his knuckles.

And he was sourly amused by a sudden realization. He thought: "When he marries her, she'll be my aunt."

(To be continued next week)

"If you're trying to take a man's breath away . . . don't let your breath take your man away. Keep it sweet with LIFE SAVERS!"
"A bright girl never lets a dull taste linger. Freshen up your mouth with MOLAS-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"
"When it comes to something good to eat, I'll take PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS! I love their real mint flavor ...just like fresh-picked mint leaves wet with dew!"
LIFE SAVERS
"Everybody's breath offends sometimes, after eating, smoking, or drinking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours."

All candy products having the distinctive shape of life savers are manufactured by Life Savers Corp., Port Chester, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MIDNIGHT SNACK

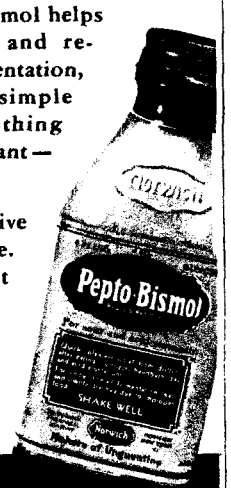
---AND A LATER ATTACK!

A raid on the ice-box, and then the trouble begins. Take pleasant-tasting Pepto-Bismol, to help quiet the upset, aid digestion and soothe the irritated intestinal walls.

•

Stomach distress from over-fullness should not be aggravated by a drastic, irritating physic or purgative. ***Take soothing Pepto-Bismol instead.*** Not an antacid. Pepto-Bismol helps to quiet the upset and retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple diarrhea. This soothing prescription is pleasant—you'll like the taste.

50¢, in the distinctive three-cornered bottle. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.



Good Housekeeping Bureau · Norwich

Makers of Unguentine

PEPTO-BISMOL

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

It's Not for Fun

Continued from page 16

on the mountain front in winter, the Austrian Tirolese Corps opposite.

His unit had an observation post dug deep in the snow on a summit close to the enemy's lines. From it a narrow ridge ran back to the main Italian trenches a mile away. That was the most direct line of communication. It was a ticklish ski run. You had to keep exactly on the crest; if you ran off a few yards on either side you went over a precipitous drop that would smash you up as thoroughly as a big shell.

That route could only be used at night or in heavy fog as it was under the enemy's observation. They had the range exactly and, with their trench mortars, could drop grenades along its entire length. Sometimes at night they'd take shots at it just on the chance that somebody might be passing along.

Some Unscheduled Hazards

One day the Austrians were able to do better than that. They managed to intercept a telephone message telling when the runner was to start back from the post. They got the mortars laid on the route.

The runner, a Chasseur, slipped out of the post into a good thick fog. He started along at a cautious pace, taking care to keep on the crest. When he had gone two hundred yards he heard the first grenade explode behind him.

He dug his sticks in and shot ahead through the fog. He had a vivid consciousness of those cliffs on either side of him, but much more acute was his feeling of the thudding, jarring explosions that crept closer all the time. He drove the sticks in harder, keeping ahead like a rabbit in front of a dog.

When he started to climb he felt that he was done for. The snow was heavy going—it was like running in a nightmare. The grenades were quite close now.

Beyond the rise a long slope led down to the safety of the trench. It was a steep slope, thirty degrees or more, and ordinarily you ran it with many turns and zigzags to check the speed. Especially as the slope was broken by wicked-looking rocks.

At the top the runner paused for half a second, then, with a heave of the shoulders, started down straight. The rocks flashed by, half seen in the fog. There was no chance to steer. Once he hit a patch of frozen crust—lost his balance—almost crashed—then recovered.

He can't remember how he got to the foot. But he claims that the last grenade hit so close that it lifted him right over the edge of the trench.

Reveille in the Chamonix barracks off the village square is before daybreak and breakfast is by lamplight. It's cold in the big, barnlike room but the men don't seem to mind it. They put away quantities of bread and thick soup, cheese and jam and coffee. A day's skiing the way the Chasseurs do it uses up a lot of fuel.

From the way they laugh and joke with one another you can see that they get fun out of soldiering. There's some crack about Armand, the short one with the comical face. You gather that they are predicting that somewhere in today's run he'll be standing on his head, only his agitated skis visible above the snow. You notice that the lieutenant is joking with the rest of them, as if there were no such thing as rank. You have to look sharp for his stripe to tell him apart from the others. Don't make any mistake. Discipline and morale are as high among the Chasseurs as in any other army in the world. But somehow, in this army of mountaineers, discipline hasn't broken down individualism.

The Chasseurs separate into the different details for the day. One group leaves for the high levels above the valley by way of the Brevent Telferique. It's a dizzy ride. From the tiny car suspended from a single cable you look down into the tops of the tall pines. Then the car swings out into void between two peaks and, somehow, the sensation of being suspended over nothing is stronger than one has riding in a plane.

Another lot is starting on a long glacier expedition, to one of the huts that lie far back among the tributaries of the Mer de Glace. They'll be gone two or three days. Their packs are weighted with food and camping equipment—something like forty pounds apiece. Did you ever try skiing under a load like that, keeping your balance on steep downhill runs?

A third group is going out to a practice slope, to work on their turns and jumping.

The Chasseurs are taught much the same technique as civilian skiers, the same Christianias, telemarks, etc. With some differences. The sportsman skier scorns "stick-riding" (holding the ski sticks together and using them as a brake). But the soldier must know how to brake with the sticks. Suppose he's skiing down a very steep slope under fire. He needs to run it straight and fast, braking, rather than come down in a series of pretty turns. Also, as we saw, he must learn the delicate art of skiing with a heavy pack. Just as the military aviator is taught to stunt, so the military skier is taught the fancy and risky tricks of his trade—ski-jumping, downhill racing on the steepest slopes, etc.

Glaciers are always a danger. The skier never knows what may be under the smooth, white surface. The snow may be solid and safe, filling the crevasses. Or it may be flimsy roof over a blue-black abyss hundreds of feet deep. On glaciers the Chasseurs are taught the difficult art of skiing roped together.

Look Out for the Overhang

Sometimes a glacier is broken up into a labyrinth of open crevasses, so close together that there are only narrow and broken paths between them. A Chasseur patrol needs steady heads and sure command of skis to work through such a maze.

The cornice is another peril to guard against. The Chasseur must often climb to high summits or to the narrow crests of steep ridges. On such places the wind has a nasty habit. It blows snow against the summit or crest until it builds out a projecting eave, perhaps twenty feet wide and only a few feet thick. The skier may be climbing a slope toward a crest from which, on the other side, a precipice falls sheer. As he comes to the top the slope eases off, seems to round over in a safe and comfortable dome. He must take care. If he steps out on that swelling hump a whole section of the cornice may fall out under his skis, dropping him a thousand feet or so before he bounces.

The greatest danger is the avalanche. The worst of them come in the spring. The winter has left vast accumulations of new snow on the steep slopes, layers many yards deep that have not consolidated with the old snow underneath. The first warm sun undermines it. The mass, although it still looks solid and substantial, becomes so unstable that any jar, the concussion of a rifle shot, may start it. A fissure appears on the surface, a broad section breaks off and begins to slide. It quickly gains mass and momentum until thousands of tons are coming down, preceded by a great cloud of snow dust and rolling blocks of ice as big as cottages. Its roar echoes through the mountains miles away. An entire patrol, caught in its path, might be wiped out in ten seconds.

Sometimes it is military discipline that makes the margin between safety and disaster. Discipline once saved a party of three. (A lieutenant and two privates is a frequently used combination in military skiing.) This group, which was roped together, was on a slope when an avalanche started above it. It was a long way above—there was time to get out of the path. The danger was that the man at each end of the rope would obey the overpowering impulse to start in his own direction, pinning them in the path of the slide. But the lieutenant snapped out the order, "*A droite,*" and, the three moving as one man, they slid out of danger.

"Have you a recording of Beethoven's Silly Symphony?"

A. ROSS

And so, at Chamonix and in the other military schools, the Chasseur is taught to cope with the dangers of the winter Alps. He learns the tricks of the weather—how to recognize the approach of a storm, why a steep slope may be safe in the morning but dangerous in the afternoon. He learns to detect the hardly perceptible signs that indicate the presence of snow-covered crevasses or when a slope is apt to avalanche. He acquires the ability to keep alive under all conditions of cold and storm—even, if necessary, to bivouac for the night in the winter snow.

To do that a trench is dug in the snow, the bottom covered with pine boughs, if they are available, the skis and sticks laid across the top and covered either with canvas or with more pine boughs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men lie huddled close together in a camp like that.

Superimposed on this general knowledge of advanced skiing and high mountaineering is the special technique of fighting on skis. The Chasseur learns the exaggerated crouch that makes him a smaller target, to take every advantage of cover while descending fast, to study the ground and the cover ahead before each successive run. He is drilled in dropping instantly, while at full speed, into one of the three firing positions—kneeling, sitting, prone. For a shot downhill or to the right a right Christie. For prone shooting he drops on his belly between the skis which are pointed obliquely right and left, this position allowing him to regain his feet with the minimum delay. He learns that a snow breastwork must be two meters thick to stop a bullet.

Autogiros and Animals

Tanks and the other heavy machinery of warfare have no place in high mountain fighting, most combat is with the weapons that the skier carries on his back: the rifle, the pistol and the short bayonet. Machine guns are used too, even the heavy variety. They are mounted on skis and dragged up the slopes by a pair of sturdy Chasseurs.

The high command is experimenting with various types of equipment. They have had some success with motor-driven sleds, the sort that are used by Arctic explorers. And, in last year's maneuvers, foreign military observers were specially excited about the performance of an autogiro plane mounted on skis. It landed ski scouts and equipment on remote snow summits that would have taken a day's hard climbing to reach. In war it might maintain small detachments on isolated peaks surrounded by the enemy.

Animals, too, have their part in Alpine war. Flocks of pigeons and packs of St. Bernard dogs are on the pay roll of the Ministry of War. The St. Bernards are first-rate soldiers, transporting food and ammunition, carrying the wounded. They may be supplanted, though. In the last maneuvers, two French explorers, Paul-Emile Victor and Michel Perrez, demonstrated a team of huskies that they had used in Greenland. The Ministry thinks of investing heavily in huskies.

The strategy of ski warfare is partly based on the use of the teleferique. In the French Alps there are hundreds of those flimsy-looking cables, swung over deep gorges, soaring up from the valley to ragged peaks thousands of feet above, the tiny car creeping up and down. Many of them are used primarily by civilian skiers and summer sightseers. But even these have often been placed with a view to military use. In Alpine warfare the teleferiques would enable the Chasseurs to maintain observation posts on lofty, isolated peaks.

The World War saw the first extensive use of skis in battle. That part of it which was fought on the Alpine front was a weird, nightmarish kind of fighting. They fought in the great snow massifs of the Ortler and Adamello, on the fantastic crags of the Dolomites, in the labyrinth of deep, narrow valleys that carve up that corner of the world. Soldiers lived in caves hacked out of glaciers. They managed to get cannon to the summits of peaks that are only to be reached by severe rock climbing. They attacked and defended trenches dug in snow that lies in fathomless depths all the year round. In such fighting, skis were essential.

The Austrians took the lead. In 1893 skiing had been introduced in their army by a hawk-faced colonel, Bilgeri. When the war broke out he was still active and had ready a highly trained corps of Tirolese skiers. At first the Italians were at a disadvantage. But they happened to capture a copy of Bilgeri's military ski manual, which they promptly used to improve the organization and training of their own ski corps. Within a year they were on equal terms with the Tirolese.

It was hard and dangerous work, this warfare in the high Alps. Besides the enemy, each side had to fight the brute force of the mountains. Several thousand of the mountain troops were killed by avalanches alone.

The fighting was savage. There were battles in the zero weather of midwinter when the dead and some of the wounded had to be left on the snow. There they were soon covered deep by storm and drifting snow. It wasn't until the thaws of late spring that the corpses showed themselves.

But, as the war went on into stalemate, there were some quiet sectors of the mountain front where a spirit of fraternizing grew up between the two lines. An Austrian told me of having spent two years in a trench hardly twenty yards from the enemy. They got to think of themselves as mountaineers together rather than enemies. The Austrian showed me photographs he had snapped of Italians across the way. Once, when he was about to take a picture, the Italians called out "Una momente," and presently there were four Italians posing for the picture.

The Austrians had tobacco, the Italians had white bread, and presently a system of barter grew up. It was trying to the patience of the high command.

Since the war the Italians have continued to develop their ski troops. There have been some opportunities to compare them with the Chasseurs. In former years, when the two nations were better friends, the Italians sent officers and men to compete in the military ski championship meets that the French army holds every year.

Glamor in a Grim Game

These meets are held either at Chamonix or elsewhere in the French Alps. There are all the events of the ordinary ski meet—the long-distance cross-country races, the downhill runs, the slalom, the jump. Also there are strictly military events—patrol marches, rifle contests on skis. The French public comes in large numbers to see the defenders of its frontier. It's as colorful as a football crowd—military bands, gay winter sports costumes and the vehement enthusiasm of Latin applause.

They cluster at the finish line. The loud-speaker barks out the names of each successive runner as he starts above:

"Faure."

There's a hush, then a murmur as they catch sight of him far above, taking the turns at breathless speed.

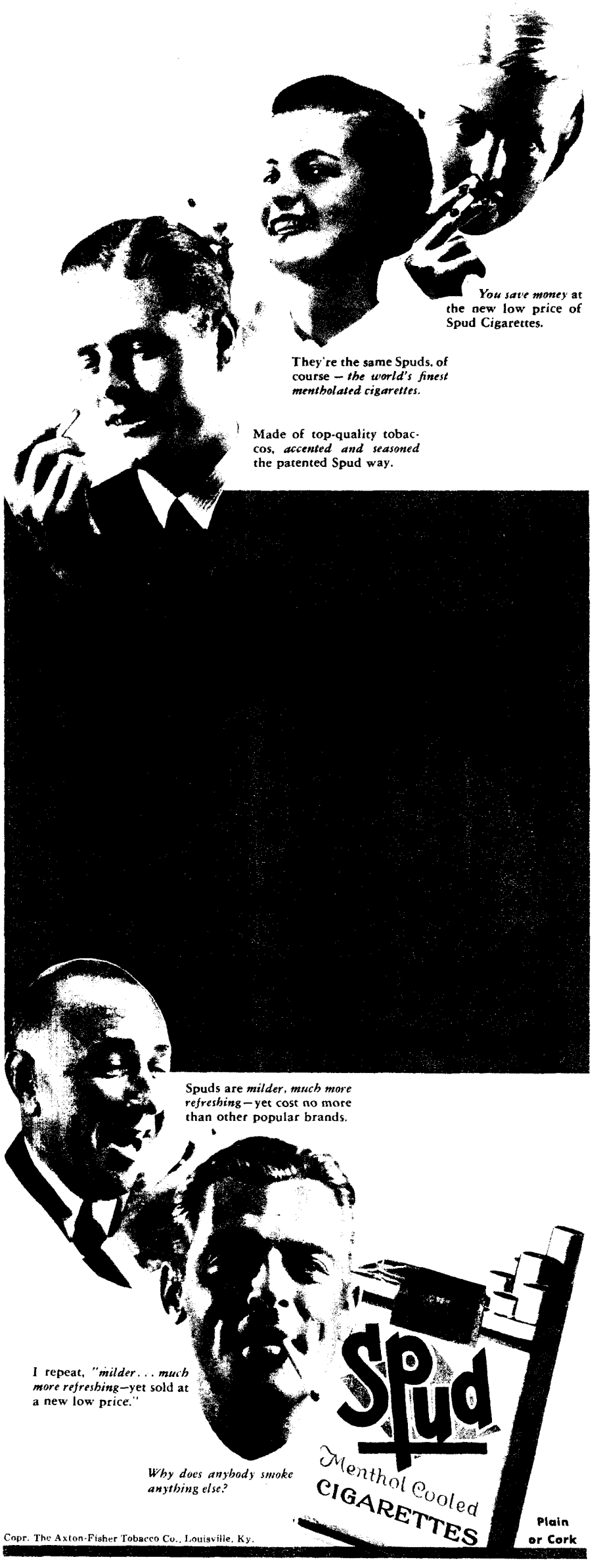
"*Dégagez.*" Gangway!

As he sweeps across the line there's a crescendo of frenzied cheering.

Many high-ranking generals from the Ministry of War attend, and the commandants of the Alpine fortified area.

The Italians won a fair share of the events. When they attended, the two nations heard each other's national anthems, fraternized with all the friendly enmity of an Army-Navy football game. Real war between the two was then an unthinkable thing.

There isn't much glamor in the warfare of today—nothing romantic in tanks and poison gas and mechanized fighting. If the world is insane enough to stagger into another great war it will be more "dirty, dull and dangerous" than the last. But there'll be one or two phases of it that will have all the dash and daring of the days of the white plume of Henry of Navarre. One of them will be fighting on skis.


You save money at the new low price of Spud Cigarettes.
They're the same Spuds, of course — the world's finest mentholated cigarettes.
Made of top-quality tobaccos, accented and seasoned the patented Spud way.
Spuds are milder, much more refreshing—yet cost no more than other popular brands.
I repeat, "milder . . . much more refreshing—yet sold at a new low price."
Why does anybody smoke anything else?
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
Plain or Cork
Copr. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Ky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh! Oh!" She fumbled at her throat with mad and groping hands. "My necklace! My necklace! Oh, my necklace!"

Young Wife

By Colette

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD L. McKENNA

TWELVE o'clock. That's fine; I've got plenty of time to finish up. It'll be an hour, anyhow, before she gets in."

Before engrossing himself once more in the examination of the case of Piedrouge vs. Piedrouge, The Honorable Philip Margat put a log on the fire.

"Lila's going to be late again. It's always like that, with those Galibiers. One rubber more, one last little drink before they go to bed. And my wife always is so agreeable. 'All right, yes, fine,' she says, and smiles and shows her dimples, and there's always some fool to compare her teeth and her pearls."

If only he'd had the sense to sell it, that necklace of pearls, that heirloom of his mother's, life and the hard apprentice years of a lawyer would have been so much simpler for him. But Lila was out of her head about the necklace, and so he'd given it to her. She wouldn't let go of it, after that.

Philip polished his glasses, and his tired eyes rested upon the old furniture's gloomy red. "If I'd sold that necklace, I could have had the whole place done over."

The bell rattled and Philip went quickly to the door.

"What a good girl you are tonight! It's only twenty after twelve."

"Ooh! I'm cold, I'm so cold! And you're so nice and comfortable in here, next to your fire!"

She shivered, wriggling her shoulders under the blue velvet cloak that was so frivolous and pretty.

"Oh, yes! I have it so easy here! I'm so sorry for you, you poor galley slaves of pleasure! Here I am, having such a good time, just writing a brief."

He laughed, being so glad to see again her bright hair and her clear candid eyes, and the firelight dancing in them.

"Oh, how nice it is to be warm again!" She opened her cape, and thrust herself back gratefully upon the creaking old lounge, and closed her eyes, and sighed in tired comfort. In the half dusk, her pale blue gown gleamed like an oyster shell.

"With a few very delicate colors," said Philip, "I consider that your pearls are unnecessary."

She smiled at him, with closed eyes.

"You think so?"

"Of course. You thought the same thing, since you didn't wear them."

"Oh! Oh!" She fumbled at her throat with mad and groping hands.

"My necklace! My necklace! Oh, my necklace! . . ."

"You—you haven't lost it?"

"My necklace—my . . ."

"Come on, now. Come on. Wait a minute, I'll go look in the hall. Maybe it's in the elevator. I'll go hunt down in the lobby. Don't lose your head, now. Just wait here."

HE RUSHED about, here and there; she tried to collect herself, to remember exactly what she'd done that day, that night. "Oh, I'm so frightened, so frightened," she whispered to herself. That necklace—that necklace—she saw it now—saw it—saw it. . . . She relaxed; color touched her cheeks again.

"Not a thing," he said, when he came in. "I've even taken a look down in the driveway. Don't let's go crazy. And the first thing to do, you sit down at my desk. Get that telephone."

"Telephone?" she said.

She opened her great big frightened eyes, and Philip lost his patience.

"Call the Galibiers! Lila, what's the matter with you? Segur 5104."

"No! No, Philip! Look! They must have gone to bed."

"What do I care? Let them get up, then, and hunt for it!"

He walked up and down; he rubbed his chin and his nose.

"Now look. Didn't you go to a night club, or a movie? You were in the same place all night? Lila! I'm talking to you."

"No. No. We were there all night." Her tone was dead.

"I'm going over to the Galibiers'," he said, briskly. "I'll tell them what's up, without giving the servants any idea. We'll look for it ourselves."

Already he was fumbling at the cord of his dressing gown. Her quick hand stopped him.

"No! Listen! Listen! Suppose I lost it somewhere else, it's useless to worry our friends about it."

How calm she was now, after her first dismay, how full of consideration for her friends! Philip looked at her with brooding eyes.

"We'll grant that. The necklace may be in your sister's car. She brought you home?"

"No . . ."

"Then you took a taxi?"

"No—I—I walked home."

"All by yourself? At this hour of the night, and by the wharves? Lila, that's the height of stupidity. *I've told you, twenty times. . . . What way did you go?*"

"What good is that?"

"What good is it? You ask that, and you've lost a necklace worth that much money! Where did you go, before you came home? Too many drinks, is that it? Can't you even remember where you were?"

His voice was high and harsh. Her eyelids fluttered, as if she were just awakening, and she answered him only with a look, a startled glance that traveled from her husband's face to his shabby robe, to his rumpled shirt, back again to a chin that had not been white since morning. "Nothing so ugly as a child's tears." Into her secret heart there came another image, the image of a man who was gay and bold. A man who was handsome enough to make her lose her heart, *if she didn't have the strength to run away.* A man who would be playing now with a forgotten necklace. "Oh, take that off, dear; it spoils the lovely sweep of your throat." The first yielding, the first acquiescence. . . .

She sighed. In a half-voice, almost as if half intended, she said, "No."

"What do you mean, no? Do you happen to notice that that's all I can get out of you, since you came in, that word 'No'? Be a little good for something, will you? Help us get that necklace back, that small fortune that I was weak enough to give you, that you wrap around your neck to show off, that you've lost by your carelessness. Oh, if I only had it to do over again! The way I've scrimped and saved."

Lila never stirred, but her eyes were like pale pin points. She was listening to tones and words she'd never heard before, the tones and words of a man who has in his heart only tartness and bitterness, and selfish regrets. She never said a word; he went on and on. Scattered phrases came to her: a life that's unbearable—a giddy helpmate—egoism—lack of understanding. . . .

At the word "incompatible," Lila rose as if she were answering a bell.

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Incompatible. That's it. Incompatible."

"What? What's that you say?"

Erect before him, she smoothed her dress.

"I said, 'Yes'," she said. "Yes, and yes. You were scolding me for saying 'No.' Well, I say 'Yes.' Yes, incompatible. Aren't you satisfied, now? Incompatible. Don't you see that?"

"Lila—this is craziness."

"Yes," she nodded. "If you like. Yes, I'm crazy. Yes. I've got something, here . . ."

SHE touched her breast, just at the height of her heart.

"Here, something that's secret, something that beats all the time, that hurts me in the loveliest way. Yes, there's a picture there, inside of me. Want me to say yes, again? Yes! Yes, I know where I left my necklace. I know where I'm going to look for it tomorrow, too. But maybe I won't come back, I or the necklace either."

She stared up at him, she spoke with a readiness that dragged him out of his stupor. He seized her roughly, bruising the bare arms that she didn't try to defend.

"Listen," she said, and her voice was full of menace, "if you get rough with me, you're going to find out just how much I detest you. Yes, detest, yes, I detest you. I . . ."

He didn't dare to hurt her. He opened his hands, and she fled from him. Behind the bolted door of her bedroom, she stood for a moment, transfixed and silent. The swirling darkness bathed her, and it helped to give her back her scruples, the scruples of a young wife who is a little flirtatious but not wanton—a young wife like a great many frivolous young wives. The need of frankness, of confession, left her, little by little, and the freezing air from the open window moderated her joy in her outspokenness. Her knees bent under her from weariness; she touched a switch, and sat down to do her hair.

There, before her, on her dressing table, was a half circle of white and rose, the necklace she hadn't worn that night, the necklace that glistened with a soft refulgence, a rainbow above ruins.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100,000 MILES OF THIS

WITH THE ORIGINAL PISTONS

In 1936, Arrow Rock Company, of Los Angeles, bought two Ford V-8 Trucks and put them to work—hard work.

Both trucks turned in such remarkable records of economy that this company has since purchased twenty-one more Ford V-8 Trucks.

"The first two Ford Trucks now have more than 100,000 miles on each speedometer," they report. "And both motors have the original pistons in them!"

This is just one case among thousands. Operators everywhere are discovering that the Ford Truck is built to do more work, in less time, at lower cost. That means—delivering bigger loads faster . . . covering more miles per day . . . at reduced operating and maintenance costs.

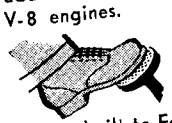
In addition to the time-tested 85-hp. and 60-hp. V-8 engines, Ford offers a new 95-hp. V-8 engine. There are new hydraulic brakes, built to Ford standards of safety and performance. And a host of time-proved Ford Truck features that mean more truck for every truck dollar.

Arrange through your Ford dealer for an "on-the-job" test.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY • BUILDERS OF FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS, FORD TRUCKS, COMMERCIAL CARS, STATION WAGONS AND TRANSIT BUSES

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1939 FORD V-8 TRUCKS

NEW 95-HORSE-POWER V-TYPE EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE—Ford now widens the range of power available for Ford Trucks, by offering the new 95-hp. V-8 engine in addition to the improved 85 and 60 hp. V-8 engines.

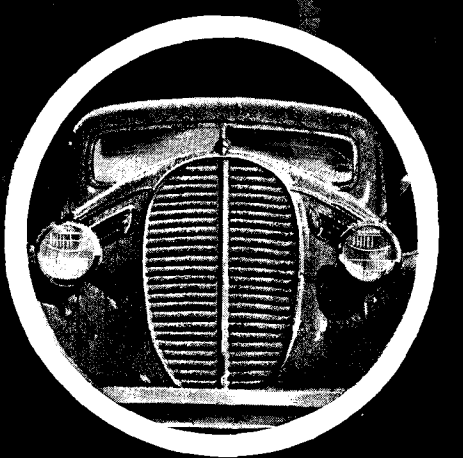


NEW HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Four-wheel hydraulic service brakes, built to Ford standards of safety, are regular equipment on all Ford Trucks. Regular and C. O. E. Trucks have completely independent hand brake system with separate, mechanically operated brakes inside rear drums.

ROCK CO.

15

Y 6041



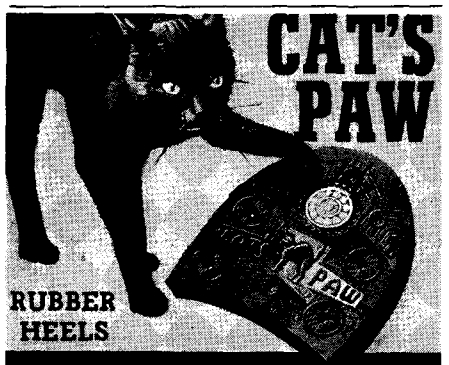
FORD V-8 TRUCKS FOR 1939

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOILETS HAVE GLISTENED FOR 27 YEARS

Keep your water-closet bowls glistening and clean as new with Sani-Flush. Easy to use—no unpleasant scouring. Cannot hurt the plumbing connections. Shake a little into the bowl twice a week.
Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

• This advertisement appeared when Sani-Flush was new. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets after 27 years. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *Directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



STOPS SLIPPING INSTANTLY

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from *purely vegetable* ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. *15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.*

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Now Take the Jitterbug

Continued from page 13

For swing means a lot to every musician—and to everybody else, including jitterbugs. Swing is the food and drink and the relaxation and the music of the times. It has crowded high-brow music over on the pedestal, climbed its way to a place beside it. It has been enthused over by professors who call it "integrated rhythm," and has given the errand boy something to put his heart and life into enjoying. It is as difficult to explain as the Mona Lisa's smile or the nutty hats women wear—but just as stimulating. It remains something you take 5,000 words to explain, then leaves you wondering what it is. It is something to be reacted to but not helped if you can't hear or feel it, any more than an opera aria would be helped if a grand dame in the diamond horseshoe suddenly yanked a whistle from her V-neck and blew it lustily during a lovely bit of Puccini.

Which brings me to the matter of jitterbug etiquette. There's no reason why jitterbugs shouldn't have their fireworks but I'm all for them having them when the number's over. Even the opera claque goes into its thirty minutes' rehearsed hoop-la when the tenor's finished and breathing heavily on his aria. The stuffiest symphony fiend, of the ickiest (long-hair) variety, even loses enough control to thwack his palms sincerely. Though he doesn't ever whistle, I think he should. I'm sure Stokowski'd get a kick out of the gesture. But let the jitterbug restrain himself—have his jam session at the right moment. If he doesn't mind his manners, I think the swing leader has as much right to march off the bandstand as Stokowski.

You Can't Fool Whiteman

To deny the jitterbug the right to react to the music would be like denying the feminine heart the right to beat faster at the sight of Robert Taylor. Professor Paul Whiteman, always a scientific inquirer, has gone so far as to put the lie detector on the rabid swing fan. His searching experiments have proved that no one, from an 1890 debutante to the most violent jitterbug, can help getting a pulse from a hot trumpet any more than you can help getting a kick out of Sid Luckman pitching one good for fifty yards and a touchdown. But he has also proved that a jitterbug's pulse, while more violent than that of an older person, hardly is sufficient to warrant such a display as some of them put on; that it's ten per cent pulse and five hundred per cent exhibitionism. The good prof also feels like the rest of us—that, if you must exhibit something to music, exhibit your footwork. As do the rest of us, the good prof heartily approves of the thousand-legged jitterbug but hates to have the nondancing jitterbug lead his orchestra for him and block the trombone orbit with his presence.

As for the type of jitterbug who at Palmer Stadium rushed out to help Dartmouth stem the Princetonian tide, that, too, is a difficult fellow whose manners need correcting. Think of Hal Kemp's problem when this type, in the actual person of the Duke of Windsor, a charter member of the jitterbugs, can't restrain himself when Hal's boys are giving, and simply must climb up among the Kemp cats and give with the drumsticks. As do Gene Mako and Don Budge when Tommy Dorsey's in town. If I'm not mistaken Tommy never got so excited at the Germantown Cricket Club that he had to leap from his seat, grab a racket and help Budge and Mako defend the Davis Cup against Quist and Bromwich. And the tennis twins needed Tommy that occasion more than vice versa, with all due respect to the teniseers' drumstick backhands!

More and more, swing is falling into two groups. The Raymond Scott variety describes Midnight in a Madhouse, or Twilight in Turkey, and is not for dancing. It hits you above the eyebrows. You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby is a song aimed at the feet. When listening, it's nice to hear; when dancing, I believe jitterbugs should dance. I'm crazy about the chandelier-kicking type of jitterbug dancing. It's rhythmic mathematics, sometimes as gifted as the music that inspires it. It's even inspiring to the musicians, adds heat to their playing.

However, if jitterbugs refuse to or can't dance, and would rather listen, let them stand, if they must stand, so arranged that there will be slots for the trombones to slip through and elbow room for the drummer's flying sticks. Let them listen with all their ears and with all their hearts and with all their minds. Let them take an expert's word that if they do, they'll hear things that they never heard before, things that will boost them higher than Louis Armstrong's top flight C, which is higher than the Alps and more stunning. If they don't yell throughout the skillful modulations the arrangers switch tunes with, they'll get the thrill of brilliant mathematical changes, subtleties of tone combinations and blendings we try to put into things. They'll hear Tommy Dorsey's trombone as they never heard it before, find things in Count Basie's smooth. dazzling arrangements the Count put there for them. They'll get a deeper, sweeter kick out of sweet swing. Everything will sound better—if not so loud. And swing like anything else has its different moods, pace and colors. Nobody does everything at top speed without letdown.

Meanwhile, the Clintons and Basies are scared to death that their most subtle arrangements will be drowned out, stomped down. Clinton knows that a trumpet is the most tempting instrument you can operate near a jitterbug (it always unseats him) and he also knows you can't have swing without a trumpet. But when it's time to give with the trumpets, Larry must blend in saxes, and sneak around his effects like a dishonest man.

There's the Other Extreme

This doesn't mean I'd encourage the icky, or high-brow, regard for swing. I want my swing to remain democratic. I grow violently jitterbuggy myself when anyone sinks into a cataleptic state when Raymond Scott is being played, and shushes you if you happen to sneeze. I'm ready to shoot when the ickies kick swing around with professorial nonsense. Swing fanatics who discuss the swing musicians with an absurd terminology and farfetched slang, which includes calling a clarinet a licorice stick, a trombone a mudhook and so forth, also give me the well-known pang. Swing critics who would exterminate all jitterbugs on sight remind me of art critics who would guillotine the addlepated who draw mustaches on pretty girls in subway ads. All ickiness is a form of sickiness. To me the swing icky is as dismal as the high-brow music icky. Swing isn't as important as the icky thinks it, and certainly not as unimportant as the long-haired classicist thinks it.

We're all jitterbugs to some extent. If your pulse fails to leap when you hear swing, it's time to see a doctor. But if you blow up the lie detector when it's applied, it's time to reach for the strait jacket.

Somewhere between the icky and the hoodlum, the answer to our jitters lies. Like flowers and kissing, swing can't stand analysis. And even while kissing, some demand manners.

"I did like the way he put it, though—something about making great music together" BARBARA SHERMUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROVE IT YOURSELF!

...THAT A FINE BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

Like an interesting personality, TOM HARDY is attracting many friends for many reasons. And whether *you* like TOM HARDY for its smooth taste . . . for its mellow flavor . . . for its Glenmore heritage . . . or for its economy, you'll be glad you made this test:

• POUR IT
Pour yourself a drink of this "all-whiskey" *Blend* of several Kentucky Straight Whiskies.

• SMELL IT
Enjoy the deep full-bodied bouquet of this famous GLENMORE Blend.

• TASTE IT
TOM HARDY'S rare blend formula brings you a rich smoothness . . . at a surprisingly low price.

We believe you will agree that TOM HARDY is the smoothest, mellowest, best-flavored blended whiskey you ever tasted.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Tom Hardy

A BLEND OF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE • OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS

Pour **GLENMORE** *you get more*
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 and 100 Proof

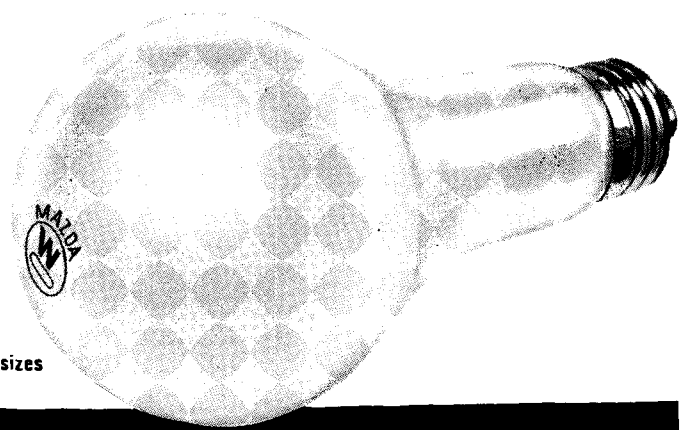
The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

Change to **MINT SPRINGS**
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WHAT is a *Westinghouse Mazda Lamp*, Mother?"
"A Westinghouse Mazda Lamp, my dear, is a lamp that *gives brighter light longer*. Some day you'll learn, like Mother has, how to be a thrifty buyer. When you buy lamps, you'll learn to say, '*Westinghouse Mazda Lamps*, please'."

75 AND 100 WATT SIZES
Now
15¢
15, 25, 40, 50 and 60 watt sizes also 15¢



Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS
Westinghouse Lamps

Break Up the Yankees!

Continued from page 19

by paying Boston $100,000 for Babe Ruth, the best investment baseball has ever known. The Great Bam made New York an American League town and the Yankee organization is keeping it that way—a most laudable thing if it weren't for the fact that by their very success the Yankees are threatening to ruin baseball elsewhere.

The Yankees now have a great manager in Joe McCarthy, a great business manager in Ed Barrow, a great chain-store manager in George Weiss and a great scouting staff—but all the brains of baseball are not confined to this group. There are other fine scouts and there are other great managers—but there was only one Ruppert with his zest for victory and his moneybags. Frankly, the rest of the teams in both leagues, with the possible exceptions of Tom Yawkey of the Boston Red Sox and P. K. Wrigley of the Chicago Cubs, are utterly unable to match the New York organization in this big-business phase of baseball.

Take the unknown sand-lot pitcher who shall be called Bill Smith. He had just struck out nineteen batters in the final game of a tournament and a posse of ivory hunters were on his trail.

The St. Louis Browns stood ready to pay him $1,000 for the simple act of placing his signature on a contract. The Brooklyn man scoffed at such a piker offer and raised the ante to $1,500. "Cigarette money!" sneered the man from Detroit. "We'll pay you two grand." The Boston Red Sox representative was indignant. "Those guys are trying to steal you," he stormed. "Here's a check for $2,500 and here's a fountain pen."

But the Yankee scout merely said: "Take your time, kid. Listen to what they've got to say, then go home and talk it over with your folks. When the best offer is in, shoot me a wire and name the figure. I'll top it by a thousand dollars."

Bidders Who Never Lose

It is this advantage that makes the Yankee scouting staff the most successful in baseball. If it comes to a matter of bidding, they never lose. When they lose a man they want, it is never money that stands in the way. Hank Greenberg, for example. At the age of sixteen he was approached by the major-league scouts and the bidding began. The Yankees were on the ground and prepared to meet any figure but they hadn't calculated on young Hank and his family. Hank figured the thing out for himself. Lou Gehrig was first baseman for the Yanks and was going to stay at that job—possibly forever. Hank knew that no matter what the Yankees might pay him to sign there was no chance of getting Gehrig's job so he joined up with Detroit. For that little deed he received a bonus of $9,000—all made possible by the New York competition.

When there was a possibility that Judge Landis might declare Bob Feller a free agent, the baseball world knew that nobody was going to outbid the late Colonel Ruppert for the kid. Fortunately for us out here in Cleveland, the judge had pity on us and Feller stayed here. We weren't so lucky with Tommy Henrich. When Judge Landis decided that Cleveland had "covered him up" and declared him a free agent, it was a foregone conclusion that Henrich would land with New York. Most of the other clubs made perfunctory bids just in case the Yanks decided they didn't want Henrich, but when Johnny Nee, the New York scout, once landed in Massillon, everybody knew it was over.

Occasionally a Feller or a Vander Meer or a Greenberg or Dean escapes the Yankee dragnet and gives the fifteen other clubs a moment of hope, but in their hearts they know that the cards are stacked against them. The New York club has money, organization and a ruthless disregard for the spirit if not the letter of that curious and complex code that is known as the law of the game.

Don't get me wrong! The Yankees aren't doing anything their competitors aren't doing, but they are operating on such a vastly greater scale that it has compelled the smaller violators to turn square and holler copper on the Yankees. There's a rule in the book that reads: "Since the supply of skilled players is not equal to the demand, no club shall have title to or under its control at any one time more than forty (40) players."

Five Times the Legal Limit

This rule was supposed to have a dual purpose. It was designed to protect the weaker and less wealthy clubs against a powerful rival that might attempt to tie up more players than it could use and hence make it impossible for the weaker teams to strengthen themselves; and it was to protect the player from being bound to a club that wouldn't use him and keep him from playing for a team that needed him sorely.

Now, let's have a look at the Yankees. Under the active-player limit in effect in 1938, they had twenty-three men in uniform at the stadium, not counting Manager McCarthy and his coaches, Art Fletcher, Earle Combs and Johnny Schulte. If the Yanks were to limit themselves to the legal number of forty players, this would give them seventeen men who could be lent, optioned, or farmed to minor-league teams, on what is known as the reserve list. The law-givers believed that seventeen players in the process of development in the minor leagues were sufficient to assure a team of adequate replacements as veterans faded and decayed.

But the Yankees dissent. They own the Newark, Kansas City, Binghamton, Norfolk and Akron clubs, on whose combined rosters are the names of approximately eighty-five players, who are as definitely Yankee property as Lefty Gomez.

In addition, the Yankees have working agreements with about ten minor-league clubs. Under these agreements they pay a stipulated sum annually to each (it may range between $1,000 and $5,000) in consideration of which the club gives the Yankees the privilege of claiming any or all players from its ranks at the end of the season. In the smaller minors the usual player limit is fourteen or fifteen, so from their ten associates the Yankees have something like 140 players under their control.

Deliberately to err on the conservative side, the Yankees control at least two hundred players, or five times as many as the law allows! In no imaginable future can they use more than a few of them, but the Browns, Phillies, Dodgers or Athletics could use some of them right now. Other managers speak in awe of this material. Marty MacManus managed Wilkes-Barre in the N. Y.-Penn League last year, in which the Yankee farm team, Binghamton, won the pennant.

"They had three players there," said MacManus, "who are good enough right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now for most big-league teams: Tony DePhillips, catcher; Pete Suder, third baseman; Tommy Holmes, center fielder. They'll be up this year with Newark."

The strength of the Yankee organization is so great that they could afford to keep Charlie Keller last year with Newark although competent baseball men were as a unit in saying that Keller, even as a minor leaguer, was one of the greatest outfielders in baseball last year. There are experts who have pronounced him a better ballplayer than Joe DiMaggio was when DiMag' joined the Yankees. To acquire Keller's contract it was only necessary for Jacob Ruppert, president of the American League Baseball Club of New York, to write a check covering the purchase price and hand it to Jacob Ruppert, president of the Newark International Baseball Club, Inc.

In fairness it must be admitted that other clubs can and do circumvent the player-limit rule. Every club follows the practice of "covering up" players in the minors, which is to say of owning and controlling players under "gentlemen's agreements" without filing the documents that proclaim this ownership and control. But Kenesaw Mountain Landis, czar of baseball, frowns darkly on this dodge and club owners resort to it at the risk of incurring the judge's wrath and having their ballplayers snatched away from them.

Consider Tommy Henrich, who was picked off the sand lots of Massillon by a Cleveland scout. The Indians, their reserve list filled to the forty-player limit, covered him up in the minors. That is, they placed him with Zanesville and then shifted him to New Orleans and later to Milwaukee, without making legal record of their ownership.

Landis stepped in, found Cleveland guilty of concealing title to Henrich and ruled him a free agent. The Yankees paid him a bonus of $25,000 for signing and became the owner of a great young ballplayer who had been developed at Cleveland's expense. Cleveland, being financially unable to buy and operate a chain of minor-league teams, was obliged to resort to subterfuge to give Henrich the training he needed to be a big-leaguer. New York, owning the Newark club, was enabled to keep Keller there until they needed him.

Men like Yawkey at Boston and Wrigley at Chicago can possibly keep up with the Yankee competition. So, after a fashion, can Detroit, one of the game's greatest money-makers. So can the New York Giants. But what of men like Connie Mack and Gerry Nugent in Philadelphia or Clark Griffith in Washington? How about Pittsburgh and the St. Louis Browns and the Boston Bees? Unless the ownership of these clubs passes into the hands of multimillionaires, it will always be impossible for them to tie up the sources of baseball's raw material—the young players.

To get new players the Yankees have formed a remarkable scouting staff, with Joe Devine and Bill Essick covering the Middle West and West, Paul Kritchell and Gene McCann the East, and Johnny Nee the South. They are paid top salaries for their strange profession—from $6,000 to $7,500 a year—and they comb the bypaths like bloodhounds in search of a footprint.

As a matter of fact, the Yankee chain makes a profit on players they can't use. After keeping them lingering hopelessly around for several years, they sold George McQuinn to the Browns and Johnny McCarthy to the Giants, the latter for $40,000. Bob Seeds also went to the Giants and Jimmy Gleason of Newark has been bought by the Cubs. But it will be noted that the Yanks bestow their favors—at a price—only to the teams that can't hurt them. Their surplus talent is not for sale to the Red Sox, Indians or the Detroit Tigers. They can't use all their army of players but they can say who is to have them. If you think that doesn't matter, you are referred to the record for the past three years.

Nobody can deny that if the Yanks lack pitchers everybody else is in the same boat. Where the difference comes is in the method they use to remedy that condition. When they want Oral Hildebrand from the Browns, they are able to offer such trading material that the deal can't be refused. For Hildebrand they gave Myril Hoag, a man good enough to be a regular on the best team in baseball.

As a clincher they added Joe Glenn, second catcher for the world champions, and a man evilly remembered in Cleveland for his performance in the crucial series last year that finally licked the Indians. Glenn's hitting was the crusher. He is good enough for any club in baseball—and yet the Yankees can afford to give him away because they have Buddy Rosar, a miracle man, coming up from Newark. As long as they have material to throw away like that, they'll never have to worry about pitchers. If there are young hurlers around to be had, they'll outbid the world for them; if not, they'll get the older ones by offering trades that no rival manager could refuse.

As if all these advantages weren't enough, the Yankees and Giants happen to be situated in a spot where their overhead can be earned without taking in a cent from baseball. By renting their parks for prize fights, college and professional football, and a few other occasions, they have their financial problem licked before they open the season.

Well, that's the situation. . . . The rich clubs get richer, the poor ones get poorer. What can be done? I'm neither a prophet nor a dictator. I make no pretense of knowing how the situation can be corrected.

It might be possible to work out a plan comparable to the one used in professional football, whereby the available new players are put on a list and selection made from them with the team finishing last in the league the year before having first pick. The second last team takes second choice and so to the top, the process being repeated until the list is exhausted.

Just how this plan could be adapted to the peculiar condition of baseball is a question I will leave for the great legal minds, but here is a start:

(a) Let a commission be created to survey the field each year and draft the proposed list of 1,000 prospective big-leaguers, both from amateur and minor-league professional ranks.

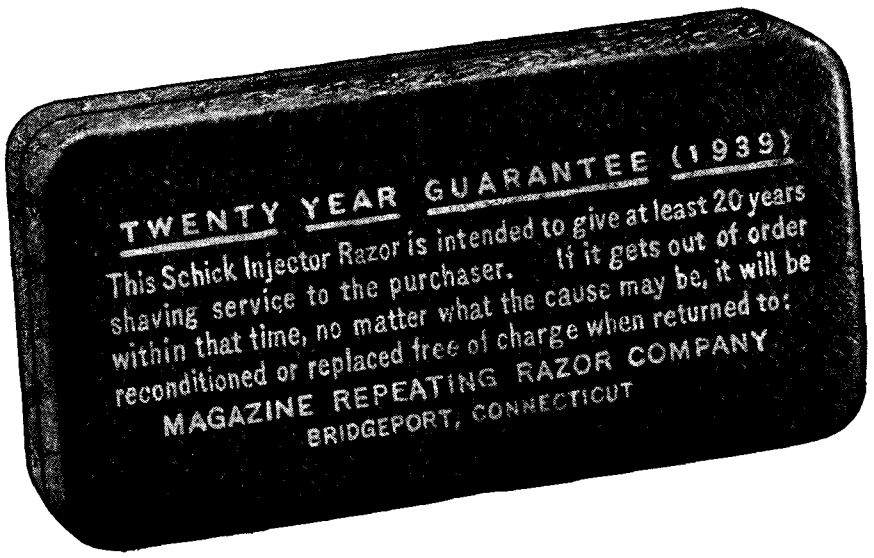
(b) Let minor-league club owners fix a price upon the players they have for sale and let this asking price be filed with the commissioner.

(c) Let a sum be fixed to be paid to amateur players as a bonus for signing their first professional contract.

(d) Then let the cellar champions of the two major leagues have first choice from the list, and so on up to the pennant winners of the previous seasons, who would choose last.

I'll admit I'm only taking a shot in the dark, but I'm downright definite about something: If one or two powerful clubs can ruin competition in baseball, it's a goner. It may be a case of breaking up the Yankee system or breaking up baseball itself.

The late Col. Ruppert, shortly before his death, gave Collier's his ideas on breaking up his great team. Rud Rennie, who knows the Yankee organization more intimately than any other sports writer, reports them next week.


TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)
This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

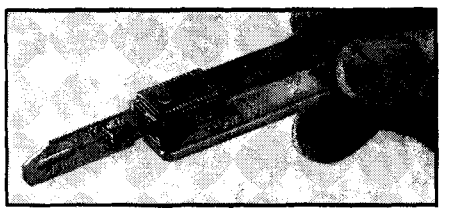
SO GOOD..IT'S GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS!

Every Schick Injector Razor has to Make Good—or we do!

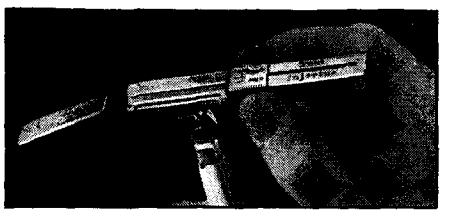
This plainly worded guarantee is now stamped into the bottom of every box of the Popularity Kit of the Schick Injector Razor. Have you ever heard of another razor that is guaranteed for 20 years? Could there be any better evidence of the Manufacturer's confidence in this product . . . of the Schick Injector Razor's sound design and inbuilt quality?

This straightforward guarantee is just one more good reason why you ought to try the modern Schick Injector way of shaving. A few of its many other advantages are pictured below. With such a combination of features and its superior shaving quality it is easy to understand why...

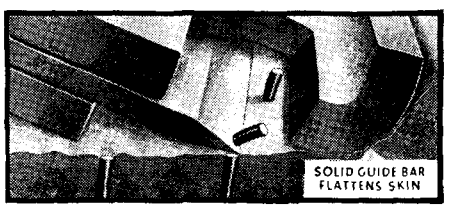
MORE THAN 2,000,000 MEN HAVE SWITCHED TO THIS RAZOR



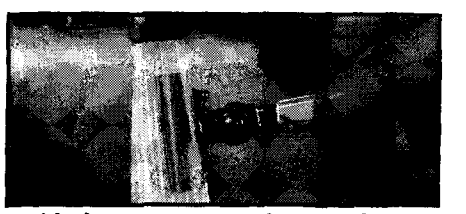
Oil Sealed Blades... Blade edges suspended in space and sealed in bath of oil in cartridge. No paper covering to dull keen blade edges.



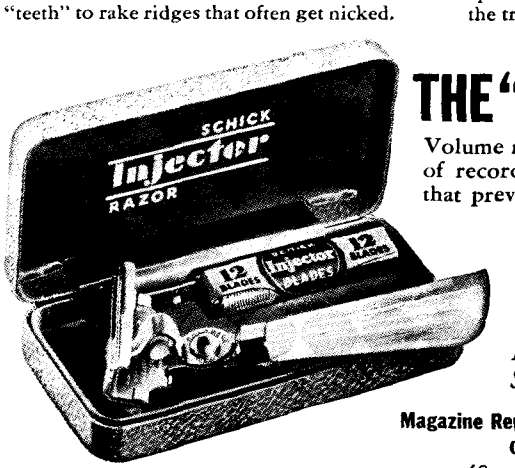
Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector cartridge shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly—*automatically!*



Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked.



Quick Cleaning . . . No need to take *this* razor apart for cleaning. A swish under faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog. No wiping.



THE "POPULARITY" KIT

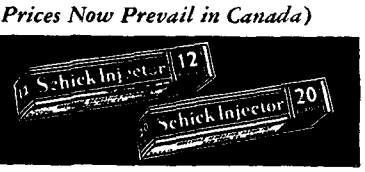
Volume makes value! Reduced price is result of record demand. Exactly the same razor that previously sold in $2.00 De Luxe Kit.

Only $1

Including cartridge of 12 *Schick Injector Blades*

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.
Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont.
(Same Prices Now Prevail in Canada)

When you buy Schick Blades you get a whole magazine of blades . . . 12 or 20 at a time. No running out of blades every few days. Cost per blade is less than other brands.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

49¢

NEW HANDI-SIZE

If you only need a laxative occasionally, ask your druggist for the new "Handi-size" of Saráka. This new 49-cent size is more than twice as large as the can illustrated above.

A SOUNDER FOUNDATION FOR INTESTINAL

HEALTH

IT'S human nature to keep on hoping. No matter how constipated and sluggish you may feel today, you tell yourself that tomorrow will be another day—*a healthier day*. "Some lucky day," you say to yourself, "I'll find a way to solve my constipation problem. I'll find a way to win back youthful regularity."

Perhaps Saráka* is the *way* you have been looking for. Saráka is the laxative with "exercising action"—the laxative that helps turn lazy intestinal muscles into energetic workers for your better health.

The package of Saráka illustrated below is filled with tiny brown granules. Drink a glass of water—and swallow down a spoonful of them without chewing. Inside the intestines, these granules absorb the water and turn into soft, smooth BULK. This extra bulk is the secret of Saráka's famous exercising action. *It gives the intestinal muscles something to exercise on.*

Results are thorough but not violent. Many users are reminded of their healthy childhood days when constipation was unknown.

In addition to supplying needed bulk, Saráka also contains a specially treated cortex frangula which mildly stimulates the intestinal muscles. So you have *Bulk Plus Motility**. Ask your doctor about this double action. We are confident he will tell you it is safe and non-habit-forming. Then try Saráka. See for yourself how pleasant it is to take—*and how pleasant after taking*. Ask your druggist for the new Handi-size. Or mail the coupon for the free trial-size tin.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 528, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.
P. O. Box, 358 Montreal, Que.

Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1938, Schering Corporation

SEE THE SARÁKA EXHIBIT AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
—Show Globe of Pharmacy

Memo to Readers of This Magazine

YOU may earn plenty of extra dollars in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines. For full details, just paste this advertisement, with your name and address, on a penny post card, and mail to:

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-51
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Nurse's Choice

M. Southard, Registered Nurse, New York, N. Y.

"I use Luden's, of course! They have an extra ingredient to contribute to your alkaline reserve."

"LUDEN'S OF COURSE"

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

Portrait of a Murderer

Continued from page 10

example of the many misconceptions and false details which have been printed about Hershel.

He said farewell to his parents and to Sophie, and in August, 1936, he landed in Paris with a high heart. A new world stretched out before him. Here in this enormous city he would find work. His uncle and aunt were kind. But Hershel only wanted one thing—he wanted work.

Hershel tramped the streets of Paris as he had once tramped the streets of Hanover. Weeks lengthened into months, and months into a year, and still Hershel could not find a job. No one wanted him. Paris had to take care of its own, first. Now and then there seemed a chance of employment and he would be asked, "Your identity card, please."

He did not have an identity card. In France every foreigner has to register with the Ministry of the Interior if he remains in the country for more than three months. If times are good and jobs are plentiful, an identity card is easy to obtain. Nor could he get a "carte de travail" (worker's card). To get a job you need such a card but you can't obtain one without an identity card.

A Problem with No Answer

Several months ago, Paris began a drive to rid the city of its unwelcome population. This was in no way any dictatorial maneuver, it was merely an economic one, quite understandable in view of France's own unemployment problem. Hershel was caught in the net and told to leave France. He would have to go back to Germany. He would have to go back to the living death he had known. There was no help for it. He clutched his passport in his hand, said farewell to his uncle and aunt, and went to the Gare du Nord to board the train. There were customs officials there and they demanded his passport. Dully, hopelessly, he handed it to them.

"But you have no visa," they said gruffly. "You can't enter Germany without a visa." For a moment his eyes lit with wild despair. He was like a cornered rat. The law said he had to leave, but now they said he could not leave. They told him where to go to get a German visa. He was seventeen now, and he was getting a little accustomed to despair and hopelessness. He wasn't a bit surprised to be refused at the German Embassy. No, they would not give him a German visa—Germany had enough unemployed, enough Polish Jews too. What to do?

How could he get out? He had one desperate youthful hope—the Foreign Legion.

It was his last chance. The next day he hurried to the Legion recruiting office. The man in charge took one look at the shrunken, emaciated body and never saw the burning eyes.

"How old are you?" he demanded.

"Seventeen," Hershel said quite truthfully.

"Run along, youngster," the man laughed. "The Legion is for men. Come back when you are eighteen."

Hershel turned away and at that moment I think a part of him died—that part which gives a boy a resilient power to bounce back once again after another crashing blow. He went back and hid in the attic of his uncle's house. Now actually, it was not his uncle's house; it was a sort of pension run by a concierge who furnished meals for the Grynszpans. He hid in the attic because he knew that the police would soon be after him to check whether he'd gone. Even the concierge did not know he was hiding far up in the low-ceilinged attic. When dinner was set before Uncle Abraham and Aunt Chana, they would surreptitiously hide a portion of it, and bring it up to Hershel. Once—October 19th last—the police did come, but the concierge told them that Hershel had disappeared.

His uncle and aunt brought him newspapers, French newspapers, and they were filled with the stories of what was happening to the Jews in Germany. These stories horrified Hershel. He lay awake nights thinking of his parents and of Sophie, and the terror he had known returned and once more held him in its grip. He could not have been far from madness in those days in October.

Then on November 5th a letter came from his sister Sophie. He read it and reread it, until the words burned in his brain. It was the last paragraph which made him tremble with that old terror, and with something else too.

"I will tell you in detail (the letter read) what has happened to us. Thursday the rumor spread that all Polish Jews were being expelled. No one would believe it, but a member of the Gestapo came to the house at midnight, and told us to come to the police station, where we would have to hand in our passports. When we arrived there we saw a great number of other Jews. We then realized that everything was finished for us. They would not let us go home to get anything. Finally I got on my knees and begged them to let me get a few clothes, and they finally let me go home. A policeman went with me. I took only what I could carry under my arm. That was all I could save. We haven't a pfennig to our name. . . ."

Hershel read it and reread it. Everything that had happened since childhood lived again in his benumbed mind. He saw his brother killed. He saw the brown-shirted men marching along the streets of Hanover. He saw his father grow old and his mother wither. He heard the curses and again heard "We want no Jews here." Always he had hoped to save his parents and Sophie. Now there was no chance. They were beyond saving. No, none can tell just what Hershel thought during that night. He has tried to tell his lawyers, but they say that he is vague and a bit bewildered about it all.

When his uncle came to the attic the next day, he was gone. They had given him some money to keep, in case he had to run away. They did not know what to make of his absence. They did not worry at first. At least he had enough money to last him a few days. Nobody, not even Hershel, knows how he spent the next two days. He stayed at a small hotel on the second night, and in the morning he walked into a shop at 61 Rue du Faubourg St. Martin. He asked to look at a revolver. He bought the first one the clerk offered, a cheap, small-caliber affair.

The Shots That Rocked Europe

Mechanically he walked to the German embassy. He said that he wanted to see one of the secretaries; he had an important message which could only be delivered personally. Well, vom Rath was the least important man in the embassy. They pointed out vom Rath's office and told Hershel to walk into it.

No one knows what happened during the next thirty seconds. He was alone in the office with vom Rath. Did he pour out his story of despair? Was he stopped by vom Rath? Did vom Rath threaten to toss him out of the office? Vom Rath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is dead and he can't tell. Hershel doesn't remember. His lawyers have asked him again and again but he shrugs hopeless shoulders and shakes his head. He just doesn't remember. Well, you forget a nightmare quickly enough.

In any case shots were heard. Hershel fired five times. His aim wasn't good. No wonder—it was the first time in his whole life that Hershel had ever discharged a gun. He shot five times. Two of the bullets hit vom Rath; one went into the ceiling, another into the wall behind vom Rath's desk and a third into the floor. Hershel, for a cold-blooded murderer, was a very poor shot.

The echo of the shots hadn't died away before the office door opened and vom Rath staggered out, holding both hands to his chest. He took one step and then fell to the floor.

There were screams of panic and men came running to grab the unresisting boy. He was in prison within an hour. He was answering questions hammered at him by an examining magistrate. They searched him. In a London "pub" I heard that they had found 3,000 francs on him. I heard that echoed in a Paris bistro and in the taverns, gathering places for foreign newspapermen. In Berlin I heard it whispered again.

"It is another von der Lubbe case," the whisper ran. "He was put up to it by Nazis to give them an excuse for an immediate pogrom. That's where the 3,000 francs came from!"

This is not true. I talked to his lawyers and, what is more important, I talked to two newspapermen in Paris who were actually present when the boy was searched and who saw the pitiful contents of his pockets. There was a piece of string such as any boy might carry, a small bar of chocolate and a few francs. A franc is about two cents.

Whispers are running all over the world now that the trial is approaching. It was no secret that Ernst vom Rath was the black sheep of a good German family. His family obtained the comparatively unimportant post of third secretary in Paris for him, to keep him out of trouble.

"The Nazis wanted to get rid of vom Rath," the whispers go. "By putting Hershel up to this they killed two birds with one stone. They got rid of an undesirable party member and found an excuse really to launch an offensive against the Jews."

Such tactics have been employed by the Nazis before. This time, however, there is not one bit of evidence to support any such theory. Significant is the fact that Hitler himself has not said a word about the killing. He went to the funeral of vom Rath, but it was von Ribbentrop who made the oration. No, we cannot make a sinister figure out of our little murderer. He did not murder for gold. Fear, mental pain, hunger—these were his only employers in the crime, and he worked for them unwittingly.

"What political party do you belong to?" the examining magistrate asked him.

He looked puzzled. "I know nothing of politics. I have never discussed politics."

Two days later vom Rath died. When they told Grynszpan that he was dead, the boy broke into wild sobs. "I am sorry he is dead. I did not particularly want to kill him, vom Rath. I will fast every Monday because of my crime."

He has fasted every Monday since, but, of course, that is not the punishment for murder in France. Everything has been done for the boy. People in America raised funds and hired the greatest criminal lawyer in Europe to defend him. Maître Vincent de Moro-Giafferi is an officer of the Legion of Honor; he is famous for defending the celebrated Dieudonné, the brilliant Joseph Caillaux, the sensational Landru, called the "Bluebeard of France."

"The boy is not insane," the Maître says. "He is intelligent. His body is pitifully emaciated, but his eyes are strong and steady. He is an idealist, frank and open. He is horrified that he was the cause of the dreadful revenge Germany took upon the Jews because of his deed."

The Maître (who is assisted by five other eminent lawyers) does not (at this writing) intend to plead temporary insanity as a defense.

He is going to ask for mercy on the grounds that the boy did not realize the gravity of his offense, that he was acting upon an overpowering impulse, which took possession of him when he read his sister's letter. He intends (at this writing) to discuss the political issues involved.

Hershel doesn't know anything about law and he doesn't know that the august Chamber of Deputies passed a special law because of him. On December 14th last, the Chamber added a paragraph to its Criminal Code Procedure that said: "Where the prosecution offers the possibility of international repercussions, the trial may be held in private." This means that Hershel's trial may (and probably will) be held in secret without spectators or newspapermen present. The law passed on December 14th became effective on December 15th. It might lead one to believe that French justice was looking for a quick blindfold, not to wear itself but to put over the eyes of the world.

A study of the Penal Code of France reveals the fact that the ordinary murder trial is held before a chief justice, two associate judges and a jury of twelve men. In America a man tried for a murder and acquitted by the jury can never again be prosecuted for that crime. In France if the judges do not agree with the verdict, they can say, "Go back and deliberate some more."

Finally, if the jury insists even after further deliberation that its original verdict stand and if the verdict is not guilty, the prosecution may appeal. A jury in France is little more than a debating club. Here the prosecution must accept the verdict of the jury.

The man in the Paris street knows the story of Grynszpan. He is sympathetic to the youngster. However, even if a jury trial is held (which seems unlikely), the man in the street who sits on that jury won't have much to say about the fate of the boy. The judges and the diplomats and existing treaties between France and Germany will decide that.

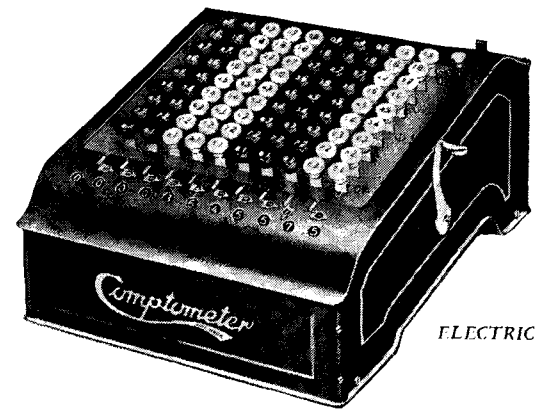
Meanwhile Hershel's father, his mother and his sister Sophie, are living in a deserted boxcar just outside Zboszyn, which is on the Polish-German frontier. David Grynszpan is small and stooped, and traces of gray streak his beard. There is great bewilderment in his big eyes as he says, "I can't believe that Hershel did that. He was a quiet boy always. I can't believe . . ."

But he did it. In the eyes of the law, he is a murderer. He does not quite know how he became a murderer. There is very little chance that he will escape the supreme penalty. A few weeks ago Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop of the Reich and Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet of France signed a treaty in which it was solemnly stated that on all territorial questions both countries would henceforth pursue a good-neighbor policy. Obviously the Third Reich would be badly offended if France did not punish the murderer Grynszpan, as he is called in Berlin.

"Monsieur de Paris," who was Anatole Deibler, the famed executioner who presided at 300-odd guillotinings, died the other day. His successor should find at least one of his first jobs an easy one—Hershel is a very small boy.

EQUATION FOR OWNERS AND EXECUTIVES WHO SAY: "MY BUSINESS IS DIFFERENT!"

150=88



ELECTRIC MODEL K

Recently the makers of Comptometer chose at random the names of 150 businesses handling *all* their figure work on one, two or three Comptometers. The list, when classified, totaled 88 *kinds* of business.

They range from bakeries to department stores, from coal mines to laundries, from lumber to glass and paint . . . from gold beaters to suppliers of rabbit fur to hatters, from plumbing supply houses to die-casting companies . . . from photo-engravers to dairies . . . from steel jobbers to wholesale grocers . . . from hardware stores to automobile dealers.

Because each of these 88 fields of business use *the same figures,* 0 to 9, in different combinations, Comptometers and Comptometer methods "filled the bill" for each of them—and *effected noteworthy economies of time and money in each case!*

This "Comptometer economy" is fourfold. It stems from *speed* . . . from *adaptability* to every phase of figure-work routine . . . from *accuracy safeguards,* such as the Controlled Key, which literally *compel* absolute accuracy . . . and, above all, from *methods which largely eliminate copying and posting of figures.*

May our representative show you (in your own office, on your own work) how "Comptometer economy" applies to *your* business? Telephone your local Comptometer agent, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

We Needn't be Spoon-Fed

WE WOULDN'T be misunderstood as defending peddlers of any unjustifiable kind of hate. But we do think calamity howlers are taking the radio censorship business too seriously.

Various serious thinkers are worrying in public about the situation, aggravated of late by partially successful efforts to keep the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin and Representative Martin J. Dies (Dem., Tex.) off the air. So people go so far as to say that we ought to de-mike peddlers of all kinds of antagonism—religious, racial, class, etc., etc.

After all, what is the radio? It is only a comparatively new and highly effective means of passing around information, ideas and entertainment. Press, orators, theater and pulpit have been doing that for hundreds or thousands of years. The radio is a good deal less than the "great new social force" the advocates of censorship believe it to be.

Since America began, America has had ranters of all kinds; merchants of religious, racial, class, and every other type of hatred.

Since the Bill of Rights was adopted as the first amendments to the Constitution, these people have ranted practically without restriction, on paper, on soapboxes, in hired halls, even in churches—and generations of Americans have listened to them.

If any one of those generations had lost its head and gone whooping down the trail pointed out to it by any one of those ranters, our present generation would most likely be living thinly off the husk of a once great country—if there was a present generation of Americans.

No such thing happened. What did happen in every case was that the American people gave the current spellbinders a fair hearing; talked over and thought over what they had to offer; perhaps committed one or two of the barrel of mistakes the spellbinders wanted committed; and then decided against the spellbinders and snapped back to horse sense.

We've been kidded by experts, down the years—by Greenbackers, Know Nothings, Fenians, Populists, Knights of Labor, Free Silverites, Ku Kluxers, prohibitionists, inflationists, Technocrats. But none of these has kidded the shirts off us.

We're being kidded now by all manner of New Deal and Old Deal economic and money-magic faddists, third-party dreamers, war propagandists, merchants of racial and religious and class hate. Up to now, any of these people who can scare up the money can buy radio time, just as in the past they could publish pamphlets or books, mount soapboxes, hire halls or buy advertising space in newspapers and magazines.

Are we in any more danger of being led into lunacy now than we ever were? It seems most unlikely.

President Miller of the broadcasters' association, Chairman Frank R. McNinch of the Federal Communications Commission, and kindred headshakers and handwringers seem to think the majority of Americans are mental slobs, whose delicate ears must be shielded from "harmful" broadcasts.

Well, we aren't mental slobs, and the ears of most of us are not overdelicate. Generation after generation, we have proved capable of telling a sow from a Siwash.

Reader censorship is all the censorship the magazines and newspapers ever have needed. They haven't needed, and don't need, "czars" or police to regulate them. Most Americans, we believe, are smarter than they look, and smarter than the much-publicized wartime intelligence tests indicated. At least that is the theory on which this magazine proceeds, and more than 2,600,000 Americans have been buying it from week to week for quite a while now.

Listener censorship is all the censorship the radio needs. It's so easy to turn the dial and find a different tune.

We think President Miller of the broadcasters' association had better forget about any supposed duty of his to keep "dangerous thoughts" (Japanese expression) off the radio. All he needs to worry about, so far as we can see, are the ordinary standards of decency and discretion that govern the American press.

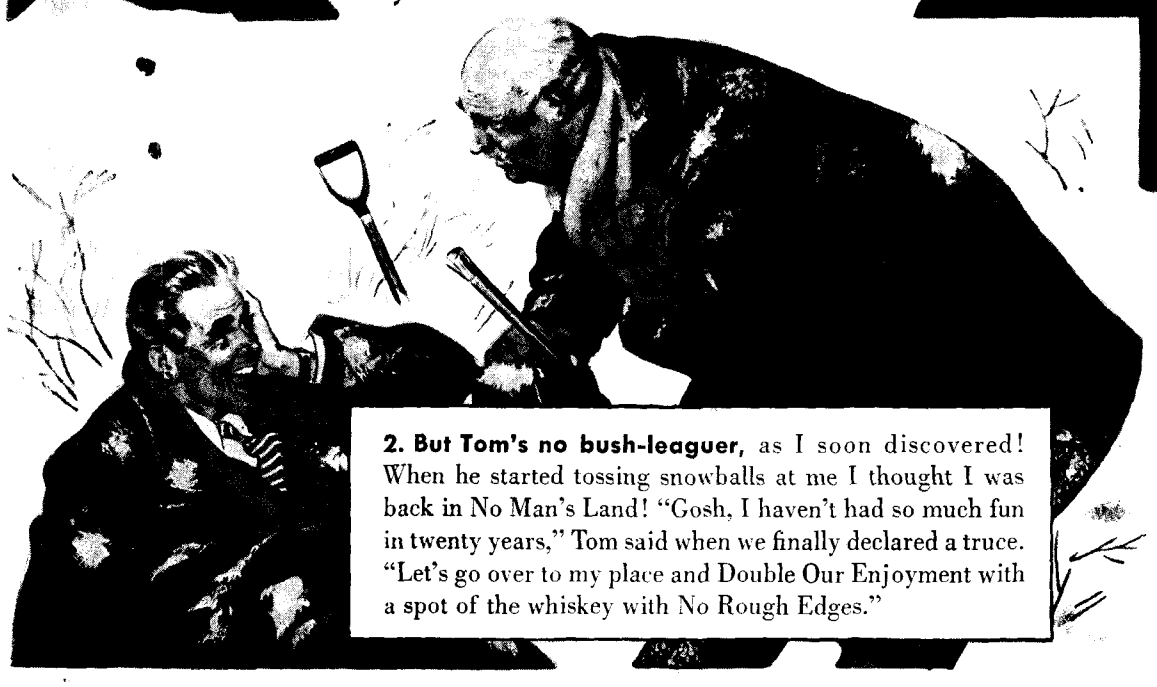
And we think Chairman McNinch of the Communications Commission had better begin confining himself strictly to regulation of technical radio details, and drop the motions he has been making recently toward government radio censorship. Or if Mr. NcNinch persists in trying to stick his fingers in the ears of American radio listeners, we think Congress had better shackle his official hands.

Like the press, the radio can be free, or it can be a slave, but it can't be both.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The beginning of a Beautiful Friendship!

1. I had always thought Tom was a stuffed shirt . . . and when I saw him wearing a *high hat* I just couldn't resist the temptation! I whammed that snowball as straight as I used to put the old pill across the plate when I was pitching at college, and knocked that topper of his into a cocked hat!



2. But Tom's no bush-leaguer, as I soon discovered! When he started tossing snowballs at me I thought I was back in No Man's Land! "Gosh, I haven't had so much fun in twenty years," Tom said when we finally declared a truce. "Let's go over to my place and Double Our Enjoyment with a spot of the whiskey with No Rough Edges."

3. Believe it or not, that snowball battle was the beginning of a beautiful *double* friendship! For I discovered what a grand straight whiskey TEN HIGH is and what a swell guy Tom really is, all in the same day!

Why Ten High has "No Rough Edges"

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

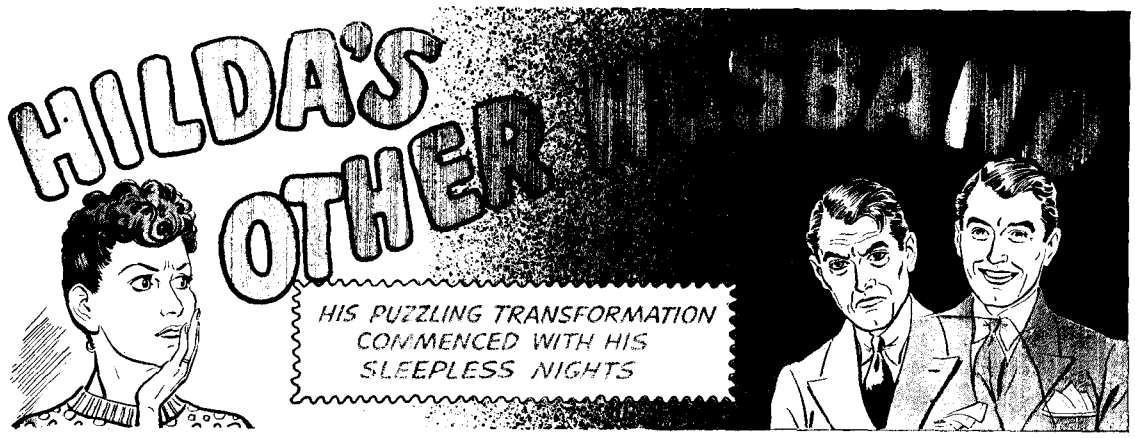
TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so nothing can possibly mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

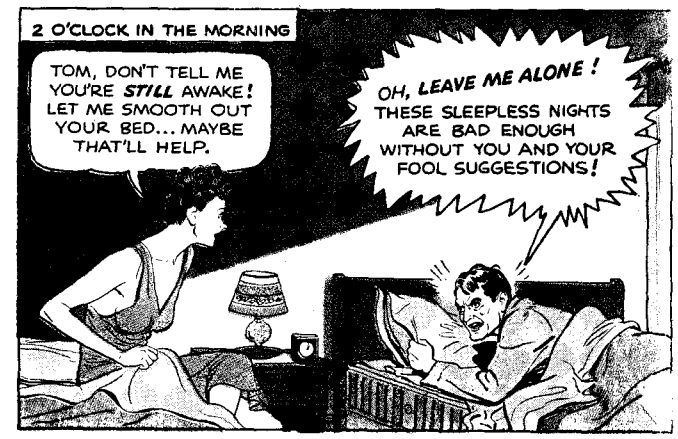
TEN HIGH

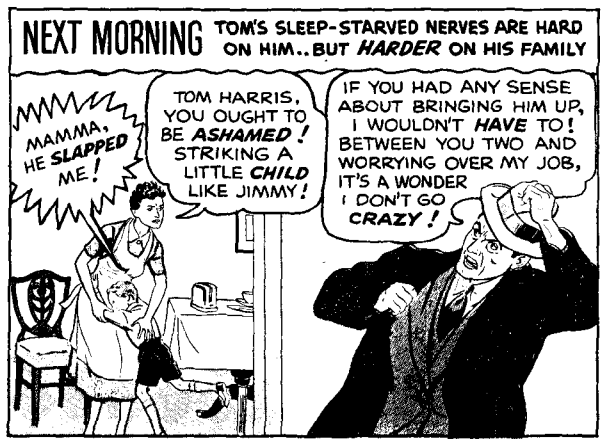
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

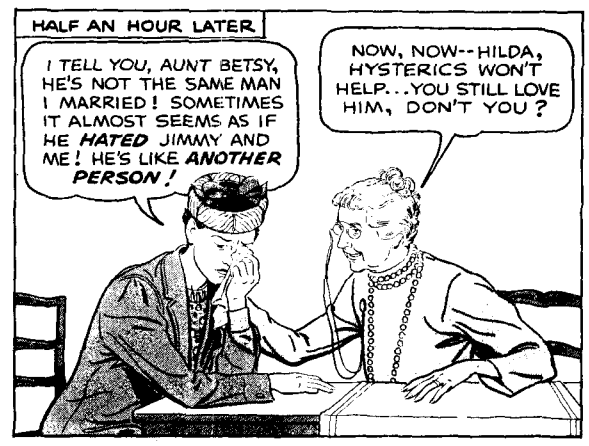
Double your enjoyment with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

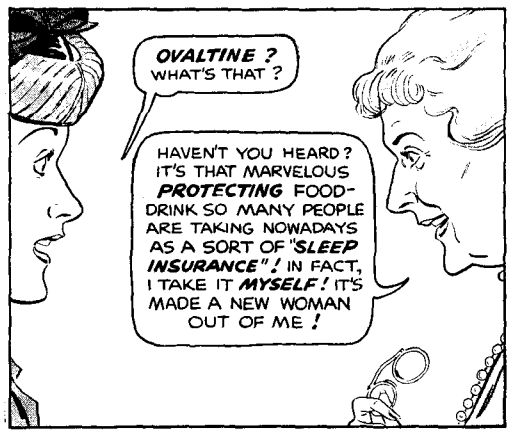


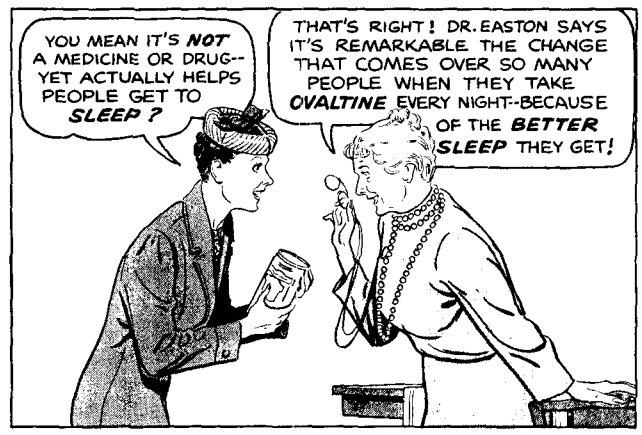

2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
TOM, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL AWAKE! LET ME SMOOTH OUT YOUR BED... MAYBE THAT'LL HELP.
OH, LEAVE ME ALONE! THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU AND YOUR FOOL SUGGESTIONS!

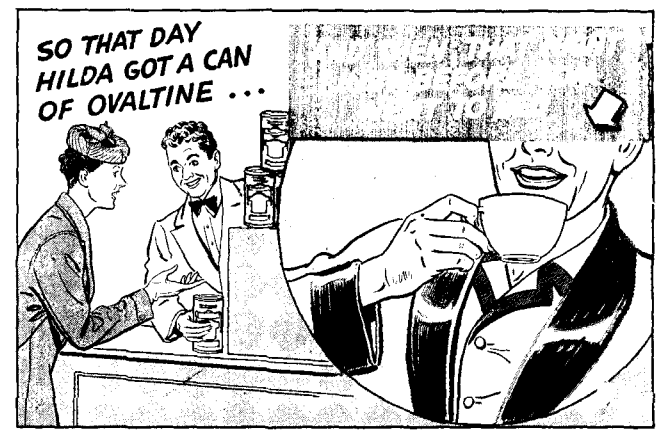

NEXT MORNING
TOM'S SLEEP-STARVED NERVES ARE HARD ON HIM..BUT HARDER ON HIS FAMILY
MAMMA, HE SLAPPED ME!
TOM HARRIS, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED! STRIKING A LITTLE CHILD LIKE JIMMY!
IF YOU HAD ANY SENSE ABOUT BRINGING HIM UP, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO! BETWEEN YOU TWO AND WORRYING OVER MY JOB, IT'S A WONDER I DON'T GO CRAZY!


HALF AN HOUR LATER
I TELL YOU, AUNT BETSY, HE'S NOT THE SAME MAN I MARRIED! SOMETIMES IT ALMOST SEEMS AS IF HE HATED JIMMY AND ME! HE'S LIKE ANOTHER PERSON!
NOW, NOW--HILDA, HYSTERICS WON'T HELP...YOU STILL LOVE HIM, DON'T YOU?

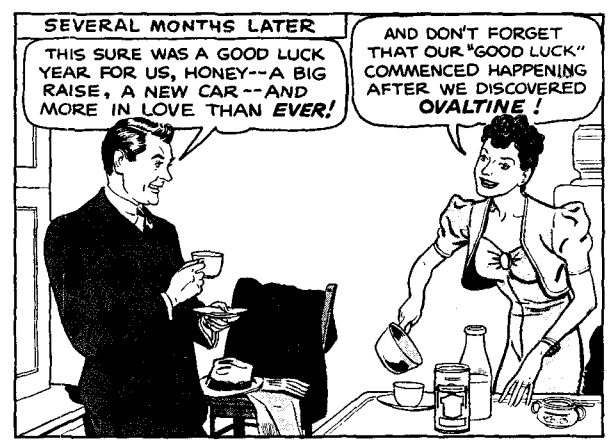
OF COURSE I LOVE HIM--AND ALWAYS WILL! BUT HE'S SO HARD TO LIVE WITH LATELY SINCE HE'S HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE SLEEPING NIGHTS!
TROUBLE SLEEPING NIGHTS? GOODNESS GRACIOUS! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'D BETTER START HIM TAKING OVALTINE!

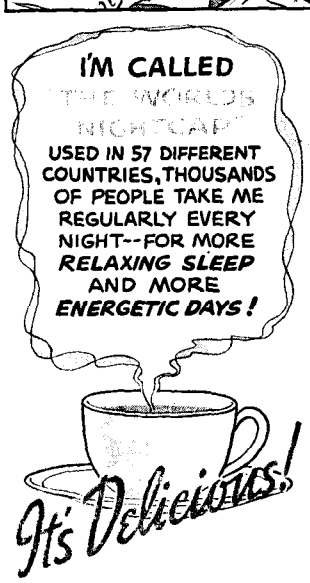

OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? IT'S THAT MARVELOUS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK SO MANY PEOPLE ARE TAKING NOWADAYS AS A SORT OF "SLEEP INSURANCE"! IN FACT, I TAKE IT MYSELF! IT'S MADE A NEW WOMAN OUT OF ME!


YOU MEAN IT'S NOT A MEDICINE OR DRUG--YET ACTUALLY HELPS PEOPLE GET TO SLEEP?
THAT'S RIGHT! DR. EASTON SAYS IT'S REMARKABLE THE CHANGE THAT COMES OVER SO MANY PEOPLE WHEN THEY TAKE OVALTINE EVERY NIGHT--BECAUSE OF THE BETTER SLEEP THEY GET!



NEXT MORNING
BOUNCE ME AGAIN, DADDY!
HONEY, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SUCH A BRUTE? ...I PROMISE IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN AS LONG AS I SLEEP LIKE I DID LAST NIGHT--AND FEEL AS GOOD AS I DO TODAY!
TO HERSELF
BELIEVE ME BEDTIME IS GOING TO BE OVALTINE-TIME FROM NOW ON!


SEVERAL MONTHS LATER
THIS SURE WAS A GOOD LUCK YEAR FOR US, HONEY--A BIG RAISE, A NEW CAR--AND MORE IN LOVE THAN EVER!
AND DON'T FORGET THAT OUR "GOOD LUCK" COMMENCED HAPPENING AFTER WE DISCOVERED OVALTINE!


I'M CALLED THE WORLD'S NIGHTCAP
USED IN 57 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE TAKE ME REGULARLY EVERY NIGHT--FOR MORE RELAXING SLEEP AND MORE ENERGETIC DAYS!
It's Delicious!

Thousands Get More Out of Sleep

At Night, This Simple Drugless Way

MANY of the most important battles in life are won before they happen—as a result of sound, refreshing sleep *the night before!*

Of all the things that influence our lives, there's nothing more vital than *sleep!* Loss of it can lead to serious nerve upsets—to "illness" of body and mind!

That's why so many people nowadays make a regular practice of taking a "nightcap" of hot *Ovaltine* every night—as a sort of "sleep insurance."

There are 2 important reasons why this *protecting* food-drink is so valuable when taken according to directions:—

(1) *Ovaltine* is *not* a medicine. Helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension" in a purely *natural* way.

(2) It provides certain food elements needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability that, according to some authorities, may cause night-time tossing.

Also important—*Ovaltine* helps replenish worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells during sleep and furnishes "protective" food factors:—minerals, proteins and Vitamins A, B, D and G.

That's why so many people awaken more completely *refreshed* after a night of "*Ovaltine* sleep." Not "dopey" as after taking drugs. But wide awake and vital—clear-eyed and *energetic!*

So—for sleep that really *rests* you each night—get acquainted with *Ovaltine*. At all grocery and drug stores. You simply take it mixed with hot milk—directions are on the can.

GENEROUS

SEND COUPON below for a generous sample can of Ovaltine, enough for a 2-nights' test. See how *delicious* it is!

Mail For 2 Nights' Test

OVALTINE, Dept. S9-C-2A,
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c. (Wrap the dime in piece of paper, don't paste it.) Send me your generous trial-size can of Ovaltine. . . . (10c is for handling and mailing. We send only 1 can to a person.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

OVALTINE

***promotes sound, natural* SLEEP**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED